

Dancing Soul of Mount Everest

*Creator & Creation
(Selected Modern Nepali Poems)*



Momila

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(Under the project of Nepal Academy)**

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DANCING SOUL OF MOUNT EVEREST

(an anthology of selected modern Nepali poems)

Editorial Context

Heart-Transfer/Moksha

Esteemed Readers!

Here in editorial context, I extend words of gratitude that express themselves, though they might have remained apparently unexpressed. All of your accepted / unaccepted self-reflections shall become collages on the canvas of the history assimilated in this anthology.

Dear Feelers!

Wherever and whenever questions evolve, the existential consciousness of man keeps exploring the horizon of possibilities for the right answer even without the ultimate support to fall back upon. Existential revelations clearly dwell on the borderline, though it might be in a clash. In the present contexts, at places, questions of Nepali identity, modernity, representativeness, poetic quality, mainstream or periphery, temporal boundaries and limitations of number evolve – wanted or unwanted. Amidst the multitude of these questions, *Dancing Soul of Mount Everest* has assumed this accomplished form in its attempt to pervade the entirety as far as possible. It will be enough to consider it a historical vigor in Nepali literature. Though many untoward barriers have tried to erect impediments, we have come hitherto vanquishing them, and the present collection of selected modern Nepali poems is presented to world literature with a sense of pride at the accomplishment.

Dear Addressees!

The volume in your hand does not contain poetic creations alone; it also presents complete literary introduction of one hundred and thirty-nine poets as an additional attraction. For this reason, the present anthology subtitled as 'Creator & Creation', presented under the project of Nepal Academy is a preparatory background for the internationalization of Nepali literature as planned by Nepali Kalasahitya Dot Com Pratishthan [Nepali Art & Literature Dot Com Foundation].

As a matter of fact, Modern Age is nothing but an age of ever-developing tussle of thoughts together with the quest for human liberation with stiff attacks and counter attacks, freedom and equality; and modernity is a process and a trend full of continually developing,

holistic and assumptive qualities, in which diverse entities melt into one. In other words, it connotes a newness and new mentality together with the anti-conventional scientific outlook, where the sequence of heartless questions continues to batter the quest for the forbidden truth. Be it humanistic view, or Marxist view or else existential or Freudian view, or socialist or cultural-spiritual view or any other realistic or pragmatic philosophical view for that matter – the freedom characterized by the intensive worldview of all these views, full of stylistic and expressive qualities have been specially prioritized here. In it, along with the outright novelty of subject matter and presentation, the pertinent question of freedom, morality, temporal consciousness and existence cannot be overlooked. If it might not be comprehended otherwise, Gopal Prasad Rimal – the icon of change with answers to moral questions of his time, and the conscious pioneer of prose-poem with stylistic freedom – has been considered the point of departure. The free-verse poetic creations of poets born before 1968 have been placed along the extension of the collection. Poets who started writing in the eighties and got established as poets by nineties, and who have published at least a collection – barring the exceptions – have been made the bases of collection here. Still, it might be stated with no exaggeration that many other influential poets of diverse classical trends and their poetic creations too are the pride of our literary richness.

In whatever way the task of compiling *Dancing Soul of Mount Everest* may have been accomplished, I transfer these word-florets of gratitude to all known and unknown helping hands, and along with the pledge that we shall not repeat in its second part the errors that have figured in this collection, I want to experience Moksha for the present by executing heart-transfer from me to my esteemed feelers. Questions shall, however, remain unanswered...!

– Momila

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- I express my heartfelt thankfulness and gratefulness to poet Rajeshwor Karki, also the vice-president of this foundation but for whose proposal, practical assistance and participation in this project, the work would not have come this form.
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- Finally, I thank the entire Nepali Kalasahitya Dot Com Pratishthan [Nepali Art & Literature Dot Com Foundation] family for their relentless help.

– Momila

Translator's Note

I consider that the offer to translate a work of such a colossal size and invaluable significance that came up to me was a rare honor that a scholar of my age and expertise would get anywhere. I am thankful.

Translators' rubber stamps that rendering across culture is difficult, and accompanied by inevitable loss that occurs in-between, is pertinent here too. Moving beyond with due acknowledgment of this destiny, I would like more to concentrate on what insight of Modern Nepali Poetry I developed after drowning myself into this penance.

A student of English literature, I had never before reckoned the eclecticism of themes and range Nepali poetry touches. My realizations are two-fold. First, Modern Nepali Poetry has always been aware of the global developments in literary and critical theories, and newest innovations in art and literature elsewhere have been aptly accommodated in Nepali verses. Even more than the patterns of Modern Poetry in the West – which more or less moves around New Critical approaches modeled on T.S. Eliot, to post-structural ambiguities inspired by Jacques Derrida and Paul de Man, Nepali poetry has shown its allegiance with South Asian poetic models, particularly those of Japan and Korea. This has happened not merely at the formal or structural level as is true for Western poetry. Nepali poetry has adopted (or extended) themes of grave philosophical profundity derived from the colossal philosophical tradition of the glorious East.

Second, in collaboration with other genres as well, Nepali poetry has innovated critical approaches uniquely distinctive to Nepali literature. The Third Dimension Movement, for example, cannot simply be grasped by applying any western theoretical or critical tool. Taralbad, though apparently tilted towards Derridian resistance to structural constants – moves beyond the blatant post-structural assumption of the west, and forces newer critical insights. Unlike western poetry, modern Nepali poetry has never lost faith in the supremacy of human values and ethics, and freedom has never been advocated for at the cost of these values.

I am sure, the collection will inaugurate the strength of Nepali poetry, and confirm that it does hold the power to shock the global audience, both aesthetically and academically.

– Mahesh Paudyal

Preface

Trends in Modern Nepali Poetry

– Prof. Govinda Raj Bhattarai, *Ph.D.*

On the Word 'Modern'

This foreword will consist of an overview of modern Nepali poetry. It is a quick glance or a bird's eye view of the subject. The concept of 'modern' is applied to mean different features in different timelines, places and fields of enquiry. In European history modern age begins in the 15th century, that is, with the Fall of Constantinople in 1453. Outside Europe the timeline of modern age is different from country to country. Modern age has usually begun with certain historic events, great changes, or the birth of great persons, revolutions etc. For instance in Ottoman Turkey it started with the Tanzimat reforms (1820s), in Qajar Persia Nasser al-Din Shah (1830s), in India with the end of the Mughal era and the establishment of the British Raj (1850s), in Japan with the Meiji restoration (1860s), in China with the New Culture Movement (1910s). Again the modern ages for art, literature, and painting are different from place to place. In this context, modern era in Nepal has its inception in the revolution of 1950. A dark age and autocratic rule ended after many great heroes sacrificed their lives in that decade ending in 1951. Since then, freedom flung the doors of the nation open for many fields like modern education, health service, publication, etc.

Although written Nepali has a history of about 600 years, literary Nepali started with the works of Bhanubhakta Acharya (1718-1865) popularly known as Aadi Kavi, that is, the First Poet. He transcreated the *Ramayana* into simple metrical song that became extremely popular and laid the foundation stone of Nepali poetry. But the debates regarding the timeline of modern age in Nepali Literature have not been settled yet. There are different viewpoints and timelines drawn to confine modern age between the years 1913 to 1963: a long stretch of time of half a century. Some regard Moti Ram Bhatta (1866-1896), others Lekhanath Poudyal (1884-1965) still some others Gopal Prasad Rimal (1918-1973) as the point of reference. Likewise, some regard the year 1940, others 1951 and still others 1963 as remarkable for historical / political events. Some others regard the beginning of the publication of literary journals titled *Pragati*, *Sharada*, *Indreni*, *Ruparekha*, and still others as the *Ayameli Aandolan* (Third Dimension Movement) as reference points of modern age in Nepali literature. A study has shown that there are as many as nine starting points from which the modern era in Nepali literature starts.

There are different opinions regarding the history of each form of literary genre. Likewise the periods of history and ages too are not unanimously established. Naturally, critics and historians are not unanimous regarding the starting point of modern Nepali poetry. The main reason behind this is that as the history of standard written Nepali literature itself is quite young (about 200 years), there is naturally lack of unanimity in the classification of 'ages', because many things are still under the process of formation and standardization. Consequently, the proposals put forward for the demarcation of periods are arbitrary. Its nomenclature reflects the same spirit. The line that separates modern age of different genres including poetry from the other ages oscillates from the border. We have to carry out studies as to what features characterize modernity in other literatures, and which of those are applicable to our own. We have not made any special attempt to carry out comparative and scientific study on these questions— the points of modernism or modern era are defined arbitrarily, and different points are put forward as starting points. In spite of this, Gopal Prasad Rimal is considered by all standards to be a true modern poet to introduce the first remarkable departure in Nepali poetry— he shifted from metrical pattern to prose style, from poetry of feeling and emotion to that of thought; he introduced current issues and popular voice in it, his poetry was regarded as a powerful instrument for bringing historic change in the country. It was a time when the great revolution of 1951 swept the old dictatorial rule away and the first dawn of democracy appeared. Rimal established a new tradition, new art, beauty and purpose in poetry. Therefore many regard him as the harbinger of modernity and his creations as starting point of modern Nepali poetry. To put in Michael Hutt's words, Gopal Prasad Rimal is remembered as the first 'revolutionary' Nepali poet and the first to reject the use of meter. Usually traditional poetry was in metrical form so the departure from, this was considered a revolutionary move towards modern writing.

Features of Modernity

Other literatures too have used these points as the features of modernity.

In fact the concept of 'modern' has often covered a very long period of time.

In English literature the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* (1798) by Wordsworth and Coleridge is regarded as the beginning of modern period; that lasted for about 100 years. But the number of years cannot be the basis of deciding a period because every literature has defined its age differently and timelines too fluctuate accordingly. Even a modern

period encompasses different contemporaries. In the consolidation of one modern age, different thoughts, movements and discoveries may appear. This applies to Nepali modernism in literature too.

Modernism shows first gradual, then a clear break with tradition which means reaction against established values. Modernism sets new trends in the society which may last for an uncertain period of time. But sometimes people confuse modern with contemporary.

In this regard, Mohan Raj Sharma's analysis seems worth presenting:

- 'Contemporary' is a concept which is always temporary and is subject to quick change. Contemporaneity changes with social change but modernity does not.
- 'Contemporary' is time bound whereas modernity has unlimited time. Contemporary covers a few decades whereas modernity expands over ages.
- 'Contemporary' stands for a particular time period whereas modernity has its roots in the 20th century. The existence of contemporary is for the time being, it is limited to the present.

I would like to count the beginning of 1950s as the starting point of modern Nepali poetry. Since Nepali literature witnessed great authors like Gopal Prasad Rimal and Laxmi Prasad Devkota, (1909-1959) the great poet, it blossomed with new forms and styles of poetry. Their contemporaries are Siddhicharan Shrestha (1912-1992), Kedar Man Byathit (1914-1998), etc. Their poetry is remarkable for a complete departure from the past, they introduced free verse, they brought new thought— they established a novel convention.

There are a couple of anthologies like Babu Ram Acharya's *Purana Kavi Ra Kavita* (Old Poets and Poems) and Kamal Dixit's *Buigal* (The Attic) that record Nepali poetry of the initial stage. Followed by these are other works remarkable for the study of modern poetry. They are Chuda Mani Bandhu's *Sajha Kavita* (1997), Tara Nath Sharma's *Samasamayik Sajha Kavita* (1983), Abhi Subedi et al's *Samakalin Nepali Kavita* (1999). These are anthologies of great importance. Despite this, I would like to draw mostly from and refer to *Sagarmathako Nrityamagna Aatma* (Dancing Soul of Mount Everest 2009), an anthology most comprehensive, of widest coverage and most recent one. I would like to use the same while referring to modern Nepali poetry in the present article. The anthology compiled by Momila covers a period of half a century from Gopal Prasad Rimal, the founder of modern poetry to Shrawan Mukarung (1968), who is one of the very powerful modern poets. There are two generations of poets born after 1967 that were actively writing. The anthology includes some

308 poems of 135 poets exclusively of free verse style because a departure from metrical and rhyming pattern has been considered a feature of modernity. The anthology covers a long period of some seven decades.

Modern Trends of Nepali Poetry

In order to delineate the trends of modern Nepali poetry, I have attempted to cover a long period of some seven decades, so I sometimes wonder whether I can glean and present its trends judiciously. Isn't it going to be too concise? Can I do so by making a reference to different movements in poetry? Or can I achieve my end by referring to various contemporary trends and schools that appeared somewhere in passing? Or should I resort to describing the history of its development, its linearity, or take the poets one by one and introduce them and their works? It is natural to get confused; so in order to avoid the confusion, I would like to draw from all these angles in passing and give an impression of totality.

In this connection, I have made use of some special collections. There are about a dozen anthologies, each trying to represent modern Nepali Poetry. Among them *Sajha Kavita*, *Samasamayik Sajha Kavita*, *Samakalin Nepali Kavita* and *Pratinidhi Nepali Adhunik Kavita* have covered most of the poets and trends of this period. Each of these anthologies has its own specialties. But the terms 'modern', 'contemporary' and 'present' are sometimes used in overlapping sense in these collections. The latest of the series devoted to the noble task of collecting, representing and explaining modern Nepali poetry is *Sagarmathako Nrityamagna Aatma*, a most comprehensive, extensive and voluminous work of wide coverage and standard publication edited by Momila. This has specifically covered the area of modern Nepali poetry.

Seventy years have passed since Gopal Prasad Rimal, the first trend setter of modern poetry, appeared on the scene. In such a long time span, Nepali poetry has come across various trends. Moreover, the language too was very young and in the process of standardization. The authors have experienced a different time in every decade. Past decades have faced situations of political and social instability and very often chaos and despair. They felt continual pressure for a change from international communities of writers, thinkers, and politicians as well.

It was a difficult period for a writer who would struggle for humanitarian values and survival. Very often a poet was the target of harsh times. So sometimes he chose to support status quo, sometime he revolted against it and stood for change. He suffered oppression

and anarchy and imprisonment or even banishment, because half a century of Nepali history is most tortuous and horrendous, unstable and full of suffering. But the Nepali poets like Rimal himself stood against all sorts of oppression for the cause of democracy in the beginning and for a free society later on. They were influenced and impressed by changes introduced in the neighboring countries or in the broader world outside. In this way Nepali poetry became both the means and the end. It brought with it what was earned in the past and headed always for a novel path. The traverse was long and tortuous.

Old Nepali managed to do with a limited resources— limited words, experiences, structural patterns and thematic varieties. Naturally a young language could offer them very little. Today the treasure of its vocabulary repertoire is quite large, the sources and objectives of creation have become multifaceted, the creator's points of views and styles too proliferated. They have abundant sources of literary devices – symbols and images; they have drawn much from far and wide. In the past, hardly a couple of writers exercised literary creation, whereas today the situation is completely different. More than 500 poets are active in Nepal alone, apart from a host of them outside Nepal— in the Indian subcontinent and beyond and in faraway lands of different continents throughout the world. Hundreds of writers are active in various Nepali diasporic settlements as well. This is an incomparable situation.

I consider it essential to present a brief record of what we experience as major trends of Nepali poetry during these seventy years. For our purpose of clarity, I propose, it is more convenient for us to regard this time span as a continuum of three different periods— a period of departure from medieval writing to modern which is marked as a period of great transition (some 20 years starting from the 1950s), secondly, another period of twenty years, (starting from the early 1970's.) and third or the most recent one that covers another twenty years of the recent past. This is an arbitrary division made for my convenience; one can analyze Nepali poetry from other angles too. One may analyze according to major poets, their trends and styles, women writers, historic publications etc.

Pre-Modern Age

There was a preceding time that led us to modern age (in Nepali poetry). The time between 1937 and 1950 is the dawn of modern Nepali poetry. Critics have regarded this as pre-modern period too. This period saw three different trends— classical, romantic and mystical— in Nepali poetry. These stood distinctly yet were together linked intricately.

The poetry of this period followed the rigors of grammar, refinement in creation, and the use of classical metrical pattern. This stood for discipline and restriction both. The poets of this time gave high priority to the theme of religion, spiritualism, and moral values. One of the forerunners and the representatives of this period is Lekh Nath Paudyal. They introduced the halanta bahiskaar andolan that is, rejecting the use of halanta (a graphic symbol indicating consonants that end in vowel pronunciation) in writing system. They introduced this 'movement' together with the publication of *Madhavi*, a classic literary magazine. This campaign is recognized as an effort to refine the grammatical system. Many poets were influenced by this. Other poets of this age are Pandit Soma Nath, Dharanidhar Koirala, Mahananda Sapkota, Paras Mani Pradhan, Balkrishna Sama etc. Among others, the poems of Lekha Nath Paudyal epitomize high ideals of oriental philosophy, refinement in metrical creation, morality and spiritual mysticism. His major contribution is humanism at the core of writing. His epic poem *Tarun Tapasi* is full of spiritual meditation. His lyrical poems too have maintained the artistry, depth and elegance of same quality.

One important feature of the poetry of this period is that it created ample examples of sensuality and emotional appeal. The influence of the romantic poets like Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Blake could be experienced clearly. One of the forerunners of this school was Laxmi Prasad Devkota, the great poet, but many other poets were influenced by this. Poets like Siddhicharan Shrestha, Madhav Prasad Ghimire, Kedar Man Byathit were also influenced by this trend. Nepali society was brewing revolution for a great change. The poets supported it whole heartedly. These revolutionaries had strong influence on Nepali writing. These poets have played a major role in bringing about the revolution of 1951.

A strong voice for the change could be heard in the poetry of this decade. Together with the romantics, a host of left wing writers known as progressives also came into existence. Among other poets of this period are Madhav Prasad Ghimire, Bhawani Bhikchhu, Gopal Singh Nepali, Yuddha Prasad Mishra, Bhim Darshan Rokka, Daniel Khaling, Agam Singh Giri, Okiyuyama Gwain, Tulasi Apatan, Kedar Man Byathit, Goma etc. This is the period when Nepali poetry began to feel international influence. Prose poetry became more powerful. Gradually, international influence began to pervade more. Many poets were born to this age. Nepali literature saw its great works (poems, epics) of lasting influence in this period. The forerunner of this period is Laxmi Prasad Devkota, the great visionary and revolutionary of all times. He composed many lyrical poems, long poems, the first epic poems,

wrote essays and criticisms and translated with bilingual dexterity between English and Nepali. Pandit Rahul Sanskrityayan stated that in Devkota's great personality one can find the gifts of the great Indian poets Panta, Prasad and Nirala. Others saw him as a personality gifted with powers of Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats. He created epics like *Shakuntal*, *Sulochana* and *Pramithas*, besides various long poems and lyrical poems (in both metrical and free verse form) essays, novel, short story, and translated works. His *Muna-Madan*, the folk epic, is the most popular work ever in Nepali literature. There are eight versions of its English renderings so far. He could compose poems in nine languages; however his works in Nepali and English, including translation, are lasting works. Critics have regarded him as the greatest cultural treasure of Nepal. The world recently celebrated Devkota's first centenary last year.

The Transitional Period (1951-1961)

Those literary figures that survived the period of 1940-1951 laid the foundation stones of modern Nepali poetry. They came to the street to bring freedom for the people, it is they who spread awareness, and who supported the people in their trouble and grief. Many of them wrote even in imprisonment and exile, but the war waged to free people since then has continued till the first decade of the 21st century. However, the poets were already writing about it achieving in installments over the years. This long enduring struggle of which poets were at centre stage culminated recently. Their long cherished dream will be realized in the new constitution which is still in making. The poetry of this age reflects the great suffering, hopes and promises of the Nepalese people. It was a different time when there was no radio station, it took months for the newspapers to reach Kathmandu, the elite hub of Nepal, the world was threatened by two great wars. It was a dark age when literature did not live for its own sake, it was to save the nation and free the people from the strong grip of dictatorship which surfaced in chaos and disorder. However, all writers did not write for a single goal or with a singularity of purpose.

Four freedom fighters were martyred in the year 1945, and writers (intellectuals) were imprisoned or tortured. Freedom of speech was banned. The poets continued creating despite hardships and troubles—they underwent untold sufferings. The very wealth that sprung in those days is brimming today. Many writers were imprisoned, their property confiscated, others exiled. It is only after 1951 that Nepalis could see a wider world and the first light of education beamed with the establishment of Tribhuvan University in 1959. Different forms of art got patronized after the foundation of Royal Nepal Academy the following year. Devkota had prophesied that with the foundation of

these institutions Nepal's fate would change. The prophecy materialized gradually.

A major departure in Nepali poetry could be experienced since the beginning of the 1960s. The new Nepali literature began to acquire a different character. This has continued till date. However, each decade has had one or more trends, techniques and has focused on symbolizing particular voices. All the trends and movements that ran from 1963 to 2006 are the links of the same chain of continuous development of Nepali literature.

The first phase of great creations was executed by great writers of the 1950's. People grew aware of the darker days due to the voices raised by Lekh Nath Paudyal, Dharanidhar Koirala, Mahananda Sapkota. Mahakavi Laxmi Prasad Devkota, Balkrishna Sama, Bhawani Bhikshu, Kedar Man Byathit, Siddhicharan Shrestha, Bhimnidhi Tiwari, Gopal Prasad Rimal, Madhav Prasad Ghimire. People stood against dictatorship and the revolution of 1951 that actually brought us a first dawn of freedom.

The background and particular environment were such that everything, every event and effort, indication and voice is imprinted in modern Nepali poetry. When Dharanidhar Koirala put:

*How long will you tolerate humiliation of your enemies
Succumbing to their feet by all means?*

This infused in people the voice of changing time. Likewise Mahananda Sapkota sang a song:

*Struggle is the harbinger of civilization
Only the brave deserve their position in the revolution.*

Likewise Balkrishna Sama, by comparing two situations, presented the deplorable picture of the nation mother thus:

*Mother Earth, you are wrinkled, pockmarked and lean
She must be full, plump, velvety like a ripe peach
Your countenance is distorted
She must be charming
You are toothless, her teeth shining, brilliant
like white marble*

The great humanitarian poet Devkota has expressed his strong resentment and revolutionary zeal in his poem 'Pagal', the Lunatic, which he composed in both these languages. Devkota was the confluence of romantic fervor and revolutionary ideals. His contribution had a direct bearing on bringing the revolution of 1951, whereas on the other hand, he showed a departure in his style from tradition. The following extract from his 'Lord! Make Me a Sheep' proves both the qualities:

*Lord! Grant me the divine animal state,
Please help me quick!
Come now!
Make me a sheep!*

Nepali poetry now began to win wider audience. Moreover, some literary magazines have played a crucial role in the promotion of Nepali literature. Among others, *Indreni* (Rainbow) is considered a strong bridge that connects the old with the new. Most of Devkota's translations were published in *Indreni*. In the very publication 'Jhanjhaprati' (To the Rain Storm) of Mahakavi, a representative of the former age, was published. Prose style was introduced by Gopal Prasad Rimal many years ago. 'Jhanjhaprati' indicates the direction the new age was following. The open society of post-revolution days is reflected there. At the same time one can find a picture of chaos of the time there. On the one hand the poetic originality mounts to a height, and on the other is repentance. In this lyrical poem Mahakavi makes a strong case for freedom:

*Like a clouded day crashing down to earth in the thunderbolt,
When man regards man as no man,
Then gnash my teeth and grind my jaws, set with the two and
thirty teeth,
Like Bhimsen's teeth, the terror-striking hero's.
And then,
Rolling round my fury-reddened eyeballs,
With an inscrutable sweep,
I look at this inhuman human world
Like a tongue of fire,
The machine parts of my frame jump out of their places,
Disordered and disturbed!
My breath swells into a storm,
Distorted is my face,
My brain is in a blaze,
Like a wild, wild conflagration.
I am infuriated like a forest fire.*

Another great lyrical poet Madhav Ghimire too had composed very powerful poems before 1951 revolution. His 'Rashtriya Jhanda' (National Flag) sings of national glory and infuses people with the spirit of courage and patriotic feeling. It is a great heroic poem. It is in perfect metrical form. He says:

*We are simple; we shun all deception and untruth
We are the volcanoes that erupt from the mountain peaks
We invoke goddess Kali and weaving the garland of our enemy's
head
Wield the khukuri in our hands that is our battle game.*

Till then a romantic notion of war prevailed among the the poets, so a battlefield used to be considered a place fit for the brave. It was natural for the brave Nepalis who had flashed their khukuris in the battle grounds and were slaughtering their enemies one by one to consider the battle field a 'game'. So they applauded battles. Siddhicharan Shrestha also composed a similar poem invoking the brave deeds of the people in the beginning. But this very romantic notion of the war didn't last long. He too showed another facet of deplorable human condition. He saw the people desperate and losing:

*Who is coming along the road
as if something he has lost and forgotten
Walking along like a dog
Weak and troublesome
Who is this walking along?*

Why is he comparing himself with a mangy dog? How did the pride and glory of the brave shatter so soon? This is the indication of the fact that human condition is deplorable and degraded. Siddhicharan took to new rhythmic writing, ignoring the use of metrical pattern:

*...This my son...
In the hole of mahakal, the timelessness,
The tail of infinity
The forepart in unknown
One end of long chain
Moving in the sky*

They explored and invented new styles and ways of expression in writing. This is more abstract and is, in fact, a search for new style in poetry. Likewise, Bhawani Bhiksu, who had composed 'Gaine' (Singer) in metrical form, experimented with new form in his Bhutucha, girl. He composed in fine prose. Kedar Man Byathit too followed the same path. These works together gave a new dimension to modern Nepal poetry.

This shows that the very initial phase of modern Nepali poetry experienced a departure from transitional phase because it was a formative period. The poets borrowed from the past and they learned from other literatures, especially Hindi and English, and they drew much from world events. The great masters were in the climax of their great creative days. Moreover, time had demanded great changes. Nepali poetry had shown the indication of rising above the national boundary; it was touching wider, international borders and gaining awareness of the world. Many Nepali citizens that had enlisted in the army were either killed or maimed and suffered in large numbers in two great wars. Many returned victorious too. The world had been

narrowing down with the development of transport and communication; fast development of science, technology and different inventions. Gradually they stopped choosing themes of Rama and Krishna, of the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* depicting moral lessons and valorizing vainglorious songs of narrow chauvinism. The poetry now moved away from spiritual teaching and moralizing to reality. The artists shifted their attention from the mansions to huts; from great heroes to the common folks; from the song of nature to social reality. Individual existence and the questions of belief and doubt grew more intense. In this period most of the poets other than the great masters like Lekhanath and Madhav Ghimire shifted towards free verse of new trend.

New generation of poets also joined them. They freed themselves from the bondage of classical rules and looked for a new dimension in poetry. Accordingly themes, topics as well as styles changed in Nepali poetry. The old knew that younger generation was eager to experiment with new trends and techniques. Mahakavi Laxmi Prasad, who had earned great fame through *Sharada*, appeared in *Indreni* as well. And it was the same *Indreni* that introduced Mohan Koirala, the forerunner of new age. *Indreni* thus linked two great generations. Although Mohan Koirala had appeared towards the last days of *Sharada*, he had earned some fame by 1956 with, the publication of *Indreni*. Thus it was a period when a great age was thriving in its final days and a new age was at the door. It was a border line between new and old, a transition, a time of farewell and welcome. *Indreni* that published the great poems of Laxmi Prasad also published great experimental poem like 'Ma Samjhanchhu' (I Remember) of Mohan Koirala. Mohan Koirala led Nepali poetry for the following seven decades.

Modern Signatures

The poetry of 1951-1961 symbolizes a great transition – it was trying to disconnect with the old and trying to look for a new road, a period of suffocation and uncertainty. Old values contrasted with the new ones though for some time they ran parallel too. Gradually the old generation, now quite tired and waning, handed over the torch to the new ones. Time demanded new voices and new ways of expression too. It was time to think freshly, for the time was quite different by now. Now the influence of the romantic period and mystic themes faded gradually, the theme of struggle, need for awareness to center stage. The situation of the country changed and individual as a force came to the center with stronger determination and capacity to face challenges. The old generation had fought enough of their battle.

By now the western movements like imagism, cubism, symbolism, Dadaism, futurism, existentialism and many more 'isms' in art and

literature had started exerting their influence far and wide. Years of university education and artists' contact with the world brought new awareness.

Obviously, literature keeps changing in its totality together with the pace of time. People naturally get disillusioned from the old and crave for an untraversed path. Among others Mohan Koirala, who linked two ages and began to lead the new was active till yesterday. He is the first of Nepali poets to detach himself from the prevalent romantic trends and move towards experimental, more abstract writing.

In fact, modern man is crushed under the weight of his own time – its challenges and burdens. Poets like Vijaya Malla, Mohan Koirala, Dwarika Shrestha, Basu Shashi, Madan Regmi chose the unconventional path. They were the new trend setters in those days. 'Ma Samjhanchhu' (I Remember) of Mohan Koirala that appeared in the *Indreni* shows a clear departure in Nepali poetry – a new prose, shift in image, a bent towards experimentation. An extract:

*On the green, swelling slopes of the country, when
the autumn has bared herself open
on the white peaks full and round
the winter has stripped her garments
the spring awakening from sheep
rises on the odorless soil
in the same way
on the rocks of gray and the waves of blue river
as if a snail tries to climb onto another hemisphere
slowly by crawling
the caterpillar by leaning over the branch
I remember
I was born in that very time.*

Mohan Koirala's 'Pharsiko Jara' (The Root of Pumpkin) published in the *Ruprekha* of 1964, is a great poem symbolizing cosmic consciousness in man. It is regarded as a highly intellectual craftsmanship in modern poetry. It has also suffered attacks of unintelligibility, light abstraction and fusibility. One section of this reads:

*The present is striding further
behind bread of the oven pressed under rocks
this is only a pan of external grinding stone
you cut this and feast
the past is an oven cake on the graveyard table
because eternity, by deceiving us
attacks
as if an eagle does with its blunt claws*

Mohan Koirala regards writing poetry as an act which involves mixing brilliant colors of reality on the palette of imagination. Twenty eight years later, he gives justification regarding his style as: "knowingly or unknowingly I have never composed difficult poems, the readers have never accepted my poems as easy. Why don't they regard my poem easy? Is it due to the critics that my audiences have labeled my creation as difficult? Leaving the simplicity behind, haven't I myself moved further towards complexity? I don't write unintelligibility, I write poems" he spoke in an interview (see, *Lekhak* issue 2, 2010). However, despite what he says, Mohan Koirala, along with other poets like Bairagi Kainla, Ishwar Ballabh, Krishna Bhakta Shrestha, Dwarika Shrestha, Jagadish Shamsheer Rana have experimented with new ways of expression. So, naturally their poems are slightly difficult to understand, unintelligibility or obscurity is a feature prevalent in new poetry.

Likewise, Jagadish Shamsheer Rana wrote *Narasingha Awatar*, an epic that reflects new styles and trends, reminds us of the close connection with literary internationalism. Bhupi Sherchan composed *Ghumne Mechmathi Andho Manchhe* (A Blind Man on the Revolving Chair) lyrical poems of great beauty and satire.

The Period between 1961 and 1990 (Quest for Freedom)

In the Nepalese history, the period of 100 years, the last century, is the story of struggle, of people's unyielding struggle to overthrow a dictatorial prison, the story of people's effort, a story of their journey to light from darkness. Every time people brought political upheaval, the artists and writers have made immense contribution. Every effort is linked to the story of martyrdom.

The year 1961 once more brought dark days when the King arrested the democratically elected leaders and took over the reign in his hand. The freedom supporters were imprisoned. Since then up to 2006, people's fight against the dictatorial rule continued until the King's rule was displaced. In the intervening years, the movements of 1979 and 1990— also called for poets and writers. During this long span of history, there were many strong and feeble resistances and upsurges. People protested and revolted. These were the efforts to resist suffocation and fight for absolute freedom. Poets gave expression to people's voices time and again.

In this way, after Nepali poetry had taken its course, a Third Dimension Movement called *Teshro Aayam* was propounded in Darjeeling as a result of Indian context, in light of Bengali literature's progress and Nepali intellectual's desire for something new. In fact the year 1961 was the beginning of a dark age, both politically and intellectually.

The illiberal, dictatorial rule that began then also gave birth to many freedom fighters, intellectuals and poets. Some began to fight against the rule, others became fugitives and different poets/writers began different symbolic and direct movements resisting it. In all the literary revolts against the existing rule, Nepali poets were always in the frontline. They wanted newness in thought, they opposed the so-called party-less Panchayat democracy, and they fought for the freedom of expression, and so joined different movements. The Ayamic movement was initiated in Darjeeling (India); whereas within Nepal there came movements like *Aswikriti Jamat*, *Boot Polish*, *Young Writers Front*, *Amlekh* and later *Taralbad*. Nepali poets were in the frontline.

Having initiated a literary movement fresh and novel, Bairagi Kainla and Ishwar Ballabh entered Nepal, leaving their partner Indra Bahadur Rai behind. Both Bairagi and Ballabh made substantial contribution to poetry. Specially Bairagi's poems are more challenging, show intellectual craftsmanship and are remarkable for a great departure. I feel today, they were highly influenced by the works of Mallarme and Baudelaire. Both write complex poems and IB Rai supplies interpretation and explanations through theorises.

In the year 1988 these three thinkers were honored and felicitated about three decades after their innovation in Dhulabaree, Nepal. On that occasion, Bairagi had spoken to the audience 'Today, I stand like a retired soldier with his old medals of victory on his coat.' Truly he had created novel works (poems) long back and had not created anything new since then.

Today when we see Bairagi, his contribution is comparable to that of Keats— he wrote scantily and powerfully. Keats would have been immortal even if he had not composed more than eleven odes. In the year 1974 Bairagi had published a collection of eleven plus one poems titled *Bairagi Kainlaka Kavitaru* (Poems of Bairagi Kainla). Since then he has not published poetry, though in the capacity of an academican, he studied a lot and published research based works related to Limbu culture and its folk life. Bairagi's poems like 'Hat Bharne Manis', 'Mateko Manchheko Bhashan Madhya Ratpachhiko Sadaksita', 'Astitwako Dabima Sabatko Bail Utsav', 'Ma Ganga Neelo Bagchhu', and 'Brelma Hatkelale Chhamera' are intellectually refined and reach an extreme height of experimentation. Bairagi is a model and a great artist replete with new thoughts and challenges. His poetry marks a turning point for many. Today his poetry marks also the beginning of search for the expression of ethnic power and beauty.

Third Dimension Movement and its writing is a great height of Nepali poetry whose leadership was undertaken by Bairagi Kainla and Ishwar

Ballabh. Moreover, Bairagi's style, trend and subject remind one of truly modernist writing. In his 'Aakashvani' he had declared the beginning of intellectual age in his time:

*now I shall start another war
on emotion and intellect
and time
that's all, on time!*

He addresses the humankind always in trouble and orders it to sing of its own existence. He uses his own images and speaks in a different tone:

*history pulls
the atlas in the pages of history
till the shirt gets torn
scratched in the body
bleeding
the signboard of
Hiroshima's defeat*

In this brief account it seems impossible for me to even remember the names of all poets whose writing is remarkable and all literary trends and movements that have appeared in the course of modern Nepali poetry, let alone imagine a separate outline that gives us a glimpse of their life and contribution. I refer to some other works for a detailed study of the trends, techniques, thoughts, and language contained in modern poetry. I just mention this in passing and request my readers to refer to other works for detail.

Many modern poets owe a lot to the literary monthly *Ruprekha*. Likewise there are *Rachana* and *Abhivyakti*, and the roles played by *Madhuparka*, *Kavita*, *Samakalin Sahitya*, and *Garima* are quite immense. As widely read, circulated and standard magazines of Nepal, these have produced and promoted thousands of writers today.

Modern poetry is trying to present man's dilemma, his predicament and everyday life in stark, bare words, stories and powerful images. His predicament and absurd living, his life crushed between untimely shocks of unrepentant time, his struggle, his daily life, grief, agony and angst, above all his perennial questions of existence and hope for better days. Personal emotions and social causes put pressure on his writings.

A third world country trying to stand against hostile forces, its destiny is wonderful.

A great variety of poetry is coming up today— from metrical to free. Poets from different walks of life have started contributing.

Nationality has become just a narrow limit to a modern poet. Different trends and movements, styles of writing and forms of poetry are borrowed, adapted, or developed on native soil. Most of them have indigenous efforts and flavor, color and quality. Western styles and especially trends reflect quickly in Nepali poetry. They have learnt and borrowed and adapted Urdu Ghazal, Persian Rubaiyat, Japanese Haiku, Zen poems and Tanka, Korean Sijo and many more. Nepali poetry reveals today a wide world mixing into one. Modern world music too has influenced this. Many poems speak intellectually, others emotionally, still others combine both. Satire, the age old device, has been exercised very extensively. Many poets have achieved a high degree of subtlety, freshness by imbibing the current of time. Modern poets are fully aware of the changing world and the atmosphere around. They compose on themes of international politics, apartheid, women's movement, third gender, brain drain, corruption and the immoral corrupt politics. They sing of nature and love for the nation and the plight of the poor. They use symbols from world myths and events.

Among the prominent dynamic poets, who have not only composed poems but also refined Nepali language are: Shailendra Sakar, Sarubhakta, Hari Adhikary, Hem Hamal, Bimal Niva, Binod Ashrumali, Benju Sharma, Toya Gurung, Manjul, Gyanu Walker, Kshetra Pratap Adhikari, Krishna Bhushan Bal, Kanad Maharshi, Usha Sherchan, Ashesh Malla, Gagan Birahi, Krishna Prasad Bhattarai, Tirtha Shrestha, Jeevan Acharya, Dinesh Adhikari, Pramod Pradhan, Phanindra Nepal, Nawaraj Karki, Mahesh Prasai, Min Bahadur Bista, Bishnubibhu Ghimire etc.

Contemporary/Present (after 1990s): a Move for Total Freedom and Pluralism

The year 2006 is a turning point in Nepali history. A second phase of democracy was introduced after a long battle.

During this period many new voices appeared. Styles diversified and themes became quite plural. In fact the freedom movement that liberated Eastern European countries that saw the demolition of Berlin Wall, that saw Nelson Mandela freed— are universal symbols as 9/11 in the previous decade symbolised terrorism. Many poets wrote on universal themes of freedom movement. So modern poets are no longer restricted by geographical boundary. One poem, 'Nelson Mandela' by Dubasu reveals how Nepali poets have started universalizing human condition; freedom from tyranny and the attack on authoritarianism has become its goal:

*Even fire blossoms sometimes
be it in mud or dust
on the soil or a trail
even a spark can turn
a homestead or a wood into ashes
for which
the month of April should begin*

A host of young poets have emerged in the post 1990 era. They have appeared with new styles and techniques, and new themes of writing too. Many poets from indigenous communities came with a strong fervor and zeal, questioning their status as race, as tribe or an ethnic unit. Their share in national politics, their worries about the existence of language and culture are reflected in modern poems. In this period old generation or seniors are equally active whereas the young generation is much different. They are in consonance with the changing time.

This period saw Kali Prasad Rijal and Manjul traveling together with poets of divergent age and geography. For example, Shailendra Sakar, Manju Kanchuli, Bishnubibhu Ghimire, Binaya Rawal, Rajab, Krishna Joshi, Avinash Shrestha, Min Bahadur Bista, Tirtha Shrestha, Benju Sharma, Shyamal, Krishna Bhushan Bal, Khum Narayan Paudel, Dubasu Chhetri, Bikram Subba, Shrawan Mukarung, Momila, Bhupal Rai, Bijaya Subba, Bishnu Rai, Padam Gautam, Thakur Belbase, RM Dangol, Krishu Chhetri, Mani Lohani, Mukul Dahal, Narayan Shrestha, Gita Karki, Hangyug Agyat, Rajan Mukarung, Manu Manjil, Budhhi Sagar Chapai, Bimala Tumkhewa, Dharmendra Bikram Nembang, Chandrabir Tumwapo, Swapnil Smriti, etc.

But the preceding years, a whole decade ending in July 2006, was the most chaotic and dreadful in the history of Nepal. This brought innumerable deaths, distortions, disappearance and psychological terror. The writers too spent their lives in tension and dilemma. Dinesh Adhikari's 'Dharma Sankat' (Predicament) was:

*The only conviction that remains now
Is the conviction
To distrust myself
Oh!
What sort of a predicament is this?
My little son
Preparing for a debate in school
Asks me, repeatedly
Which is mightier— the pen or the gun?*

(Translated by Robin Sharma)

One can see the tension between status quo and departure, political upheaval and sadness, strong support for the cause of revolution and alienation from it, intense desire for cultural, social transformation, gender equity, and experiment, consciousness, world vision and local issues, cyber culture and globalizing forces—never before had Nepali poets experienced such a great tension in their lives. Each of these forms a separate circle. At present they feel haunted by an all-pervading fear. Most of the poems express the same. Manju Kanchuli of the previous generation has sung in her 'Atmaprateeti':

*Enough
I don't want a country
In showcase*

Likewise, a scene of all horror that Momila depicts is the celebration of suffering, perhaps the gory decade that tortured many, mimed, grabbed, jailed, exiled and killed them. She says in her poem titled 'Celebration of Suffering':

*Even if
I can forget sufferings, but I won't
Or
Try to forget it, but I can't.*

(Selected Poems, 2011)

Momila's dominant theme is not this however. She writes like a mystic of life and love, of its agonies and contradiction. Her art is penetrating and so unique. This is revealed in her *Selected Poems*, I am not going to detail them here. This is enough to show how the environment affected everyone.

On the other hand, there are young poets from ethnic communities that revoke cultural and ethnic consciousness, write poems of the nostalgic past and quest for ethnic identity. They write poems of deprivation and oppression, torture and humiliation and mostly poems of great beauty. Shrawan Mukarung's *Bise Nagarchiko Bayan* is one of the best poems in this vein. Among those that compare along this line are Hanyug Agyat, Rajan Mukurung, Upendra Subha. Upendra writes in his 'Yo Yuddha; Afnai Ishwarko Biruddhama':

*Come, my friend
Now folding your trousers to knee length
Let's sharpen the 'ghungring' stalks and invoke the four direction
In such a way that
We bind
The sky
The earth
The air*

*The water
And life itself*

On the other hand there is a group dedicated to the invention and application of new styles— they are experimental. Some distinct groups or schools of thought have emerged during the last decade. They are known as *Srijanseel Arajakata*, *Rangabad*, and a recent one as *Uttarwanti*— the post-structural. *Rangabad* is led by Dharmendra Bikram Nembang. Others in this group include Swapnil Smriti, Chandrabir, Chandra Yongya, Bimil etc. Six Rangabadi poets have produced eight anthologies in a span of six years which is a great contribution to contemporary poetry. Likewise, Sagun Sushara, bhawani Tawa and Raj Manglak have proposed an *Uttarwanti* (a post) school of writing. They are anti-foundational in terms of structural pattern, meaning, style and theme of writing. They have try to subvert the long tradition of Nepali poetry.

But whether they be new or old, at home or abroad, all Nepali poets have experienced a deep sense of disturbance at the chaotic situation of violence, torture, killing and threat to freedom of expression. Kali Prasad Rijal, a reputed lyricist and poet put forth a question in his 'Anargal Pralap' (incoherent lamentation):

*Don't take it otherwise
Please do not be angry
I feel disturbed
Something keeps my mind
Veiled
Even my own eyes
Keeps me
Deceiving
Sometime I see
The whole mountain
Mourning
The whole nation
In water
What happened
What happened with my eyes
At the altar of Nishanthan to
I saw a stump
Writing in a pool of blood
The guthiyars were dividing human flesh among themselves
(Garima, 2005)*

This is a representative voice. One sees inhumanity, hypocrisy and cruelty portrayed in this poem. This is one facet of cruel history, on top

of that mechanization of culture, encroachment of cyber world and dryness of life have overshadowed the pleasant view of life, and consequently human dignity is much degraded and human position is secondary. Sarubhakta's *Itar Samaya* also gives a similar message and style. The present generation has experienced the traumatic situation most of all. And so it is recorded honestly in his works. Every incident made him quite sensitive, but gradually serious inhuman acts, cruelty, heartlessness and lawlessness dampened his feelings too. Moreover a virtual world is threatening him and gradually man has lost most of his sensitivity, sensibility, and love for life. It seems as if every citizen is running from one place to another crying for his life in total chaos— filled with smoke and hopelessness. He is attacked by smoke and gunpowder wherever he goes. Man runs in this battleground with no hope for emancipation.

A large number of poets have joined in from the mofussil— sub-centers different ethnic and ideological groups, away from the hub of Kathmandu. One can see the horror and destruction haunting the rural population starkly, for instance, Prem Chhota's compilation *Dhawalagiri Anchalka Kavita*, Mukul Dahal's, Manu Manjil's, Nawarj Subba's, Samundra Sharma's poems show this. There are poets of great power such as Momila, Manu Manjil, Saraswati Pratikshya, Ramesh Shrestha, Bhupin Byakul, etc, who write very powerfully. What a great power emerging from outside— they can compete with any center, thought and style, refinement and perfection— these qualities are no longer limited to Kathmandu.

Some poets like Nawaraj Lamsaal (who has a great power of writing in metrical form) practice and perform their mastery over metrical poem, the conventional preference of epic style, whereas popular ghazalists have widely spread throughout the country and abroad. Ghazals have won wide popularity. This has attracted the young generation of poets, especially teenagers, to themes of physical love and sensual beauty. They exercise in a fixed pattern rather than innovate, yet this has attracted the mass towards the ABC of creative works, and has saved the mass from pursuing some other unproductive hobby. Some ghazalists have exploited it for themes other than those of love and romance.

Small yet meaningful ideas and movements are giving life to the present day literature. Most of the movements that were initiated in the present decade are related to poetry. Some of them have cultural, intellectual and experimental base while others are quite ephemeral too. Some like chhanda bachau, save metrical pattern, may be new. So naturally most of experimentation is new in poetry— whether it be the Rangbad

of Nepal or Bichalan of Kalimpong. A newer one just proposed by Dipa Rai, known as samuchha bichar (thought on wholeness), has emerged in Hong Kong.

Many contemporary poems have themes of national pathos; therefore one can find less of individual experience. The nation, going through several upheavals, has attracted most of the poets' attention. Everyone's attention at this hour is drawn and disturbed by national events of politics and no politics. An example would be 'Another Darkness' by Viplov Dhakal:

*This night too waned in vain
a new darkness starts in the morn.*

*The same, suicidal poems
the antique solo moans of the moon and the river,
that deformed peace,
and the tainted vapors, coming out of the flute of law.
The same, dejected sun and the same god,
the same cycle and the same hunger repeat.
The same exhaustion, the same gun
and the same cohabitation recur.
The same death repeats
in the pitch darkness, penetrated by a dog's cry.*

*This night too waned in vain
a new darkness starts in the morn.*

(Translated by Mahesh Paudyal)

Poetry has been the sole medium of expression— of difference of opinion, revolting and expressing voice against injustice and oppression. It is the only weapon civilization has against all injustice and atrocity that the government and its ruling agencies mete out. When the ten year revolution— conflict and war reached its climax, the intellectuals were on the streets and the poets joined sadak kavita andolan— street poetry movement. The whole nation and its present reverberated there. This has become the lasting and most powerful of weapons. Some of the representative voices people heard are Bairagi Kainla, Krishna Bhusan Bal, Bishnubibhu Ghimire, Bikram Subba, Benju Sharma, Shrawan Mukarung, Arjun Parajuli in Kathmandu. But each district and rural centre, their FM station and print media have their own fine poets. I would like to quote here Rajab's Krurako Saundarya, a poem depicting the tyranny:

*The guns and
grenades
bombs are*

*looking for the innocent
the weapons
are looking for
such an innocent
whom when they kill
no fault is attached
nobody knows
which weapon
wins for whom
but people are
losing the earth
in favour of weapon*

There is another feature of Nepali poetry— some in original authoring and mostly in English translation. By now there are about 100 anthologies available in English language. This has helped us reach the English speaking world. Institutionally, Nepal Academy's regular publication *Kavita* brings contemporary poems, sometimes in English translation as well. This is a most commendable step.

Nepali poetry is taking a novel path in terms of its structure, form, style and theme. About 500 poets must be actively involved in writing poetry of a wide range from simple folk expression to high level intellectual abstraction.

The young generation is building a new road— including all variety and vibrancy of life, swiftly changing social values and unstable government while drawing on international scenario and human predicament.

It is impossible for me to name all in such a brief article. There are famed poets and anthologies from various poets from different quarters, and there are poets from other languages of Nepal Maithily, Bhojpuri, Kirati, Limbu, Rai, Magar, Awadhi and others. There are women poets and children, there are dalits and disabled if we go on classifying minutely a wide range and variety will appear. In a brief article of this space, it is difficult for me even to mention the titles and names of the authors. Therefore, let me come to a close just by drawing the conclusion of the paper.

Conclusion

It is desirable to divide the modern Nepali poetry into three phases and describe each independently, because each has developed its own trends. Accordingly, in the first phase Nepali poetry moved from metrical tradition to free verse patterns. It spoke of revolution and awareness.

It showed a strong desire for departure from the old, it revolted against the prevalent atrocity of the dictatorial rule. It expanded towards wider horizons beyond national boundary.

In the second phase Nepali poetry revolted against political restriction. As they had to adopt far fetched, indirect means of new symbols and images, the writing was accused of being obscure. But in fact the poetry of this phase was a great departure from the conventional patterns and themes. It is supported intellectually too. It is in this phase (early 1960s to early 1990s) that most movements and trends appeared through poetry. Those were voices against the existing situation (rule) by way of movements and poem. The street poetry revolution, above all was man's search for freedom and a revolt against the dictatorial, single party government. In this phase Nepali poetry was associated with or influenced by, and inspired from the new trends, theories, and techniques of art, philosophy and writings in the west. Different western movements like Existentialism, Psychoanalysis, Marxism, Cubism, Imagism are reflected in it. During those days, to put in Taranath Sharma's words— those who composed in the native meters, who practiced the use and experimentation and difficulty of the remote land, and those who felt life suffocated by hopelessness, depression, and horror, and those who dreamt of new vision and emancipation survived together, wrote together.

The third phase starts with the political change of 1990s. Nepali poetry has played a vital role in bringing out the political change of the decade. Since then Nepali poetry took unimaginable leap. The 1991 Revolution introduced openness— freedom of speech and expression. A multiparty system replaced the old one. Language other than Nepali also felt a kind of freedom. Different linguistic and cultural (ethnic) communities became active towards the protection, presentation and promotion of their languages— and cultures. A new political scenario prevailed. At the same time, after hardly a decade of the change Maoists declared peoples' war and insurgencies.

In the decade that followed, Nepali people experienced gripping horror, untold suffering and terror— as never before in the history. The voice of the common mass was silenced, life was stagnant; government began to counter this most cruelly. The clashes and encounters of two forces leading to violence and killings became a daily event. Law and order were violently resisted and violated completely. The humble mass was trapped between two unyielding forces. The poetry of this period portrays the horror and violence of the rampant times. Though some sing praises of the move, each step ended in bloodbath and was most inhuman of all. The artists expressed their resentment through color,

action and pen. They were on the streets, theatres and homes. Poetry for the republic system, poetry for the constitution assembly, poetry for reconciliation and people, poetry for the end of weapons and war—the decade wrote on such themes. When the decade came to a close, about two millions lost their lives and many were left homeless and handicapped or mutilated, mired and jailed, much life and property was destroyed, many villages were deserted. During those days the royal massacre blackened Nepali history and people resisted the new king's takeover. They suspected a 'grand design' and resisted his brutal attempts to suppress the dissenters. Now all forces stood united and stood for the end of kingship once and for all. A whole decade of violent war ended with the practice of nonviolent means, weaponless people crowded into district headquarters, roads, streets and everywhere. Ultimately, the king yielded and peace resumed. By 2006 all artists, poets, politicians, lawyers, actors, singers and people from all walks of life had joined the movement. All stood against dictatorship and the king's regressive move. The poetry of that period is very much intense, sharp, expressing untold fury and rage. No other type came into existence. Poetry became a weapon, an instrument of change. The poetry of this whole decade portrays horror and cruelty or prays for reconciliation and peace.

Nepali poetry took a new departure after the 1990's. Even the international situation was quite different. It was influenced by world scenario, new trends, cyber culture and globalizing forces—evacuation of villages, disappearance, killing, international labor market, migration and refugees changed the scenario completely.

Events of political significance, especially that of Pakistan in 1976, triggered the Nepalese mind. Likewise, the political scenario of Eastern Europe underpinned the revolution of 1990. It was a move for independence and demand for peoples' right to freedom and self-decision. After many decades of dictatorship, Soviet Union disintegrated and transformed into various independent states. This situation and international community supported Nepalis cause for freedom. This movement brought just half freedom in the 1990's, to the people—the remaining half in 2006.

During this period, different literary movements came into existence. One of the most powerful, as a successor of *Tesro Aayam* is *Leela Lekhan* which focuses on easy philosophy. *Samrakshyan Kavita Aandolan* (Conservation Poetry Movement) which is close to green movement, *Gunjan*, a women's forum of writing, *Nari Sahitya Pratishthan*, another forum for women, *Sirjanseel Arajkata*, an obvious departure in style and philosophy, *Chakrabyuha Sanchetana*, a

proposal for new style of criticism, *Bishesh Rangabaad*, a U-Turn in style, form and philosophy of Nepali poetry, *Vilayan*, another proposal for a technique, *Uttarwanti Samuha*, a post structuralist move, *Bhayabad* (Fearism) as they have named, *Samuchha Bichar*, a wholeness, movements for women's voice and *Mukta Abhiyan* (free campaign), *Chhanda Bachau* (let's save the meter): almost a dozen. There came other smaller and undefined voices within this decade. There is vibrancy and an upsurge, an expression of pent up feelings, and innovative minds. Each of these movements have slightly different objectives. But they have a high degree of commonality: use of absence, a new possibility, new attempt, a deconstruction and replacement, an attack on centrality, an anti-foundational desire. These can be categorized under a single umbrella of Postmodern bent.

Samrakshan Kavita Andolan that Sarubhakta started in Pokhara in 1995, which is still active, is bent towards the conservation environment and ecology. It is close to eco-writing and green movement, a movement in response to the call of nature when the world is facing a great challenge. Modern trends of writing advocate— we should be equally conscious of the non-human world. The women writers and Nari Sahitya Pratisthan later, both have made substantial contribution to women writers' promotion.

Each of the present day movements, unlike those of the past such as the Boot Polish Movement of the late 1970s or Amlekh (Emancipation), have their manifesto, each is supported by creation. These came into existence when people on the street or in the jungle, all became in favor of total sociopolitical change.

I don't think that every great creation should be accompanied by some declaration or attached to one or other movement. These movements do not necessarily lead the great poets of age but then they represent some vibrancy, they give voice to the age or time, they speak of some philosophy— they help further the trends and techniques, they are in consonance with the voices of the broader world. Some of them have contemplated, and brought some trends or philosophies into use.

Today the definition of mainstream has changed. These voices claim for novelty, departure and inclusion. Moreover, poets (and writers) from Newari, Maithali, Bhojpuri, Rai, Limbu, Awadhi, Magar, Gurung, Tharu, Sunuwar, Tamang and a host of other languages have initiated writings. They are trying to write in different indigenous languages. This trend has started giving a different shape and taste to Nepali literature, and so poetry. A pluralistic spirit has been established.

As a result, the foundation for the criticism of 'ethnic' mode of writing will be established, the angle of criticizing women's writing, and transgender works are different, the dalits require a separate special outlook as they are the most deprived population. Nepali poetry is realized in all these facets of life, all the social strata. So it is too divergent and unpredictable, demanding different angles of interpretation and evaluation. We are not writing of individual emotions and grievances any more. We are recording voices of the hidden and ignored and excluded section too. Our traditional critics find no principle to judge this new section, so with new writing, new critics and evaluators need to come up with new philosophies. The old, structural criticism is of no use now and new pluralistic principles are required.

Nepali poetry made substantial contribution towards lending height to revolutions and movements. In order to fulfill these purposes were produced anthologies of street poetry movement, democratic writer's forum, republican poetry movement, united forum of democratic writers, etc. Many poetic movements and readings and recitation forums have supported the movement— many special issues are awaiting their evaluation. The language is quite powerful the images freshly invented.

The poems of this period are slightly different— they are clear, direct and simple. With an intense desire for change, they show courage and power to face and challenge the dictatorship— authoritarianism. The poems are replete with intense desire for revolt and change, for the restoration of peace and order, for giving voice to the multitudes of the marginal. The poems are the voices of indigenous cultures, their linguistic uniqueness, their myths, gods, sagas and *Mundhum* – a hybrid taste of newness.

The poems of this period are novel structurally and thematically and even linguistically. They are underpinned by philosophy, but emerge from simple folk life. The poems of this decade have made maximum use of the folk language, the simple tongue of the mass, as the end was to bring awareness among the ordinary mass.

The reason behind the excess use of the ghazals is that this addresses the audience directly and attracts their attention. It inherits the quality of musicality as well. Many FM stations air them and thus have promoted this simple way of writing. Even established poets like Sarubhakta, who is often criticized for obscure writing, resorted to writing ghazals. This simple tone of epic form paved way to other forms like rubai, haiku, tanka, sijo etc. On the other hand, an extreme case of difficulty may be recorded in works of the Rangabadi's— the

visual poems, in pictures, form and symbols and obscure images. There are poets who practice metrical compositions who are trying to preserve the classical legacy.

The whole decade remained a period of political upheavals. It is filled with anguish and revolt and resulting tension and conflict. It witnessed violence, killing and conflict, and opposition mounted to the same height. Together, Nepali poetry exercised and practiced new styles, forms, techniques, usage and philosophies. The topics were totally different— for example regression and republican desire. A large number of people from far and wide joined and practiced poetry. It proved a powerful weapon against oppression.

We have not yet evaluated this diverse picture of Nepali poetry, the multi-faceted role it played. This is confined to Nepal— a case of Nepali poetry within Nepal only. I have not entered into the realm of Indian Nepali poetry.

I have not mentioned the names of Indian-Nepali poets as included in Haren Alley's *Nawa-Aadhunik Nepali Kavita* (1985). More importantly, I have not mentioned any poet included for example in Mohan Thakuri's *Swatantrottar Nepali Kavita* (2008). This is a special collection of historic importance. What kinds of voice could be heard from the neighboring land, what techniques, styles and innovations? I have not mentioned any of the fifteen Indian Nepali poets who were part of my Ph.D. study. Recently I came across Naba Sapkota's *Madira Hoina Mero Pasina*, Man Prasad Subba and Remika Thapa's *Marginal Swarharu*, Mohan Thakuri's *Abhinna Akshyar*, Ujjwal Bamjan's *Punaruthan Krantiko*, Kedar Gurung's *Khariko Bot Ra Sunakhariharu*, Rajendra Bhandari's *Kshyar-Akshyar*, Pravin Rai Jumeli's *Impasto Akshyar*, Man Prasad Subba's *Akshyar Orchestra*, Remika Thapa's *Gaunma Kavita*, Sudha M Rai's *Padachinha*, Sudhir Chhetri's *Silpaka Pakheta* – these will tell what kind of poetry is in vogue in Indian land. I did not enter into it.

It was not my topic; I confined myself to geographical Nepal only— did not extend to cultural extensions and far away diasporas.

But there are many other varieties of Nepali poetry too. In the sense of a current word, all these belong to diasporic Nepali writing and poetry. As Britain feels proud of English varieties growing throughout the world, Nepal should feel so too. Nepali poetry is produced from the UK and USA, Hongkong, Australia, Russia, Germany, the gulf, Malaysia and Singapore and many a country far and wide. There are different diasporic centers. Wherever there are Nepalis, there are their language

and culture and efforts invested towards their existence and identity. We are in multiple centres now. Harisingh Thapa of the UK came up with an anthology, Shilu Ghimire from Canada with another and still Deepa Rai of Hong Kong with a third one. They all contribute to Nepali literature and expect its evaluation. Time will tell. We need a wider scheme and a broader vision to appreciate them which is all comprehensive.

Finally, I strongly feel that, it is high time we study and evaluate the widest (world) variety of contemporary Nepali poetry. Anthologies like *Hong Kongma Kavita* helps us understand one variety, *Simahreen Bimbaharoo* and *Greenwitchka Pratidhwaniharoo* help us perceive the tone of the UK variety, *Setu* and *Uttari Amerikaka Kavita* help us feel the American achievement.

About 200 poets are included in these (diasporic) anthologies and more than 200 individual collections of diasporic writings are awaiting research and study. In order to be able to appreciate the world's Nepali poetry we should study all such varieties. This will present a vivid, variegated picture full of different styles, forms, dialects, structures, geography, culture and philosophy. Moreover, the online magazines and electronic versions of publication that have appeared outside Nepal are growing immensely. Let us think of www.sahityaghar.com's efforts of conducting worldwide webcam poetry competition.

The present anthology, first ever of its kind from Nepal, we hope, will be a very powerful instrument in introducing modern Nepali poetry and its socio- political scenario which is its background. It will also present the best of works selected to represent Nepali poetics its beauty and fervor, its structure, style and power of expression, a whole semantics that helps present Nepaliness in its totality. It will show the gradual stages of development that Nepali poetics has undergone, it may show the readers how our values are changing and how these are expressed through poetry. This will help us materialize our hope of introducing Nepali poetry to the wider world.

One important trend remarkable in modern Nepali poetry is translation. Comparatively more titles are translated in poetry. Mahesh Paudyal has done his best in rendering such a huge lot into English. There may be gaps left as Robert Frost put "Poetry is what gets lost in translation." But we are living in a different age when we may get lost for ever if we try to survive without translation. Momila has done a tremendous job of materializing a most expensive dream and Mahesh Paudyal has done a lasting contribution and Rajeshwor Karki is always with us. With the help of this work we hope we may be able to introduce

ourselves, our art, culture and the historicity, our literary existence to the variegated world where a large number of languages are spoken, English being the language of the wider communication. This anthology *Dancing Soul of Mount Everest* may be a vehicle for us, a medium of communication with the world. I hope Nepali poetry may be able to traverse the world.

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Prelude

Modernism and Modern Nepali Poetry

– Dr. Laxman Prasad Gautam

1. Background and Introduction

Dancing Soul of the Mount Everest is an authentic anthology of Modern Nepali poems. This is not a mere continuity to earlier trends of poetry compilation. This work deserves a place above them, and is more authentically acceptable. There is a long sequence of collections like the present in the history of Nepali verses. *Himalchuli* (1955), *Aadhunik Nepali Kabita Sangraha* (1961), *Sajha Kabita* (1967) *Aadhunik Nepali Kabita* (1971), *Pachhis Varshaka Nepali Kabita* (1982), *Samasamayik Sajha Kabita* (1983), *Aajako Manchheko Kabita* (1988), *Nepali Samasamayik Kabitaharu* (1991), *Aajaka Nepali Kabita* (1993), *Samakalin Kabi ra Kabita* (1994), *Samakalin Nepali Kabitako Rupyatra* (1996), *Samakalin Nepali Kabita* (1997 and 1999, separately), *Kabitasandharbha* (1998), *Kabitaprasanga* (1998), and many more collections of group-poetry have been published. *Himchuli* (1955), collected and edited by Dr. Ishwar Baral probably marks the point of departure in this tradition. Among the rest are either mere collections, or selected collections. First and foremost, all these collections show a graded consideration of the limit of their scientific organization, theme, authenticity and trustworthiness. It is granted that the editors and compilers have their limitations. Yet, if selections are made of poets and their strongest works with an intimate proximity to their scientific objectivity, a collection that deserves to be a masterpiece is plausible.

Merely appending adjectives like 'modern' or 'contemporary' does not confer modernity or contemporariness to those collections. If such adjectives can stand the test of critical evaluation, they can do justice to those titles. The collection *Dancing Soul of Mount Everest* has been subtitled "Selected Modern Nepali Poems," and a thorough scansion of its contents does full justice to the adjectives appended with the title, the poems themselves being the strongest testimony.

The onset of modernity in Nepali verses dawned with the gradual replacement of traditional metrical verses by free verses. Gopal Prasad Rimal, the first exponent of this avant-garde tradition, has been placed in the very beginning of this collection. This authenticates its claim of being Modern. Moreover, the care in selecting representative and special poems qualifies the anthology to the rank of 'representative' beyond doubt. These poems fully authenticate these titles.

2. Modernity: Assumptions and Symptoms

'Modern', 'modernity' and 'modernism' are intimately connected words. The modern that stands for the present time, assumes comprehensive connotations in this context. This is a break, free and new in perspective, and independent from traditional formative intricacies, coming in opposition to traditional assumptions, values, thoughts, contemplations, doctrines, philosophies, styles, art, society, culture etc. It seeks for newness in all these entities, and expresses its dissent with tradition. The most salient character of modernity lies in its aim to strengthen the existence of new norms and values in all areas and subjects, and sustain those existences. Modernity is the spirit of being modern, and Modernism is the movement that gives voice to these assumptions in art and literature. The rejection of traditional values, assumptions, and rules, and a free, forward march along a novel track with new assumptions is the most important symptom of modernity. It is also accepted as an indicator of time with a defined point of onset, but an obscured end.

With time, old and traditional values, assumptions, doctrines, philosophies and perspectives see gradual changes, and these changes are dynamic. These changes outdo the old, and enthrone the new ones in almost all aspects of national life. Modernity takes birth with this replacement. Changes of this nature in every nation and society are in par with time. Modernity is a western concept, and it will be worthwhile to examine how the western scholars of art have defined it.

Peter Brooker and Simone Peril have defined modernity as new norms and values assumed by identifying the motion of time, while to J. A. Coden, it is a new experiment in literature, breaching earlier norms and values. Michel Foucault defines modernity as the conditions of the present that embrace contemporariness, while to Paul de Man modernity is a new journey that brushes the tradition away with creative originalities. According to Patricia Waugh, modernity in literature is the demise of traditional theme and style, and the presentation of realistic beauty.

These scholarly definitions from the exponents of world literature lead to the conclusion that modernity is a marked disagreement with tradition. Connected with this concept are many more things, and hence, a better and a more comprehensive definition of modernity can run as under:

Modernity is an independent concept that stands in stark opposition to the blind tradition, and marches ahead with novel, contextual, realistic, logical, practical, and objectively scientific content and presentation.

Out of this definition, the following salient features defining modernity in totality, can be discerned:

- **Modernity opposes blind traditionalism**
- **It advocates in favor of independence**
- **It upholds new aesthetic consciousness in contrast with traditional uniformity**
- **It reflects contemporary traits**
- **It embodies logicity**
- **It also entails experimentation**
- **It is oriented towards materiality and science.**

Opposed to idealism, modernity is a realistic concept. Standing vehemently against the stringent classical norms and values, it orients towards materialism, realism, and scientific outlook, simultaneously engaging itself with a search for the worth of life. Authorial self-consciousness, a tendency to break away from narrow boundaries, consciousness of the world, of the milieu, of the society, and a stiff resistance and gradual discrediting of traditional styles are other symptoms of modernity. In totality, a search for an independent individuality, loneliness and non-alignment, adoption of lifestyles as wished by the individual are other salient features of modernity.

The western theoretical counterpart of modernity appears to have always sided with disapproval of traditionalism. Stress on reality over idealism, and on objectivity over plain imagination characterizes modernist thinking. The supporters of modernism are always conscious of the present. Their intellectual thinking is marked by reality, logicity and scientific rationality. Modernist thinking has completely dismantled traditional thinking in the western world. Modernist writing that breaks away from the strictly disciplined writing also stands against teleological writing. It always has hostile relation with traditional literature. Its main indentifying features are experimentation and novelty, both in form and content. Dismantling of classical rules, self-consciousness, experimental writing, objective and scientific outlook are some modernist symptoms discernible in literature. This modernity appears still active, moving forward by refining the above trends, and ardently innovating newer novelties.

3. Modernity vis-à-vis World Literature

Modernity is fundamentally a western invention. Obviously therefore, it came as a western thought and consciousness, even in literature. Nevertheless, it has a comprehensive universality. This universality brought radical changes in literary discourses, creation and authorial consciousness. At a time when the devastation unleashed by the First World War was still fresh, and the European world was looking for a break from the traditional, dogmatic styles in life and sociality, it was

inevitably obvious for literature to get influenced. As a result, many new experiments appeared in art and literature. Avenues for new approaches were inuncated in poetry, prose and plays.

3.1 Poetry is the main experimental avenue of modernity. Modern poetry differentiates twentieth century verses from those of the nineteenth century. Experimentation is the main basis of this distinction. Initially, the differences appeared in forms and styles. The practitioners of the new-trend poetry were T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Wallace Stevens, Robert Grace, W.H. Auden, Robert Lowell, Dylan Thomas, W.C. Williams, Stephen Mallarme, William Butler Yeats, Gertrude Stein, Reynar Maria Rilke, G. Apollinaire and many other poets. Eliot's *The Waste Land* (1922) and Pound's *Cantos* (1917) has ushered novelties in the content, structure and forms of poetry, and the works of many other poets of this period exhibit newness in structure, linguistic use, and metrical organization. The practitioners of this newness in poetry discarded the traditional metrical obligations and chose free verses as the most dominant style of versification.

Modern poets show ample use of images. This has made modern poems symbolic and ambiguous. More than the content, modern poems emphasize on form, and are unique because, apart from depicting life, world, man and his experiences and the expression of feelings, these poems adopt new, informal style. The exponents of such poems include imagists T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. Later, other poets too sketched European lifestyle and society, along with the deplorability of the Third World. This way, modern poetry ceased to be the reflection of Europe and its life and society alone. Parallel with the growth and expansion of science and technology, modern poetry assumed a global form. With further development and expansion, modern poetry has given a new momentum, direction and turns to European prosodic tradition, and has simultaneously opened the gates of possibilities in the world outside Europe. At present, modern poetry is not European modern poetry alone. It is a global entity, encompassing the universal outlook of modernity.

Importantly, the existential and avant-garde consciousness that developed with the experiences, pain, suffocation, frustration and decadence, consonant with the shocked European consciousness brought about by the discordance engendered by the World War I affected modern English, French and German poetry. The poetic depiction of whatever the poets in that difficult hour of history saw and experienced gave rise to what we call modern poetry. Based on these considerations, authors like Ian Ousbi, Ilias Canetti, Brian Appleyard, Peter Brooker, Simone Peril, M. W. Davies, and others have accepted modern poetry as defilement of tradition, innovation of

novelty, expression of fragmented life, presentation of human complications, expression of suffocation and frustration, articulation of the real-life experiences, acceptance of contemporaneity, acceptance of change, documentation of the pain of consciousness, and the declarations of many poetic movements and poetic cults. This also is an identity and specialty of modern poetry. And these specialties are the main introductory characteristics of modern poetry.

3.2 Modernity in Narratives and Drama

The practice of modernity in world literature appears to have started with poetry and romance. Modern trends gradually made their advent into stories and plays too. Along this line, fundamental changes came in the form and style of narratives (stories / novels). Newness came in the content. The major authors who ushered newness in narratives include Marshal Proust, Franz Kafka, Joseph Conrad, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, E.M. Foster, Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, Henry James, Thomas Maine, Andrea Paul Geed, Katherine Mansfield, Somerset Maugham, and James Thurber. Among these, novels like James Joyce's *Ulysses* (1912), Virginia Woolf's *Jacob's Room* (1912), and stories like *The Garden Party and Other Stories* (1922) a story collection by Katherine Mansfield, are considered highly popular. These and other narratives subverted the traditional trends and started presenting the characters with new approaches. Instead of traditional syntax and narration technique, these authors used stream of consciousness as the dominant technique. Instead of sequential narration, they used language as a merger of all forms, and ushered idiosyncrasy in language use in place of tradition grammar.

In Western literature, after poetry and narrative, modernism sprouted in drama. Against the hitherto prevalent norm of concentrating on action and stage, modern playwrights started writing plays completely against the grain. When the plays of George Bernard Shaw, Sein O Kezi, Eugene O. Neil, Tennessee Williams, August Strindberg, Louise Pirandello, Bertolt Brecht, Samuel Becket etc. experimented with new forms and techniques in theatre, Henrick Ibsen brought newness in content and presentation. Tennessee Williams ushered newness in dialogues and the choice of characters. Bernard Shaw's *Candida* (1895), Henrick Ibsen's *A Doll House* (1872) and other plays brought modernity in content, dialogues, characterization, presentation, organization, structure and theatrical technologies.

3.3 Modernity in Other Genres of Art

Like in literature, modern thinking, ways and techniques that appeared in other genres of art too have had global effects. With Dadaism at its

foundation, the surrealist consciousness that appeared in French art inaugurated modernism in painting. Modernity that sprouted in art and flowered in literature has affected every aspect of life. Mona Lisa's painting by Dadaist artist Doo Champ with beards and moustaches gave a serious blow to the conventional trends in painting. Unlike the photographic representation of reality as practiced by their predecessors, the modern painters generated their works on the basis of their own mentalities, viewpoints, and consciousness. Especially in painting and sculpture, such mentalities got amply expressed. Consequently, modern painting got more and more abstract.

Apart from various genres of literature, modernity pervaded painting, sculpture, music, and anthropology, and had their impacts on poetry. In painting and sculpture, Cubism, Expressionism and abstract effect challenged the conventional practices, and in music Stravinsky and Skinberg presented their own, idiosyncratic styles, undermining traditional beats, melodies and notes. In painting Pablo Picasso's *Three Musicians* (1922) and *Three Dancers* (1925), and the abstract paintings of his contemporaries brought great changes in this genre. Especially, Cubism, Surrealism and the use of abstract styles initiated new thinking in these genres too.

The modern trends, viewpoints and thinking that appeared in literature, art and other creative genres pervaded all aspects of life, undermining the conventional considerations. The development of science and technology, new outlooks and styles, and comprehensiveness of thinking have had special contribution in the development of modernity. Apart from these, art and literature appear marching ahead along with James J. Frazer's anthropological thinking and realism, Jean Paul Sartre and Albert Camus' Existentialism and Absurdism, and Cubism, Formalism, Dadaism, Imagism, Avant-gardism, Expressionism, Structuralism, Symbolism, Post-impressionism etc. Like in other genres of literature and elsewhere, modernity has had its ample effect on poetry too. In relation with the collective impact of all these various thoughts, assumptions and movements, and their resultant modernistic outlook, we can conduct study and analysis of art and literature, including poetry. Modernism has given a new outlook and new foundations to look at art and literature. Modern art and literature can best be analyzed on the basis of modern bases and outlook.

Modern art and modern literature (poetry) show the displacement of erstwhile norms. The concrete has been displaced by the abstract. The direct has been taken over by implicitness. New and unique styles started getting experimented with in painting, sculpture, architecture, films, photography and other genres of art right from its formative

days. With the use of surrealistic trends instead of realistic depiction of art, Dadaism, Surrealism, Avant-gardism Cubism, and Abstract Expressionism had their marked impacts on all the above genres of art. These trends have been experimented most markedly in painting. Music too shows subversion of traditional norms. The Impressionistic thinking pioneered by Claude Monet was a product of musical and art backgrounds. Cezanne, Picasso, Brach, Andrea Darren, Henry Matisse, Amberto Bosiyani, Marshal Duchoux, Jackson Pollack, Robert Mothervel, Mark Rothko, and William Cuning have given epoch-making turns to world art. The artworks of Picasso, Dally, Matisse, Brach and other artists speak abstract languages as poetry does, and leave a different impact.

There are marked differences between traditional poetry and modern poetry; and traditional art and modern art. In traditional poetry, no impact of traditional art can be discerned, and both remain unaffected by one another, though both of them are classical. But in modern poetry, there has been a remarkable impact of modern art. When the traditional art and poetry appear to entail ancient religion, myths and classical lifestyle, modern art and poetry portray the experiences, feelings, sorrows, consciousness, mentalities, attitudes etc. of an ordinary human being apart from external and internal realities of man. The unveiling of the unconscious is another aspect of modern art and poetry. The experiences and life styles of ordinary human beings have become the subject matters of modern art and literature. Many genres of modern literature have remained immune to the influence of modern art. This is also in a way, an impact of modern universal consciousness, and the modern worldview.

3.4 Modern Poetry: Time and Characteristics

Experts are debating on whether modernity is a trend starting with a particular point of time and ending somewhere, or if it is an accumulation of new trends in literature / poetry. Modernity is both time duration, and the cumulative of new trends engendered by that time. There are marked differences between literature of pre-modern era and the present-day literature. There are some who demarcate time after the modern as postmodern, but postmodernism is the later trend and assumption of modernism itself, and not a distinct timeframe.

A study of the historical development of western literature, poetry in particular, exhibits that time has been divided into various ages on a myriad of bases. It will be unwise to divide world literature or western literature for that matter merely in relation with the divisions within the literature of a particular country. Nevertheless, some political incidents of global prominence have ushered newest trends in art and

literature. On the basis of the changing trends, the development of world poetry is roughly divided as follows:

- From the beginning to the age prior to Renaissance: Religio-ethical and Ideal Age
- Age of Renaissance to the time prior to World War I : Classical Age
- Modern Age - After World War I : age of new consciousness and vision in thought and style

From the simple demarcation that World War I brought the onset of modernity and the World War II gave rise to the postmodern trends in literature and poetry, it can be clearly discerned that modernity has a fixed point of departure but an uncertain point of termination, and hence it is a concurrent time period with concurrent trends and assumptions. Judged against the apparent modern trends in art and literature, the poetry of France, England, America, Italy, Russia and Germany appear strong.

Against the emotionality of the romantic tradition, modern poetry shows the influence of various thinkings and consciousness like realistic consciousness and individual freedom, equality, the echo of Voltaire's socio-political rebellion, Feuerbach's material philosophy, Karl Marx's dialectic materialism, Darwin's theory of evolution, Freud's psychoanalysis, Frederic Nietzsche's declaration of the death of God etc. Additionally, America established its overwhelming impact on world politics, economics, scientific and technological development and expansion, and material development. Obviously, the impacts were visible even in art and literature. Alongside, the new consciousness that marked French art and literature influenced the world art and literature in one way or the other. This way, the innumerable decadences in humaneness, universal and individual social tension, conflict, war, existential consciousness, awareness of the discordance, tendencies of atheism etc. that appeared in modern writing within France and America are also the fundamental trends of modern world poetry.

The various opinions, intellectualities, comprehensiveness, seriousness and life-views are based on materiality springing up from realistic thinking. The nationalistic outlooks started fading away due to scientific and material developments. Consequently, the English and the American poetry exercised their tremendous influence on other European nations enjoying the fruits of scientific and material developments. Similarly, the poetry of South American nations, Latin American countries, the Asian countries from the Third World, and colonial and the freshly decolonized nations also showed ample influence of Anglo-American poetry. This way, the value of modern poetry and that of modern

thinking and consciousness in it did not remain local anymore. It became universal and pervasive. The modernity in the poetry of a nation might be different from that in the poetry of another nation, but Modernism encompasses the poetry of all nations and all languages, and there are similarities among the fundamental trends marking such poetry.

3.5 Asian Modern Poetry: A Bird-eye View

Modern Nepali poets are amply influenced by universal consciousness. No poet at present is immune to these influences. Because of linguistic constraints, poems written in languages other than English have difficulties in attaining comprehensiveness. Because of linguistic affinity, the influence of Hindi, Bengali, and Urdu literature and poetry can be detected in medieval Nepali poetry. Even at contemporary time, some Nepali poems can be found to articulate the same subject, the same thought and narrative, and the same consciousness as done by Hindi, Urdu and Bengali poetry. World War I had its immediate impact on Europe, but its impacts were delayed in Asian nations. Consequently the devastation, misery, difficulties, complications and other fragmentations forced by the war were expressed by Asian poets in their own ways. This gave different points of departure for European modern poetry and its Asian counterpart.

World War I can have determined the onset of modernity in many European and Asian countries no doubt; but many Asian countries had their own internal socio-political and economic scenarios that influenced their poetry. Hence, the modernity of Asian poetry can be ascertained by considering these internal predicaments as local causes. Because of this the determination of the modernity of Asian poetry cannot be completely factual and scientific.

The structures of the modern poetry of the two geographically vast neighbors – India and China – appear diagrammatically different. Modernity is understood to have been markedly recognized in India as early as 1937-38, much earlier than its independence in 1947. The poems included in *Saarsaptak* in 1940s are considered poignant expressions of modernity in Hindi poetry. China's modernity in poetry is still very different. The poetry written after 1840 is considered modern in China. Many internal rebellions, especially the Opium War (1840-42), are considered the points of departure in modern Chinese poetry. China, vanquished in this war, had a tremendous gallop after this.

As compared to the poetic modernity of its two neighbors, we can find a dissonance of at least a century in Nepal. When some older Indian poets assume the advent of modernity in Hindi poetry right from the twenties, the later poets and critics consider the publication of

Saarsaptak as the formal inauguration of modernity. Observed this way, modernity in Nepali poetry appears quite near to the Indian modernity and far from its Chinese counterpart.

A thorough scansion of the myriad facets of modern Asian poetry reveals different backgrounds for different poetry within Asian nations. Nevertheless, Indian, Chinese and Japanese poetry hold the capacity to represent much of the Asian poetry. Agyeya, Narendra Sharma, Ram Vilas Sharma, Prabhakar Machwe, Bharat Bhusan, Kedar Nath Agrawal, Girija Kumar Mathur, Mahadevi Verma, Nami Chandra Jain, Kedar Nath Singh, Samsher Bahadur, Dharmaveer Bharati, Gajanan Madav Muktibodh, Naresh Kumar Mehta and other poets carried modern Indian poetry to its climax. Similarly poets like Kuo Mo Ji, Lu Shun, Tien Chien, Kong Chichen, Lu Yechi, Chen Chu Bing, and Lin Cha Syu have catered new momentum to Chinese modern poetry. Suntaro Tanikawa, Rumiro Kara, Noriko Mijusaki, and Kenji Ayabe are poets that have given a forward motion to Japanese modern poetry. Similarly, the poets of Afghanistan, Indonesia, Iraq, Iran, Korea, Pakistan, the Philippines, Bangladesh, Myanmar, Bhutan, and Sri Lanka have given voice to their political, social, economic, cultural and other realities, ensuring the development and expansion of modern poetry. The modern world poetry has, in fact, been enriched by the totality of poetic creativity of poets from various countries of the world. Change and newness are salient features of all modern poetry. This is attested by the fact that Nepali poet Gopal Prasad Rimal, Hindi poet Agyeya and Bengali poet Buddhadev Basu paved the way to the entry of modernity in their respective poetic traditions by writing poetry in free verse.

4. Nepali Context of Modernity : In Relation with Poetry

Like in the West, modernity appears to have its advent into Nepali letters as a challenge of the conventional thinking and in favor of the adoption of new trends. Yet, there are many differences between the western context of modernity and its Nepali counterpart. There are ample disagreements on the issue of its origin in Nepali; yet, it seems proper to decide its onset, based on the influence of the western influence on art, literature and other facets of life, taking also in due consideration the local political, social and literary contexts. As every upcoming time when judged against its past is new, so are the later trends in literature and other sectors of life. Obviously every literature appears new and modern compared with its preceding counterpart.

Though many disagreements mark the question of the beginning of modernity in Nepali poetry, it is considered to have identified itself with modern trends only after the end of classical age, because, before

that, the poems of the time after 1919 still showed the continuity of medieval tendencies. The coming together of the Nepalese people against the despotic, autocratic Rana regime, and preparing for revolt, simultaneously with the composition of poetry from the context of their contemporary reality opposing the idealism, morality, spirituality and didactic rules of the classical age are the internal causes that gave rise of modernity in Nepali poetry. There are many causes that engendered modernity in Nepali literature, but subversion of the convention, and adoption of novelty are the fundamental characteristics of modern Nepali literature.

Whenever there is a revolt against tradition, the importance of innovation and use of novelties become imminent. The increasing internal solidarity of the Nepalese people against the cruel atrocities by the Rana rulers, and the establishment of Nepal Praja Parishad (Nepal People's Council) gave the foundation to Nepali modernity. It was obvious for the context of such political changes to expect and hope for the use of change and newness in contemporary Nepali literature. Not only that, a close association of the Nepalese people with the Second World War, and the homecoming of many Nepalese after seeing the devastation engendered by the war in Europe urged them to usher the newness and magic they witnessed in Europe, aided by their own inclination towards novelty. This appears to give a forceful modern turn to Nepali poetry.

It will be unscientific to judge Nepali modernity only in relation with the western influence, or in complete indifference with it. Modernity did not advance into Nepali literature from a fixed cause or sequence of causes, or from a particular person or group. Neither is it the influence of the west in totality. It should also be observed in relation to Nepal's internal situation, time and milieu. Innovation and the use of newness are the basic characters of modernity, and the beginning of English education in Nepal gave a push to its development. After the establishment of the Tri Chandra College, English education started having its profound influence in Nepal, and gradually the influence pervaded Nepali writers as well. Because of that the acceptance of the effect of English education too appears to be one of the major factors influencing Nepali modernity. In the Nepalese context, modernity has its own bases that can explain itself. It will be unwise to compare the symptoms, specialties and trends of the modernity of Nepali poetry with those of the world literature. Modernity in Nepali poetry has its own background and context. The social values, norms and socio-political contexts of the Nepalese society too have played important roles in the determination of modernity. However, the main characteristic of modernity in the context of Nepali poetry can be summarized as follows:

- Influence of English education with the establishment of the Tri Chandra College, and introduction with the world literature
- Influence of external and global modernity, and consciousness of the present
- Expression of the contemporary values and norms of Nepali society, and exposure of individuality
- Urge for newness in the form, content and style of poetry, and preference for free verses against the classical metrical ones
- Progressive, revolutionary attitude, materialistic outlook on life, and urge to seek new life values
- Experiences and new attitudes of the Nepalese returning from World War II
- Revolt and opposition against the despotic Rana Regime
- Introduction of Nepalese authors with the world literature and the direct or indirect influence of modern English poetry
- Beginning of free writing against the hardcore, classical disciplines of the conventional poetry
- Preponderance of new self-consciousness and the awareness of new aesthetics in poetry, and atheistic outlook
- Presentation of scientific, materialistic outlook in poetry along with the adoption of new values and considerations
- Adoption of the changed, and updated values and norms, and the approval of the newest methods and skills
- Starting of many experimental forms against the conventional trends of poetry writing
- Influence of western, scientific thinking and trends in poetry
- Awareness about social justice, freedom, democracy and human rights, and evolution of the attitude of universal humanism
- Presentation of people-centered and human-centered views, and the tendencies of making art and literature a means of social change
- Preeminence of rational consciousness in poetry, and orientation towards newness in style and new presentation in totality

The points summarized above are determining factors, characteristics and trends of modern Nepali poetry. From this the point of departure in modern Nepali poetry can be clearly traced. The rejection of classicality on the basis of modern theoretical assumptions, definitions and features is what modernity is. These tendencies can be found in Gopal Prasad Rimal, the first Nepali poet to write in free verse, and in Laxmi Prasad Devkota, the practitioner of romantic writing both in subject matter and in authorial self-consciousness. For this reason, Rimal's poetry writing in free verse is a break down, a U-turn and a departure in Nepali poetry. For this reason too, the poetry of Gopal Prasad Rimal exhibits most of the features of modernity.

4.1 Disagreements on Modernity in Relation with Nepali Poetry

There have been ample disagreements about the question of the onset of modernity in Nepali poetry. Many of these disagreements appear conflicting, unscientific, and personal, while some are scientific and factual. A brief consideration of these disagreements appears necessary here. In *Nepali Sahityama Kaal Bibhajan* (1966), Balkrishna Pokharel has considered the literature from Moti Ram Bhatta and later as modern, while in *Nepali Sahityako Itihas* (1974), Dina Nath Sharan and in *Sahityik Samiksya Sangraha* (1998), Bhanubhakta Pokharel consider 1970 as the starting point of modernity in Nepali poetry. Similarly Yagyaraaj Stayal in *Nepali Sahityako Bhumika* (1959), Basudev Tripathi in *Lekhanath Paudyalko Kavitvako Vishleshan tatha Mulyankan* (1977), Nagendra Chapagain in *Kavyasamalochana* (1995) and Keshav Upadhyaya in *Aajaka Nepali Kavita, 'Introduction'* (1994) consider 1975 as the point of departure of modern Nepali poetry. Bamdev Pahari in *Nepali Kavita Vikashcharan* (1988), has considered 1980 as the beginning of modernity in Nepali verses, while Ishwar Baral in *Nepali Sahityako Kaal Bibhajan* (1965), Ratna Dhawj Joshi in *Nepali Sahityama Kaal Bibhaajan* (1971) and Keshav Prasad Upadhyaya in *Vichar ra Vyakhya* (1983) have put the pushed the date to 1986. Similarly, Krishna Chandra Singh Pradhan in *Nepali Sahityaka Bibhinna Dhaarako Pravritti ra Itihas* (1966), Tara Nath Sharma in *Samakalin Kavi ra Kavita: Ek Paricharcha* (1989), Mohan Raj Sharma in *Samakalin Samalochana: Siddhanta ra Prayog* (1998), Tara Kanta Pandey in *Adhunik Nepali Kavita: Kehi Saikshanik Sandarva, Kehi Tatvik Vivechana* (2000), Khagendra Luitel in *Aadhunik Nepali Samalochana* (2004), and Ganesh Bahadur Prasai in *Madhyamik Kalin Kavya Sahityako Vivechana* (2004) have considered 1979-80 as the beginning of modernity in Nepali poetry. Further, Mohan Raj Sharma in *Nepalika Kehi Aadhunik Sahityakar* (1989), Daya Ram Shrestha in *Nepali Sahityako Sanchhipta Itihas* (1977) and Tara Nath Sharma in *Nepali Sahityako Kaal Bibhajan* (1969) have considered 1951 as the onset of Nepali modernity. Abhi Subedi in *Rachana ra Madhyam* (1997) considers 1960, while Jeevan Namdung in *Aadhunik Nepali Kavita* (1996) and Vairagi Kainla in *Leela, Leelatva, ra Leela Lekhan: Saral Bhashama Indra Bahadur Raika Vichar* (2002) set 1963 as the time when modernity had its actual onset in Nepali poetry.

Apart from these descriptions, many scholars have put forward their own viewpoints. Some appear to have changed their own earlier considerations. It is necessary to study these disagreements to determine modernity in Nepali poetry. Many scholars have expressed their viewpoints upon these disagreements in the context of modern Nepali poetry. Among the nine different opinions presented above, those who consider 1918, and 1936-37, have been debated the most,

and are paradoxically the most talked about, and accepted dates for the onset of modernity in Nepali poetry. Those who take 1918 as the point of departure regard Lekh Nath Paudyal as the pioneer of modern poetry in Nepal, while those who consider 1929, 1936-37, 1951, 1960, and 1963 as the starting of modernity have forwarded strong polemics, arguing that modern tendencies are not discernible in Lekh Nath. These disagreements have eased the task of determining the actual point of departure regarding the onset of modernity in Nepali poetry.

Many of these claims appear to be personal / emotional claims of the scholars and many of them do not come within the fold of the theoretical assumptions of modernism. The number of conflicting opinions in this regard reflects conflicts in attitudes towards modernity, lack of scientific and factual outlook, and the inability of personal imaginary parameters to determine modernity. It therefore appears wise to determine the point of origin of modern Nepali poetry on the basis of the theoretical assumptions, considerations, characteristics, specialties and trends of modernism.

4.2 Determination of Modernity in Nepali Poetry and the Point of its Departure

On studying the polemics, considerations, assumptions and the features of modernity put forwards in relation with the questions of the beginning of modernity in Nepali poetry, we can infer that though many of them accept change as the basis of the determination of modernity, many have failed to identify particular trends as the determinant of modernity. Consequently, the modernity of Nepali poetry has become more debated. On the basis of timeframe, the ongoing age in Nepali poetry itself is its modern age. Modern age refers to the latest part of the time divided into three periods. Since it is the continual, ongoing time period, its point of termination cannot be determined, though it may have a particular time as its point of departure.

In Nepali poetry, the modernity that started after romantic practices sabotaged the convention, is found to present itself with a faith in novelty, change in skills, consciousness of the present, authorial self-consciousness, scientific outlook, social justice, and world view. Among the poets who wrote with new sense against the grain defiling the classical rules and conventional consideration are Gopal Prasad Rimal and Laxmi Prasad Devkota, whose presence at that moment coincided with the entry of modernity in Nepali poetry. Gopal Prasad Rimal pioneered the subversion of classical prosodic disciplines of metrical writing by practicing deliberate versification in free verses. His poem 'Kaviko Gaan' published on 28 February 1937 in *Gorkhapatra* is considered the first conscious prose poem in Nepali poetic tradition.

Though his '...Prati' had been published earlier in Sharada monthly of December-January, it was a lyrical poem rather than a prose poem. It however showed the preparations for prose poetry. In April issue of Sharada in 1937, Devkota's 'Prati' appeared. This poem too shows some features of a prose poem, but lacks conscious efforts for a prose poem, and the subversion of classical styles. Hence, Rimal's '...Prati' and Devkota's 'Prati' are forerunners of prose poems, but not themselves prose poems proper.

But Rimal's second poem on the same title '...Prati' is established as a prose poem by the poem itself. Thereafter, only in 1946, Devkota wrote forceful prose poems.

With Rimal and Devkota, diasporic Nepali poet Gopal Singh Nepali too is discussed in relation to the prose poetic tradition in Nepali. But, his prose collection 'Kalpana' published in 1937 does not contain a single prose poem. Rather, poetic flavor can be detected in his prose writing. From the fact that Rimal's '...Prati' has more lyrical bend, and Devkota's 'Prati' has less conscious efforts to ensure prose-poetic structure, it is wise to consider Rimal's 'Kaviko Gaan' as the first, deliberately written prose poem in Nepali poetic tradition, because this poem shows the newest style of a deliberate prose-poem writing. At a time when the classical, metrical poems were on their top vogue, Rimal experimented with new styles, subverting the hitherto prevalent conventional form and structure of poetry and showed that a poem could be of such a form too. By devising a new model of poetry and attracting the readers towards the novice practice of versification, Rimal established himself as the pioneer of modernist poetic awareness.

Rimal, who was a poet of free, progressive, and rebellious consciousness, appears rebellious even in subject matter, feeling, thoughts and style. Similarly, Devkota who wrote poem with uncontrolled, and liberal vigor against classical disciplinary conventions, rules, controlled writing, formality and awareness of skills, also exhibited strong tendencies against the grain. Since Devkota's rebellion was more personal and Rimal's more factual, Rimal exhibits more factuality, judged on the basis of modern, materialistic viewpoint. Rimal's rejection of the bondage of the metrical rules and Devkota's subversion of classical prosodic dictates are parallel forms of the denunciation of tradition.

The starting of Sharada monthly in 1936, its publishing of the works of new trends with priority, projection of new anti-classical approaches against the classical conventions, and Rimal's pioneering of prose poetry in 1937 are the determining bases of modernity in Nepali poetry. To

determine modernity in Nepali literature, the consideration of the western assumptions on modernity alone is not enough, nor is it enough to consider only the local bases. Judged from the midpoint of the two, 1936/37 appears to be the most acceptable point as the time of the onset of modernity in Nepali verses.

Modernity in English literature had come against romanticism, while in Nepali it appears to have come against classicism and in favor of romanticism. Therefore, unlike western modernity, the Nepalese modernity is based on the social, religious, economic and cultural viewpoints of the country itself.

Judged against the developmental history of Nepali poetry, the modern Nepali poetry that started simultaneously with romanticism is in its eighth decade now. Many changes in its fundamental trend have come in this duration. While progressive views started flowing in right from the beginning of the nineties, revolt, revolutionary consciousness, and progressing trends started getting articulated because of the contemporary political transformations. The establishment of Nepal Praja Parishad in 1938, the foundation of Nepali Congress and Nepal Communist Party in 1949, and the establishment of Nepali Writers' Association and Progressive Writers' Association in 1951 gave an articulate voice to the temporal consciousness to Nepali poetry. With time, many changes have come in modern Nepali poetry.

4.3 The Developmental Terrain of Modern Nepali Poetry

With changes in time, the Nepali poets started getting introduced with the new styles and forms of western modernism. New musings and consciousness started stirring them up. It was natural for the contemporary political developments to have their influence too. When progressive trends got amalgamated with the romantic consciousness that started in 1937-38, many poems of romantic-progressive style got written. Poets like Gopal Prasad Rimal, Laxmi Prasad Devkota, Siddhicharan Shrestha, Bhupi Sherchan and others wrote free-verse poems, pregnant with the urges of the changing time. Kedar Man Byathit and others wrote poems of intimacy in free verses. Especially until 1961, poems of romantic tendencies predominated.

Because of the political changes of 1960 and the ensuing political scenario, romantic emotionalism, and progressive political tendencies, poets started expressing themselves in complicated styles. The establishment of the Panchayati System of governance curtailed authorial pens and rights of expression. In reaction, the poets adopted imagist, symbolic, and gestural styles. The publication of Mohan Koirala's 'Ghaite Yug' in 1960 issue of *Rooprekha* inaugurated the

age of experimental poetry. In 1963, poets Bairagi Kainla and Ishwar Ballav started the *Tesro Aayam* (The Third Dimension) Movement. The experimental poems characterized by unconscious writing, abstract writing, abstract painting and the experimentation of the stream of consciousness, preponderance of images, suffocation, frustration, absurdity, reality, and discordance were in high fervor until 1978. On this basis, the time until 1977 is considered the age of experimental writing.

Many poetic movements like the *Tesro Aayam* (The Third Dimension 1963), *Ralfa Movement* (1967), *Aswikrit Jamat* (1969), and *Amlekh* (1969) have had important influences on the development of Nepali poetry. When the experimental poetry got inexpressive because of experimental intricacies, Nepali poetry appears to have headed along a new track after the On-street Poetic Movement. This marks the beginning of contemporary poetry. Against the intricacies of experimental poetry, when poetry started portraying real-life experiences and feelings in easily understandable language, the age of contemporary poetry began. In this age that had its boom after the political change of 1979, coinciding with the On-street Movement directed towards securing mass awareness on political freedom and individual sovereignty, contemporary poetry moved ahead in three phases ñ formative stage of 1979, the phase of 1989, and the last phase following 1996/97. The posterity of 2009 has started carving yet a newer terrain. After the On-street Poetic Movement of 1979, *Bhok Kavita Andolan* (1983), *Taralbad/Taraltabad* (1983/89), *Jana Andolan Kavita* (1989), *Sanrakshyan Kavita Yatra/Andolan* (1999/2000) *Chautho Aayam* (2001), *Sirjanshil Arajakta* (2002), *Sadak Kavita Andolan* (2005) *Sauhardra Sahityako Avadharana* (2005), *Ganatantrabadi Kavita Andolan* (2006), *Visesh Rangavad* (2006), *Vilayan Lekhan* (2007), *Loktantrik Srastaharuko Samyukta Manch* (2007), *Kavita Loktantra* (2007), *Ganatantric Kavita-Utsav* (2009), and many other poetic movements have given a new impetus to contemporary Nepali poetry.

Many changes and turns have come in the trends of modern Nepali poetry till date. These turns have given rise to romantic, progressive, experimental and contemporary trends. The collective vastness and the overall form of romanticism, progressive writing, urge for revolt and movement, composition of non-narrative long poems, abstract writing, intellectuality, doctrinal writing, preponderance of images, depiction of contemporary political scenario, worthlessness of human life, lack of economic integrity, social inequality, discordance, poverty, consciousness of human rights, stream of consciousness writing, depiction of dialectic situations, urge for universal humanity, existential

consciousness, class consciousness, gender consciousness, caste consciousness, material and atheistic outlook, expectation of progression, contemporary inequality, feministic consciousness, stiff satire against such discordances, and the impacts of postmodern trends collectively affected and ensured the evolution of modern Nepali poetry. For that reason, modern Nepali poetry is the collective expression of all these trends. Above all, the gradual rejection of classical metrical disciplines and the appearance of more and more free verse and prose-poetic poems define the nature of modern poetry better than anything else does. Contemporary awareness in fact connotes the universal outlook of the present, and modern Nepali poetry has adopted this outlook.

4.4 Modern Indian Nepali Poetry and Diasporic Neighborhood

Where do we stand in poetry? Where can we locate our modern Nepali poetry? It is mandatory to circumscribe modern Indian Nepali poetry to answer these queries. Though they might be Indian by geography, the Indian Nepali poets are Nepali by language, acculturation, culture, and communal consciousness. There are similarities among the Nepali and Indian Nepali poets judged on the basis of collective predicaments, collective experiences, collective consciousness and the sameness of language and culture. However, they differ in local color and the feelings, experiences, thinking, consciousness and pains engendered by it. Urge for modernity appears to have sprouted among the Indian Nepali poets after India's independence in 1947, and the adoption of the constitution of India, and attainment of constitutional rights in 1950. It appears rational to mark language movement spearheaded by the poets of Darjeeling in 1960/61 as a potent and influential step in the strengthening of modern Indian Nepali poetry, because the movement gave a great impetus to the existential consciousness of the Nepali speakers living there.

In India, there is a large mass of Nepali speakers, and their settlement scatters along a large geographical extension. They have their own provincial difficulties and experiences. Darjeeling, Assam, Meghalaya, Benaras, Sikkim, Manipur, Dehradun, and other places have thick Nepali settlements, and the poets of these regions have accepted modernity in their own accord. Haribhakta Katwal, Jas Yonjan 'Pyasi', Agam Singh Giri, Man Prasad Subba, Mohan Thakuri, Rajendra Bhandari, Norjang Syangden, Naba Sapkota, Sudha M. Rai, Norden Rumba, Gyanendra Khatiwada, Kedar Gurung, Bhabilal Lamichhane, Naresh Chandra Khati, and other poets have given a forward push to modern Indian Nepali poetry. Indian Nepali poetry is more marked by a quest for social recognition and existential consciousness than by anything else.

Diasporic literature has touched the temperaments of the emigrants today. The amalgamation of the ways and culture of the Indian Nepalese vindicates the same. The ambivalence and cultural transition coming out the reluctance to discard their social, original convention and culture, and the hesitation to adopt the new convention and culture in their entirety can be amply detected in the poetry of the Indian Nepali authors. This is a diasporic consciousness, though it has had an unconscious evolution. Though this kind of diasporic consciousness is theoretically a postmodern feature, this has been amply voiced in modern literature of the emigrants. In a sense, this forms the belles-lettres beyond Nepal. The extension of Nepali Diaspora is vast today. In countries like America, Japan, Germany, UK, Australia, Singapore, Hong Kong etc., the Nepalese have been permanently or temporarily staying. The poets and authors there bear diasporic consciousness. They write out of the same consciousness. The writings of Indian Nepali poets are seldom analyzed as diasporic writing, but there are many rationales for considering them diasporic too. Agam Singh Giri's 'Mechilai Baato Sodhera' is a beautiful example of diasporic writing, infused with existential consciousness. There are many examples of this category.

Since the Indian Nepali poets are Indian citizens, they do not voice the pain of homelessness. Yet, the gradual loss of cultural originality, trivialization of cultural and social worth, and the slow alienation of self identity by an unknown loneliness can be amply detected in their writing. This is a diasporic mentality. A study of various Indian Nepali poets reveals ambivalence, cultural in-betweenness, cultural amalgamation, quest for identity and dignity.

5. The Poems Presented Here, and the Subject-matter of Modern Nepali Poetry

Long, narrative poems show more incidental inclination than subjective prominence. Abruptness and tension control dramatic poetry while lyrical or scrap poetry is marked by the prominence of feelings and thoughts. Narrative construction liquefies thoughts together with the narration. With the generation of tension, dramatic poetry belittles thought, while lyrical poetry allows thought to revolve around the same circle and allow it to express itself most poignantly. This thought that forms the subject of a poem, is in fact, its gist too. The present anthology is a collection of such poems alone, and hence the subject appears as the central drive of the poems.

Modern poetry is not a descriptive presentation of incidents. It rather is the poetry of ideas. Modern poems become strong when the subject matter attains the structure of a thought, and the thought attains the

structure of the subject matter. Poets can imbibe such subject matters from a myriad of sources including life, the world, nature, culture, history, philosophy, experiences, feelings, society etc. The author is independent in the selection of the subject matter, and the theme he or she selects is a personal choice. There is no rule as to what should, and what should not form the theme of a poem. The poems in this collection have voiced almost all the features of modern poetry. The central 'theme' of modern poetry is the placement of the human at its core. There is no realm higher than the human. The acceptance of the human as its central subject characterizes modern poetry. This book is the standard anthology of modern Nepali poetry, and many of the poems collected here have made human their central theme. Though some poems have not apparently taken the human as the central subject, there are indirect or oblique references that ensure strong presence of the human as the central thematic subject.

In modern Nepali poems or in poems collected in *Dancing Soul of the Mount Everest*, a myriad of subject matters and thoughts have concurred, though the human forms the central subject of many. The poems in the anthology embody a revolution. There is a rebellious consciousness, and an urge for change. There are urges for freedom and independence. There are ample presentations of the issues of democracy and human rights. Worries have been voiced on decaying human values. Not only that, romance, awareness of the present, awareness of life and death, biological, social, political and economic absurdities, and awareness of the discordance, existential consciousness, comprehension of human values, flaying of war, and love for peace form the themes of many modern Nepali poems. These, and similar other themes pervade the poems collected in this book.

In the poems of Gopal Prasad Rimal ñ the pioneer of modern Nepali poetry and the exponent of prose poetry ñ one can find the urges of the present, voiced within the echoes of romance. The spirit of revolution too has been beautifully articulated. The poetry of Devkota is infused with sharp satirical bend alongside the expression of love. Among the poems of various authors, 'Mother's Dream', 'The Berlin Wall', 'At this Moment of History', 'The Musings for Liberty', 'Anonymous Flowers' etc. have treated the spirit of revolution as their central subject. Similarly in 'When the Play Ends', 'How Many Days', 'The Best Poem', 'Say No to Copulations', 'When I am a War Prisoner', 'Thoughts, Statues and Harmony', 'Time Aches from Here', 'The Chait Wind', 'In Favor of War', 'Democracy for My Country', 'The Life of a Mirror', 'Nelson Mandela - II', 'The Antique Man' 'The Speech, the Town and I' etc. are highly influential judged against the spirit of the present time they bear.

'A Struggle with the Straw', 'Tree a Mental Image', 'I: A Frayed Poster', 'The Essence of Living', 'The Voice of the Stone', and 'Aaitee', have articulated the comprehension of life as the central theme, placing man at the core of the poetic craft. The poems entitled 'Multiple Selves', 'To Man' 'Those Lost in their Own Search', 'The Flute of Life Played a Different Tune', 'The Refugees', 'The Children in the Refugee Camp,' and 'In Search of a Nation', are centered on existential awareness and quest for human values. 'The Morrow's Sun did not Set' and 'Unattainable Heights' echo absurdity, together with existential awareness and the quest for human values.

Most of the modern Nepali poems appear against many dominant negative trends, and are centered on satires against absurdities. Among the poems that present such absurdities and strongly batter them are 'The Plight of Dasharath', 'Snakes Do not Listen to Songs', 'The Word-venom', 'Daddy Is Not Back Yet', 'My Own Tale', 'The Mountain', 'Dialectics of Light and Darkness', 'The Village School', 'Looking into the Mirror', 'The Anonymous Highland Lass', 'Man with the Cave Where Century Waned', 'The Rocks', 'A Landed Climax', 'In this Town', 'The Tea Shrub', 'An Evening in the Church', 'What a Life is this Life', 'The Poems that Lift My Hearse', 'There's No Time for Suicide', 'Human Rights', 'To the Heroine Standing with a Black Rose' 'The Beginning', 'The Chronicle of Brutality' and 'Sannani is a Mere Carpet', are highly effective poems. 'Teaching Maps to My Daughter', 'The Statue', and 'I a Hippopotamus of Bethlehem City' present the concept of universal humanity as their central theme, while in 'A Song in the Name of Nepal', 'Your Name', 'We in Search of a Nation', 'History, Give Back My Sugauli Documents' and 'Asking Mechi the Way' are strong expressions of patriotic feelings and concerns for nature.

Modern Nepali poetry has had enough echoes of love. Poems like 'The Candle Flame', 'Love: Its Multiple Forms' 'An Ailing Lover's Letter to a Soldier', 'Some Lines on Love', 'Blue Flowers and Pale Leaves' 'How Would You Win If I had Not Been Vanquished', 'The Lassies', 'The Girl I Loved', 'The Pond', 'Jasmin Christy', 'Flowers, Speak Something' 'My Story', 'Your Client is Intoxicated Today', 'In the Refuge of Words', and 'The Magnificence of Creation' appear highly influential as far as the expression of love is concerned.

These are mere samples. Similar other thoughts, feelings, subject matters, and experiences form the subject of modern Nepali poetry. A closer analysis reveals that the poems included in this anthology are different from the points of view of thoughts, expression, subject matter, expression of feelings and the balance between the poem and an epic. At times, it is also possible to detect a good balance between poetry

and narrative. Whatever be the analysis, the poems collected here are of high quality both as expressions, and as the projections of subject matter and the consciousness of thoughts.

6. The Present Collection, Modern Nepali Poetry and the Presence of Readers

Modern Poetry has a marked presence of the readers. Right from its formative phase, modern poetry has shown this trait. The poems of Gopal Prasad Rimal, Laxmi Prasad Devkota, Siddhicharan Shrestha, and their followers Kedar Man Byathit, Balkrishna Sama, Vijay Malla, Bhawani Bhikchhu, Bhupi Sherchan and others directly address the readers. Especially, romantic-progressive poems were free expressions of imaginations and feelings. Those poems had irony, revolt, revolution and awareness too. They also had a social consciousness, and ups and downs of life and the world. Until 1959, a strong presence of the readers ensured direct interaction of the poetry of this trend with the readers. The interaction / internal communication between poetry and its readers establish an intimate relation between the two.

1960 marks a decisive turn in modern Nepali poetry. After the publication of Mohan Koirala's experimental poems in Rooprekha, the modernistic spirit that marked the Western English poetry gave further boost to the Nepali verses of the time. Because of their intellectuality and intricacies, the poems of Mohan Koirala, Ishwar Ballabh, Bairagi Kainla, Dwarika Shrestha, Krishna Bhakta Shrestha, Upendra Shrestha, Madan Regmi, Tulasi Diwas, Banira Giri and some other poets have not been able to establish direct communicative relation with the readers. They could not interact, and because of the problem of communication, the presence of the readers slashed. The fall in the presence of the readers was another reason for the distance between poetry and the poets.

The present collection contains many poems of the pre-1960 period where the presence of the readers can be strongly felt. These are poems by the contemporaries of Rimal and Devkota, and they are predominated by issues of love and romance. The poems of the second category, that were experimental in nature, had the preeminence of intellectual intricacies infused with myths and images and were consequently very complex. Obviously they could not communicate with the readers directly. Comprehending them needs diving into myths and images. Many poems of such categories have also been collected here. Many of such poems got written till seventies. In the poems preceding this age, feelings, imaginations and issues of love dominated the primacy of thought in the poem, while in the second category of poems it was dominated by intellectuality and experimentation.

Personal expression that reached its climax in the first category of poems weakened in the second as poetry moved towards materiality.

There is a third category of poems in this collection that shows a strong presence of readers. After the 1979 On-street Movement brought poetry out of the closet and made public, an easy and publicly understandable language replaced the earlier linguistic complexities in verse. Consequently, ample presence of readers marked such poetry. Poetry left the earlier, complex path and adopted an easy trail. Over simplification deprived some poems of their concrete issues, and poetry got excessively liquefied. Images that evinced the spirits of the contemporary time, life, society and consciousness of the present, started predominating the poems. Since a lot of care has been bestowed on selecting the best and the most representative poems that are most concrete, excellent and forceful, there has been a lot of screening of such low-quality poems. This makes it obvious that instead of an oversimplified and liquefied presence of readers, the present collection expects the presence of an alert readership.

In fact, the presence of an alert readership is the expectation of every real poet and poetry. An alert reader too expects true poetry. True poetry similarly expects an alert readership. For this, the relation between poetry and its readers is always a relative one. Woolf Gang Easer has said: there are two types of readers – actual readers and implied readers. The actual reader is one who reads a poem considering it to have been written for him or her, while implied reader is one that reads whichever poem comes his or her way. Though Easer has shown both types as important, he considers the actual readers to be more important. The third category of poems mentioned above has found maximum place in this collection, and has the presence of both actual and implied readers as Easer has pointed out. Above that, based on Hans Robert Jauss's 'Reception Theory', readers receive the poems of this third category in their own ways. There, the presence of the readers bears special importance. This is an aspect of a direct interaction between poetry and its readers. In all the poems in *Dancing Soul of the Mount Everest*, both Easer's readership, and Jauss's Reception completely hold good.

In its actual sense, the third category of poems mentioned above is what contemporary Nepali poetry is. It is today's Nepali poetry – the poetry of the present. For poetry to be contemporary, it should embody the consciousness of the present. Such a consciousness is strongly present in many of the latest poems. Contemporary poetry denotes the latest phase of modern poetry. Contemporary phase of poetry has comparatively more presence of readers. It also is true that in its latest

phase modern poetry has more poets, and less true poems. Though in one hand more and more collections of poetry are published each year with little sale, there too are strong anthologies that go for second, third and more editions in the other. This also vindicates that readers expect influential poetry, and crave for powerful poetic expressions. Since the present collection of representative poetry has selected influential and representative poets and their poems, it appears to have understood the need of alert readership well.

The presence of readership as apparent in the eight-decade long history of Nepali poetry can be shown as follows:

- In its formative phase, due to the predominance of the urge for change and expressions of love and romance, poetry shows a thick presence of readers.
- In the middle, due to the use of intellectually complex and experimental themes, a thin presence of the readers is felt.
- Because of political freedom, readers show a large presence in the poetry of the latest phase.

7. Conclusion

Dancing Soul of the Mount Everest is a collection of representative modern Nepali poems. Edited well-known contemporary poet and essayist Momila, this anthology is not merely a collection of poems, but also a standard anthology of representative modern Nepali prose-poems. Starting from Gopal Prasad Rimal and Laxmi Prasad Devkota, representative poems of those poets have been selected, who were born before 1968, have published at least a collection, and have made a recognized presence as poets till the end of nineties. Though the selection has been the editor's personal choice, a standard and representative selection has been made with a lot of responsibility and honesty. This fact is evident from the list of poets and poems selected and compiled here. With equal number of pages distributed to each poet, their poetic expressions and presentations have been beautifully managed and arranged. This is a unique novelty that belongs only to this collection. Moreover, it can be seen that only the prose-poems have been selected, and quality and not merely quantity has been made the basis of publication. For these reasons this collection is different and new as compared to earlier anthologies.

Along with the established poets of Nepal, this anthology has compiled representative poems of Indian Nepali poets as well. Because of this, the anthology has become the representative and the most authentic collection of the entire modern Nepali poetry. The greatest strength of

this collections lies in the fact that it has not merely collected poems with utmost managerial skills, but also has documented the poets' literary debut, the first publication of his or her poem, publication at the national level, the poetic details of the poets, the poets' viewpoint on poetry, their own estimation of themselves, and the editor's estimation of all the poets and their works. Simply collecting and publishing anthologies of poems doesn't exhibit an editor's art, skill and ability. They rather get exhibited in making it complete, well-managed and attractive. Judged on these bases, the editorial skill of the present anthology is splendid.

The collection of more than a hundred poets and their poems in this collection proves that these poets are the standard signatures of modern Nepali poetry. These poems that express characteristic variations, and the diversity of collectivity are myriad models of poetic views. On the basis of these multiple viewpoints, the present collection is altogether new, special and different from its predecessors in the history of Nepali poetry. It is a historical document in the history of Nepali poetry and it deserves a worthy recognition as the most authentic collection of modern Nepali poems in Nepali literature as a whole.

Such collections always face a type of complaint: this poet was included, and that not. Or, why was that person included and why not this? etc. On making selections with definite parameters, such complaints can be minimized. Even if this collection is expanded by three hundred percent, there still will be some who are excluded. But as selections in this collection have been made within a fixed limit and format, the complaints of this category are not expected here. Just as new researches reveal findings for future references, it is obvious that many facts remain to be addressed in future, as this too is a variety of research.

The readership of Nepali poetry is not merely limited to Nepal today. Globalization has scattered the readers of Nepali poetry in Asia, Europe, America and other regions outside Nepal. Not only that, the non-native speakers of Nepali, living abroad too have started reading Nepali poetry. The present day techno-culture has blurred the geographical boundary of poetry. Artists have no geography, and art too dwells above geographical delimitations. The present collection has given a model to the modern Nepali poetry. Even in the global context, this model shall definitely be of special importance. The meaningfulness of this anthology lies in that.

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About the poet

Literary name: Gopal Prasad Rimal
Name: Gopal Prasad Rimal
Date of birth/place: June, 1918
Death: October 24, 1973
Literary debut: at the age of 16
First publication: *Prati* (in ***Sharada***, 1935)
At national level: *Prati* (in ***Sharada***, 1935)
Works: ***Masan*** (Play, 1946), ***Yo Prem!*** (Play, 1956); ***Aamako Sapana*** (Collection of poems, 1962), editing of ***Sharada***, and ***Darpan***
Awards/honors: Madan Award (For ***Aamako Sapana***, 1962), Tribhuvan Award (1973)



About his poetics

On poetry: "...In prose, the melody of meaning predominates the words. Because of the absence of strict metrical boundaries, there is no limitations for meanings to get articulated in prose. As meters are endless, so are the tones of prose. On this basis, we can say, Lekhnath's 'Pinjarako Sunga' would have been better, had it been in prose. *Adarsha Raghav* and *Tarun Tapasi* would be more palatable in prose. (Courtesy : ***Sahityakar Parichaya ra Abhivyakti***)

Self estimation: I say: it's enough
I don't need your mercy
Rather, I would drink the poison you gave dry,
But I would not stand a drop of your mercy.
(Courtesy: *Timi ra Ma*)

Editor's assessment: Gopal Prasad Rimal, the first successful prose poet creates his poetic melody at the utmost horizons of feelings in meaningful notes, beats and rhythm of healthy and clear sensibilities through simple and beautiful images. In his verses, a serious, painful consciousness of the present, pertinent with special human realization, gets a free articulation in a potent awareness of revolt, along with a base of freedom. This way, Rimalian poetry clearly shows the enunciation of a soft poetic pulse of modernity both in content and presentation. Therefore he is an epochal milestone of modern Nepali poetry.

●

Gopal Prasad Rimal
An Address

●

O lass, o damozel,
we have met as the sun meets the rain,
perhaps you remember –
we have cuddled like a cloud.
A rainbow falls upon the cloud
and downpour drenches, and the wind howls.
And its aftermath, we have become as clear as the sky.
In your depth, in that seriousness, O beauty,
my youthful exhuberence has been lost;
we have wept, and have laughed,
but the care today has rendered,
all of those things dull.
This care should have marked that excitement
instead of a mere “I love you,”
I could have dared to say, “I am impregnating you.”

[1]

O lass, o damozel,
love thrives even in woods.
In countryside; in the town,
that love alone does not suffice;
here should come impregnation – pious and responsible
Buddha should be begotten here, and Lenin.
Other than children, is there a clearer mirror
whereon our image is reflected the best?
A self-reflection should evolve here.

[2]

O lass, o damozel,
when I meet you next,
I shall tell you straight,
“I will impregnate you.”
And if I do not meet you,
I shall find someone
as enticing as you are
and equally numbed,
drawing my heart closer as you do.
To that lass, to that damozel,
I am in full care; I will be strong enough to say,
“I will impregnate you.”

●

A Mother's Dream

●
Mom, will he come?

"Yes honey, he will
as comes the morning sun, dissipating light.
You will see in his girdle,
a dangling sword, silvery as dew.
He shall fight the evil with it!
When he comes, you will grope as in dreams,
but he will come in a form
far more extreme than snow and fire."
Is that so, Mom?
"Yes, when you were born, in your tender countenance
I had hoped to see his image;
in your childish grin, I had sought
his austere form
and his enchanting voice in your lisp.
But that rapturous music
did not make you its flute!
My youthful dreams constantly hoped
that you shall be he.
Yet, he is bound to come, and he will.
I am a mother; as the fountain of all force of creation,
I can claim,
that he will come.
It is not a dull dream I am dreaming.
When he comes,
you will not sprawl
in my lap this way.
You will not listen to the truth,
enchanted, as it were a story.
You can acquire the power to see,
bear and accept him yourself.

In spite of my appeasements,
you shall go as does a warrior before the battle,
consoling his mother's stubborn mind.
And no longer shall I need to stroke
your hair, as though you were sick.
Let's see, he will come as tempest,
and you shall follow as a fallen leaf.
Long ago, when it fell from the earth
and spilled as the moon,
all ignorance had fled.
He shall come; you shall awake."
Will he come, Mom?
The hope of his arrival stirs up my heart,
as does the sweet dawn the throats of the birds.
"In fact, he will,
as does the morning sun, dissipating light.
Here I stand, and make a go."

★
'My youthful dreams constantly hoped
that you shall be he.'



About the poet

Literary name: Balkrishna Sama
name: Balkrishna Samsher Janga Bahadur Rana
Date of birth/place: Feb 6, 1903, Kathmandu
Death: July 21, 1981, Kathmandu
Literary debut: At the age of 8 (1911)
First publication: –
At national level: –



Works: *Aago ra Pani* (Short epic, 1954), *Chiso Chulho* (Epic, 1958), *Samaka Kavita* (Collection of poetry), *Niyamit Aakasmikta* (Philosophy, 1948), *Taltal* (Collection of stories, 1989), *Mero Kavitako Aaradhana* (Autobiography, *Upasana-I*, 1966 and *Upasana-II*, 1972), *Hamra Rashtriya Bibhutihar* (Collection of biographies, 1967), *Mutuko Vyatha*, *Bhakta Prahlad*, *Andhaveg*, *Mukunda-Indira*, *Prem Pinda* and many other plays.

Awards/honors: Prithvi Pragya Award (1978), Sajha Award (1970), Tribhuvan Pragya Award (1972), Virendra Padak, Ratnashri Gold Medal, Academy Medal, Gorkha Dakshinbahu First, Gosthi Gold Medal, Bhukampa Medal, and numerous felicitations from different organizations, and honorary degree of D. Litt. from Tribhuvan University.

About his poetics

On poetry: "Poetry is the intellectual lucidity of feelings.... I have not seen, nor shall I see any other means of attaining peace, besides translating the exuberance of the mind into a melody, and repeatedly sing the same with an emotional heart, meditate on poetry, and appeal for poetry though it might not be attained lifelong." (Courtesy: *Mero Kavitako Aaradhana*)

Self estimation: "If the poets are completely freed, their writings will be of higher quality. We find the same trait in late Devkota. In the middle of literary path, I came under the control of humanism. I tried my best to free myself from these indoctrinated loopholes, but couldn't. I became a philosopher, but could not fly. I became a nationalist, but could not transgress the limit. Consequently I tried to infuse my philosophy in every literary writing. Somewhere I succeeded, while in some other places, I failed." (Courtesy: *Srashta ra Sahitya*)

Editor's assessment: Poet Balkrishna Sama, recognized as the master playwright, is also known for his intellectual and philosophical poetry. A serious view of life, marked by experiences, and magnanimous humanistic contemplation, aided by refined language and style, appear to be the fundamental poetic attributes of his verses.



Balkrishna Sama

A Posthumous Reveberation^{*}

●

My love, I am completely healed,
and the body cent-percent lightened
even more than a fallen flower.
Why do you still
let the torrents of tears down?
Leave it;
it will upset the heart in vain.

Didn't you see; the wind's minute waves
are breaking at the blow of your wail,
I can see every bit
and enter the minutest gash.
Be quiet, my love,
o my lover, be quiet.
Throw your wails into the bosoms
of a still, meditative silence.
It doesn't pain me anymore.
No harpoon can pierce through me,
if comes my foe with sharp tridents
it will be blown away right in my front,
as though it were mere smoke.
For, I am no longer hard like glass,
I am soft and transparent like the sky.
Had I got hands, albeit of air,
I would wipe your tears out,
with kisses smeared all over your eyes,
I would close the pores that let tears out,
but I have become the sky, alas!
I don't see my face in the mirror,
instead, I resort to nature's mirror in ponds
though I am a mere empty sky there.
My love, did you say I died?
Thought that I am dead?
Is that so?
In fact, have I grown into
a thing useless for you?
Perhaps, something special happened,
I can sense changes.

^{*} This poem is extracted from **Nepali Kabita Sangraha** (Editor: Dr. Tara Prasad Joshi).

I collect the reminiscence of success
in an acid test.
Yes, I am immune to pain now.
Nor will my mind pain.
I have no place to rest my mind onto.
Every place is bare, naked.
Wherever my parts pace,
they become one with me.
I become a leaf the moment I see one,
and drown in its gasps
and flowers as I pass, I am their fragrance.
My form now conforms to all colors,
smoother than the blown-off dust
thinner than vapor
more transparent than light,
and lighter than air itself.
A drop of water had a distinct existence,
which, however became an ocean,
the moment it joined one.
And I? I became the sky.

Like the clear blue firmament,
after the clouds recede,
my feeble body has liberated,
and I have healed in entirety.
Friends and relatives of mine,
too are crying beside you.
Look at him; why is he crying thus?
I didn't know, he loved me that much.
The other one, I grant, cried less than expected.
●

Pervasion of Poetry

●
A sadhu, with a big basket,
set towards the wood to collect poetry.
Hills and streams, slopes and plains he coursed,
falls and fountains, flowers and fruits,
Weeds and tendrils he rummaged,
but in vain!
He thought – this is not the season of poesy.
An romantic wit saw him returning, weary.

Hearing the question, the wit said,
"Name me a place where poesy is not,
To a dry eye, the waterfall too is dry,
and is a mere announcement of a void
youth, falling like hair.
In a while, water will be spent,
and the slope fangs out, dry.
But Sadhu! Cleanse your heart with a fervence
and upon it
collect the pangs of the distressful world;
supply the strength of sighs,
upon its layer that has been rendered a plane
by the clotted flecks of blood.
Evoke the ripples of senses, and send sprays over the forehead,
and when the eyes are rinsed by tears, look out with care.
Make the pupil keener with sympathy
and you will see blood coursing through the veins
even of stones.
You can feel the hearts of a stone,
and rocky cliffs will let out a juice;
you will get poesy, and drink it."

Having said so, the romantic wit melted,
like wax in the sun, and with him the sadhu's eyes.
Trees melted away like resin,
and flowers and fruits like honey.
The green meadows melted into ponds
and the entire creation melted too
like snow.
The sky melted into the Ganges,
and stars became droplets.
The sadhu saw that he was a drop of tear,
as big as himself.
In the entire cosmos, within the nuclei of atoms,
in an maddening, apocalyptic cry,
he found poetry roaring.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Laxmi Prasad Devkota
name: Tirtha Madhav Devkota
Date of birth/place: November 12, 1909,
Dhobidhara, Kathmandu
Death: 1959, Kathmandu
Literary debut: *Ma ta Abhagini Po Bhayen* (at the
age of 10)
First publication: *Kehi Prem Kavitaru* (Patna,
India, 1931)
At national level: *Radha Krishna Milan ra Meetho
Katha* (poem, 1932)



Works: *Muna Madan* (1992), *Kunjini* (1945), *Mhendu* (1959), *Luni* (1967), *Sundari Projarpina* (1953), and dozens of other short epics; *Shakuntal* (1945), *Sulochana* (1946), *Prometheus* (1971), *Maha Rana Pratap* (1967), *Van Kusum* (1967), *Prithvi Raj Chauhan* (Epics); *Bhikhari*, *Pahari Pukar*, *Sunko Bihan* and dozens of other collections of poetry; *Laxmi Nivanda Sangraha* (Collection of essays, 1945), *Laxmi Kavita Sangraha* (Collection of poems); *Laxmi Katha Sangraha* (Collection of stories); *Laxmi Geet Sangraha* (Collection of songs, 1971), *Dadimko Rukhnera* (Essays, 1982), *Champa* (Novel, 1967), *Savitri-Satyavan* (Play, 1952), etc.; Editing of *Yugvani* (Weekly); also some translated works published

Awards/honors: Tribhuvan Pragya Award, Sajha Award (For *Prithviraj Chauhan*)

About his poetics

On poetry: "More than the imaginations and epics of Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe, the simple, feeling-borne, grammatical, heart-enrapturing natural poetry of the hills of Nepal shall be dearer to me." (Courtesy: *Laxmi Nibandha Sangraha*)

Self estimation: "I am a loquacious comment on life. I am neither an explanation, nor a scholarly philosophy." (Courtesy: *Laxmi Nibandha Sangraha*)

Editor's assessment: Devkota's poems are aesthetic, heartfelt, free and sweet expressions of the truth pertaining to man, god and nature: a truth, that escorts towards the ultimate reality with the vibration of a subject related to a contented human consciousness that ensures a melodious and adorned self reflection in the minute awareness of fine human relations. According to author Narendra Raj Prasai, 'The Lunatic', included in this anthology was written on the same night the poet read an article by Rahul Sankrityayan, in which he had been called both 'Maha Kavi' (Poet of the Poets) and 'Pagal' (Lunatic) at once. Yet, it has been found that Ishwar Baral addressed the poet as 'Maha Kavi' in 1947 itself.



Laxmi Prasad Devkota

The Lunatic

- 1. Oh yes, friend! I'm crazy-
that's just the way I am.
 2. I see sounds,
I hear sights,
I taste smells,
I touch not heaven but things from the underworld,
things people do not believe exist,
whose shapes the world does not suspect.
Stones I see as flowers
lying water-smoothed by the water's edge,
rocks of tender forms
in the moonlight
when the heavenly sorceress smiles at me,
putting out leaves, softening, glistening,
throbbing, they rise up like mute maniacs,
like flowers, a kind of moon-bird's flowers.
I talk to them the way they talk to me,
a language, friend,
that can't be written or printed or spoken,
can't be understood, can't be heard.
Their language comes in ripples to the moonlit Ganges banks,
ripple by ripple-

oh yes, friend! I'm crazy-
that's just the way I am.

3. You're clever, quick with words,
your exact equations are right forever and ever.
But in my arithmetic, take one from one-
and there's still one left.
You get along with five senses,
I with a sixth.
You have a brain, friend,
I have a heart.
A rose is just a rose to you-
to me it's Helen and Padmini.
You are forceful prose
I liquid verse.
When you freeze I melt,
When you're clear I get muddled
and then it works the other way around.
Your world is solid,
mine vapor,
yours coarse, mine subtle.
You think a stone reality;
harsh cruelty is real for you.
I try to catch a dream,
the way you grasp the rounded truth of cold, sweet coin.
I have the sharpness of the thorn,
you of gold and diamonds.
You think the hills are mute-
I call them eloquent.
Oh yes, friend!
I'm free in my inebriation-
that's just the way I am.
4. In the cold of the month of Magh
I sat warming to the first white heat of the star.
the world called me drifty.
When they saw me staring blankly for seven days
after I came back from the burning ghats
they said I was a spook.
When I saw the first marks of the snows of time
in a beautiful woman's hair
I wept for three days.
When the Buddha touched my soul
they said I was raving.

They called me a lunatic because I danced
 when I heard the first spring cuckoo.
 One dead-quiet moon night
 breathless I leapt to my feet,
 filled with the pain of destruction.
 On that occasion the fools
 put me in the stocks,
 One day I sang with the storm-
 the wise men
 sent me off to *Ranchi*.
 Realizing that same day I myself would die
 I stretched out on my bed.
 A friend came along and pinched me hard
 and said, Hey, madman,
 your flesh isn't dead yet!
 For years these things went on.
 I'm crazy, friend-
 that's just the way I am.

5. I called the Navab's wine blood,
 the painted whore a corpse,
 and the king a pauper.
 I attacked Alexander with insults,
 and denounced the so-called great souls.
 The lowly I have raised on the bridge of praise
 to the seventh heaven.
 Your learned pandit is my great fool,
 your heaven my hell,
 your gold my iron,
 friend! Your piety my sin.
 Where you see yourself as brilliant
 I find you a dolt.
 Your rise, friend-my decline.
 That's the way our values are mixed up,
 friend!
 Your whole world is a hair to me.
 Oh yes, friend, I'm moonstruck through and through-
 moonstruck!
 That's just the way I am.
6. I see the blind man as the people's guide,
 the ascetic in his cave a deserter;
 those who act in the theater of lies
 I see as dark buffoons.

Those who fail I find successful,
and progress only backsliding.
am I squint-eyed,
Or just crazy?
Friend, I'm crazy.

7. Look at the withered tongues of shameless leaders,
The dance of the whores
At breaking the backbone on the people's rights.
When the sparrow-headed newsprint spreads its black lies
In a web of falsehood
To challenge Reason—the hero in myself
My cheeks turn red, friend,
red as molten coal.
When simple people drink dark poison with their ears
Thinking it nectar
and right before my eyes, friend!
then every hair on my body stands up stiff
as the Gorgon's serpent hair
every hair on me maddened!
When I see the tiger daring to eat the deer, friend,
or the big fish the little,
then into my rotten bones there comes
the terrible strength of the soul of *Dadhichi*
and tries to speak, friend,
like the stormy day crashing down from heaven with the lightning.
When man regards a man
as not a man, friend,
then my teeth grind together, all thirty-two,
top and bottom jaws,
like the teeth of *Bhimasena*.
And then
red with rage my eyeballs roll
round and round, with one sweep
like a lashing flame
taking in this inhuman human world.
My organs leap out of their frames-
uproar! Uproar!
my breathing becomes a storm,
my face distorted, my brain on fire, friend!
with a fire like those that burn beneath the sea,
like the fire that devours the forests,
frenzied, friend!
as one who would swallow the wide world raw.

**Oh yes, my friend,
the beautiful chakora am I,
destroyer of the ugly,
both tender and cruel,
the bird that steals the heaven's fire,
child of the tempest,
spew of the insane volcano,
terror incarnate.
Oh yes, friend,
my brain is whirling, whirling-
that's just the way I am.**

●

(Translated by the poet himself)

About the poet

Literary name: Siddhi Charan Shrestha
Name: Siddhi Charan Shrestha
Date of birth/place: May 21, 1912, Okhaldhunga
Death: June 4, 1992, Kathmandu
Literary debut: 1927 (at the age of 15)
First publication: Bhuinchalo (in **Gorkhapatra**, 1933)
At national level: Bhuinchalo (in **Gorkhapatra**, 1933)



Works: *Kopila* (1964), *Mero Pratibimba* (1964), *Kuhiro ra Gham* (1988), *Siddhi Charanka Pratinidhi Kavita* (1988), *Tirmir Tara* (1989), *Baanchiraheko Aawaz* (Collection of poetry, 1986); *Urvashi*, *Jyanmara Shail*, *Kantimati*, *Aatmabilauna*, *Bali Badh*, *Junkiri*, *Aansu*, *Mangalman* and other short epics; *Siswan ra Phuswan* (Newari epic); Editing of *Sharada* (Monthly), *Kavita* (Tri-monthly), *Aawaz* (Daily), and *Gorkhapatra* (Daily)

Awards/honors: Tribhuvan Pragma Award (1970) Prithvi Pragma Award (1988), Vednidhi Award (1989)

About his poetics

On poetry: "Since man is a social animal, his writing should have social orientations. Another thing: if art is incomplete, it cannot qualify to be a literary creation. Initially I wrote poems on nature, but gradually, I started writing revolutionary and contemporary poems. As I follow the philosophy of reconciliation, I have written on almost all subjects, but I write all of them to learn something, rather than to teach anything. The trend of learning and understanding defines my writing." (Courtesy: **Srashta ra Sahitya**)

Self estimation: As though something has been lost; something forgotten
It is a formless silhouette
a language without meaning
a man, devoid of soul
thought, bound from all directions
this is my image, walking. (Courtesy: **Mero Pratibimba**)

Editor's assessment: Poet Siddhi Charan Shrestha, titled as 'Yug Kavi' is known for his successful poetic craftsmanship in Nepali poetics. Composition of patriotic poems with a touch of the spirit of revolution and progress, in a simple and lucid style infused with emotional, humanistic life-view, is a weighty poetic attribute of Siddhi Charan Shrestha.



Siddhi Charan Shrestha

Daddy is Not Back Yet

●

It's raining
and the wind howling.
Late evening thickens its grip;
the lamps have been lit
the meal is ready
Mom is shouting –
Daddy hasn't come yet.

Time has changed,
the autocratic power-mongers have been dethroned,
the shackles have broken, they say
and yet, freedom hasn't come.
Progress is still far away
and democracy farther.
Mom is shouting –
Daddy hasn't come yet.

With the sling of our thought,
and with imagination's bludgeon
the head of darkness has been dismantled
and yet, a new morn hasn't dawned.
A new time is yet to come.
Mom is shouting –
Daddy hasn't come yet.

●

A Tale

●

If you were still alive,
I would ask,
"Would you...?"
No, I would not ask anything.
I would come and play
with your toddling daughter daily,
love her,
and be a true friend
of her innocent heart.
And when you came to take her,
I would show you how
she would hide in my lap
if you were still alive.

When that baby would grow into a girl,
play like dolls
and dance,
I would come as your village's schoolmaster
and she would attend the school too
I would teach her –
and show you, how she takes interest
in reading, and knowing the world
if you were still alive.

One day, she would be a maiden,
enlightened by the light of knowledge
and you would make people
look for a boy for her.
She would already be in love with someone
but you would hesitate an inter-caste tie,
and come to me and ask to counsel your child.
I would show your daughter saying,
"Tree is a caste,
and animal is a caste too.
How does caste matter when it's between humans?"
●

The Expanse of Self

●
O countries and towns that I haven't been to yet,
I salute you!
Don't say, I didn't come to see you.
I have seen all
and I know all,
Everyone's image assimilates in me.
The entire universe is the place I inhabit,
and everyone I.
Don't say, I didn't come to see you.
I win all victories; I take everyone's births.
●

About the poet

Literary name: Kedar Man Byathit
Name: Kedar Man Shrestha
Date of birth/place: 1914, Sindhupalchok
Death: 1998
Literary debut: Around 1940 (But a Nepali and three Newari books burnt by himself)
First publication: *Paralko Tyandro* (**Sahityasrot**, 1940)
At national level: *Paralko Tryandro* (**Sahityasrot**, 1940)



Works: *Sangam* (Collection of poetry, 1946), *Pranav* (1946), *09 Saalko Kavita Sangraha* (1952), *Ek Din* (1954), *Triveni* (1957), *Sanchayita* (1961), *Juneli* (1961), *Saptaparna* (1971), *Nari-Rasamadhurya*, *Aalok* (1968), *Aawaz* (1974), *Badlirahane Baadalka Aakriti* (1976), *Mero Sapanama Hamro Desh ra Hami* (1977), *Ras Triphala* (1981), *Pheri Euta Arko Kurukshetra* (Collection of poetry), some collection of Muktak, some Newari poetic collections, some Hindi poetic collections, and *Mero Preyasi: Prajatantrik Swatantrata* (Epic, 1979)

Awards/honors: Shrestha Sirapa, Vednidhi Award (1989), Jyotirmaya Trishakti Patta Pratham, Felicitated in Nepal and India

About his poetics

On poetry: "Poetry is a ride of emotion upon the superfast steed of imagination with a saddle of experience, holding the halter of thoughts. ...In poems written in frenzy battered by experience, the language, figures, alliterations etc. naturally follow the creation like a shadow. In poems crafted by forces, the trick of poetic craft leads to a mere physical beauty devoid of the soul."

(Courtesy: **Srashta ra Sahitya**)

Self estimation: I am a human; let me ever remain a human
Combining virtues and vices.

(Courtesy: **Pachhis Varshaka Kavita**)

Editor's assessment: Poet Kedar Man Byathit, who, besides writing in Nepali, writes in Newari and Hindi as well, gives in his poems an influential expression to the mysteries of objects in a soft and lucid language infused with his aesthetic awareness, rising from the depth of sensibilities, with an intellectual loftiness. He is a literary voyager, set out in an incessantly moving pace advocating in favor of humanity, simultaneously embodying an awareness of revolution, progress, satire, nature, beauty, and time together with a lofty consciousness of life. The poem included in this collection was first published in 1994.

●

Kedar Man Byathit
Love: Its Multiple Forms*

●
Never,
subject to mite's attack
unattainable even at roots
constantly bearing
mental blossoms,
love is an divine tree
that bears the willed fruits.

It's its specialty
to regenerate the sense of its being
in the minds of men and women
without uttering a word.

If love would qualify
to the rank of the worlds' philosophy of life
the belief that 'the world bases on truth'
would get strengthened.

Love is contagious
and this is not an exaggeration.
Because, its contagious nature
has been universally attested.

It inhabits the heart
and this is why
it is sensitive.

* This poem is extracted from **Samakaeen Sahitya**, Year 4, Issue 3.

**That day,
when one easily houses
the entire creation within,
he can assume
that he has become one with love.**

**Sharp-edged weapons have proven puny,
when they stand face-to-face
with love,
that has attained its completion.**

**An individual
with a miserly mind
is not worthy of love,
however beautiful the looks are!**

**In conclusion,
love is the laxative,
that washes all evils
of the mind.**

**Elixir, melody and enlightenment
are after all stairs
of expressive summit
that love keeps climbing.**

**Love is that mathematics
whose identity expresses itself
without the aid of
the divisor, dividend or quotient.**

**It is the touch of love
between entropy and nature
that sets forth the emergence
of the eternal flow of time.**

**Love constantly pronounces
its presence
through welcoming-smiles, or tears of joy
through melodious numbers, or embraces.**

**What makes love more glorious
is its ever-giving nature
seldom thinking of
taking anything from anyone.**

**Form, love too has.
but one needs
the eyes of experience
to perceive it.**

**Through the living world,
it is perpetually achieved
sometimes in joy,
and sometimes in sorrow.**

**The more you spend,
the richer it grows,
love is an inexhaustible
treasure of the heart.**

**A spectrum of all hues of life
love keeps melting
like the chain of clouds.**

**Love outlives sacrifice
and continues living
in everyone's mind, mentality
or in words.**



About the Poet

Literary name: Vijaya Malla
Name: Vijaya Bahadur Malla
Date of birth/place: 1925, Kathmandu
Death: 2001
Literary debut: Around 1936/37
First publication: *Kina* (in *Prashna*; in ***Sharada***, 1941)
At national level: "



Works: ***Anuradha***, ***Kumari Shobha*** (Novels); ***Ek Baato Anek Mod***, ***Parewa ra Kaidi*** (Collection of stories), ***Vijaya Mallaka Kavita*** (Collection of poems); ***Naatak: Ek Charcha*** (Criticism); ***Pattharko Katha***, ***Dobhan***, ***Smritiko Parkhalbhitra***, ***Bhulai Bhulko Yathartha***, ***Bahula Kajiko Sapana***, ***Jiudo Laas***, ***Kohi Kina Barbad Hos***, ***Pahad Chichyairahechha***, ***Srishti Rokindaina*** (Plays), Editing of ***Sharada*** and ***Kavita***
Awards/honors: Sajha Award, Gangki-Vasundhara Award, Bhupal Man Singh Pragma Award, Gorkha Dakshinbahu, Second.

About his poetics

On poetry: "Let poetry or prose (I consider them of the same order) honestly inaugurate and lift every aspect of life, entertaining the mass. Let them debate with them, fight, and show : you are not mere mortals with sensibilities; rather, your responsibilities have come up with your very birth as humans; you are a human, your consciousness stands in front of you, and you cannot cheat yourself! With death, the only weapon of your life, you ought to fight longer albeit by a moment." (Courtesy: ***Srashta ra Sahitya***)

Self estimation: "I justify my living, yet I am incomplete.... But it is not as weak as glass that breaks as soon as it falls." (Courtesy: ***Srashta ra Sahitya***)

Editor's assessment: Vijaya Malla – an intellectual poet with multiple talents – is not only a successful poet, but also a successful novelist, storywriter, playwright and critic. His poems have become beautiful, rebellious and artistic riddles of existential risk and timeless, decadent tussles of life, along with villainous non-cooperation by humans, tussle, horror, struggle and tension.

●

Vijaya Malla

Teaching Maps to My Daughter

●

Blood marks the red borderlines,
of plains that belong to every nation
like terraces in the field!
This is India, and this Pakistan
and this, the great line 'tween
marked by the blood of the Hindus and the Muslims!
This is Germany, and this England,
this Russia, and this Japan.

See this Hiroshima, and Nagasaki close by
devoured by atom bomb!
This the European carcass
terrorized by the ghost of Hitler.
This is America
the land of dollars
the maker of the atom bomb
the peace message.
Everywhere,
red blood demarcates the lines
and men are trapped within,
as are pigeons inside a cage.

My Daughter,
(such a day might come someday)
when, united everyone
hand-in-hand,

arm-in-arm
Negroes, Aryans and the Mongols
Palestinians, Dravidians and the Blacks,
will pour the fills of their eyes,
and wash these lines of blood.
And then,
after a long time -
my daughter,
a day might come,
when you will not find the red line
for thousand searches.

●

The World of an Automaton

●

From roads to roads,
from hotels to hotels,
like a plain paper
whereon, something seems written,
something scribed
walks the machine man, slowly with smiles,
hand tucked inside the pockets.
His gait is callous,
as though nothing has happened on the earth,
as if, there is not a single problem anywhere.
O stone statues,
it is difficult to say
whether you are dead or alive
very difficult, in fact!

●

Many could have Killed Themselves

●

Many could have killed themselves
on river banks, in streets
inside the blue deeps of the Ranipokhari
in every visible building.
Many could have mocked the creation
by hanging still and dead.
Many could have killed themselves.

**With hearts singed by pain
with bodies blighted by troubles,
and eyes blinded by the hot scepter of injustice
many could have killed their living selves
many could have killed themselves!**

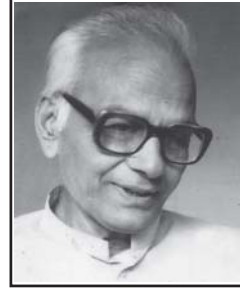
**No one lives here for living's sake,
they do not live either for fear of death.
Here, in some places we spot,
people, who wipe tears away
and with sweet melody of love, weld the broken hearts
lovely, soft hands; lovely, soft eyes!**

**But for this,
the world could have turned a crematory
of minds broken and hearts ruptured,
like heap of litters, and of skeletons.
But for this,
the world would have turned a crematory.
Yes, a crematory!
Oops! Many could have killed themselves!**

●

About the Poet

Literary name: Mohan Koirala
Name: Mohan Prasad Upadhyaya
Date of birth/place: November 26, 1926 Kathmandu
Death: February 22, 2007
Literary debut: 1951
First publication: *Uniharule Bujhisake* (*Sharada*, 1951)
At national level: *Uniharule Bujhisake* (*Sharada*, 1951)



Works: *Lek* (Epic, 1969); *Mohan Koiralaka Kavita* (1974), *Nun Sikharharu* (1975), *Sarangi Bokeko Samudra* (1976), *Himchuli Raktim Chha* (1979), *Kavitabare Kehi Samikshya* (1978), *Nadi Kinarma Majhi* (1981), *Ritu Nimantran ra Galanpan* (1984); *Neelo Maha* (Short epic, 1985); *Euta Poplarko Paat* (1991), *Aaja Kasailai Bida Garnu Chha* (2004), *Gajpath* (2004), *Yateeka Paila Khojdai* (Collection of poetry, 2004)

Awards/honors: Sajha Award, (for *Mohan Koiralaka Kavita* in 1974, and for *Ritu Nimantran ra Galanpan* in 1984), Madan Award (for *Nadi Kinarka Majhi* in 1982), Ratnashri Gold Medal

About his poetics

On poetry: "Though it is small, the prose poetry has the capacity to hold the entire sky like a small saucer. People do not converse in verses; they converse in prose. Why should one therefore bring artificiality in literature through meters?" (Courtesy: *Srashta ra Sahitya*)

Self estimation: I remained short even after scaling the high hill
And got emptied, while trying to touch the sky

I see the universe, far away, farther are the planets
The heart is farther too, not easy to touch
Touching could possibly bring some contentment!

The bark is touched, the scabs are touched,
I got stunted, even after ascending the mountaintop.

(Courtesy: *Pudko Bhayechhu*)

Editor's assessment: Mohan Koirala, who brought free experimentation in the field of modern Nepali poetry with new style and taste, strongly advocates in favor of prose poetry. We can sense a new, artistic mystery of an iconoclastic, abstract language. Depiction of the contemporary decadence and ugliness through intricate images in experimental, long poems and in abstract, unconscious and intricate style are his personal attributes as a poet.

●

Mohan Koirala

Half Cloaked with a Coat

●

Laying an eye
on industries, investigation beureaus, and productivity
those who slept late, do not comply to wake early today
a stale odor stinks every morning, though cramped,
the bus plies, and energy consumption hikes
rooms, houses, and claddings brighten, and nothing save a clamor rises

Fog upon local beer and the outer stair stretches with a wrestle
and with every spent night, it sleeps
with a foreing 'aid' in arms, hoping to get a new one the next day

Bugles honk; we know not what dance is on the show
unless we reach for ourselves
I stand as its advertisement
with open letters pasted all over my hands

Sleepless slips the night struggling in twists
pure literature, frail political philosophy, and its discussion
doubt, suspicion of the cheap products of these days
upon which, hatred sets a shop
where, someone holds the model of a town

A stormy pace is trapped inside language
rain cannot be considered rain in true sense
a decorated *Dharhara* drowns in a showcase in the livingroom;
who has time to be a pauper here?

Kanchanjungha, Machhapuchhre keep wearing out
and merely toss on a studio screen, these days in showcases
it's worthless to seek an untimely shelter in such a place
roaming around with a half coat on, and half of it lain aground
if you have no penny to buy a woman's warmth
you ought to become a poster to spend a night in Kathmandu.

●

A Song in the Name of Nepal

●

The Nepalese faces of the Nepalese mother.
The Nepalese faces of the Nepalese clay.
I have transmuted into the *Saptagandaki* in faces.
And *Saptakoushiki* in dresses.
Ebbs of seven notes rose in my musings,
though Nepal is a single veena, a single sarangi.
One turahi, and one sahanai is Nepal
Nepal that has descended with the tunes
that pertain to the *Sherpa* women
on the *murchunga*,
Nepal that ascended with the notes of the Limbu women.

Touch with well-versed hands; this guitar plays the seven notes
touch the *Saptagandaki* too with skilled hands,
and that too plays the seven notes,
waves will rise along *Kali's* bank –the Himalayan horizon,
hardness melts down
just a single note to the mute veena is wanting.
It is not difficult
the muteness ends with just a single touch
the obscured village is not far; the debut reach is wanting.

The waterfalls are strings of the sarangi,
they are cords of the *murchunga*,
whence the *Saptagandaki* rises, and whence the *Saptakoshi* echoes,
that violin, at whose touch
Tamor, *Arun* wake up from deep sleep,
that number which the rocky Himalayan cliffs hum,
that brings the ripples on this sarangi.
Those waves splash on the strings of the Nepalese guitar.
The *Saptagandaki* resounds in chorus,
the seven notes thrill with solo practice,
Saptakoshi therefore rises in the seven islands,
glimmering with diamond sheen.

Songs should resonate from this soil and music from this valley,
hills appear as hills though, and soil and stone as they are,
if in its heart a single guitar rests,
if a single note hangs to *Tamor*,
and a single heart fills the soul,
Come on, let's sing! Let's sing the anthem of *Gandaki*
Nepalese! Let's sing the ditty of the *Saptakoshi*!

Do not sing in panic; do not sing with trebles,
do not stagger as you walk; a Nepali should not stagger.
The sky should wake to a single song.
A single melody should enrapture the earth,
singing and playing the notes alone is painful, granted
and granted too, that it is painful
to fill the color of imagination on musical beads,
wine is the very musing about this nation,
and its music an alehouse.

I will sing a Nepali number; you dance!
You sing a Nepali song, and I will dance to it.
Let it be as high as the one a *Sherpa* woman sings at Helambu,
let it resemble the feelings of a *Thakali's* song,
let it be like the treble of a string at the touch of a *Dolpali* maid.

That song for peace; that melody for progress
that song for prosperity, and for love.
That song for help in trouble,
for Saptakoshi, for Saptagandaki,
for Arun, for Tamor,
that song for universal compassion,
that song for the Nepalese.

●

About the Poet

Literary name: Agam Singh Giri
Name: Agam Singh Giri
Date of birth/place: 1927, Darjeeling
Death: January 31, 1971
Literary debut: While in the ninth grade
First publication: *Gorkhako Jay Hos* (in **Gorkha**, 1946)
At national level: "



Works: *Yaad* (1955), *Aansu* (1968), *Yuddha ra Yoddha* (short epic, 1970), *Aatmakatha* (1959), *Jeevan Geet* (1960) **Jaleko Pratibimba: Roeko Pratidhwani** (Collection of poems, 1978), Editing of *Kamal*, *Aankha*, *Diyalo*, and *Astitwa*
Awards/honors: Ratnashri Gold Medal, Gold Medal from the late King Mahendra, Bhanu Award

About his poetics

On poetry: "If no poetry remains in the world 'you' and 'I' live in, I see no significance of living. Let me always be able to write poems to make this coincidence immortal, and to keep our affair alive for ages." (Courtesy: **Jeevan Geet**)

Self estimation: Bare, blazing desert
waterless dehydration, scorching sun
I am a sunken mark without a memory
of the feet, left back
almost about to be filled
'a burnt portrait', I am a burning portrait.
'An echo of a wail', I am a wailing echo.
(Courtesy: **Jaleko Pratibimba: Roeko Pratidhwani**)

Editor's assessment: Agam Singh Giri, the poet who weaves poems with nationalistic belongingness and the voice of freedom, is a forceful signature in the field of Nepali poetry. In his poetry, the truths of life underlying the intersections of attainments in the darkness of hopelessness, and losses in the light of happiness get articulated in an emotional tone and style. A humanist, Giri in his poems presents himself as a minstrel, giving voice to the desire to liberate from pain – springing from a reality, tangled among the shadows of gloom. Simplicity, emotionality and sweet dreams are his poetic identities.

●

Agam Singh Giri

A Day of My Living

●

**Just a day is enough,
for me to stay alive here!**

**I don't need a sluggish age,
ripe for long,
and swallowed by laze,
still, asleep, inactive.
No, thank to the old days,
that stand with sleepy longings,
void agitations,
and Idle hopes.**

**I don't need the screened moments,
that fetch again and again,
tensions, dejections, and pains.**

**Just a day is enough,
for me to stay alive here!**

**Let my every single day,
come with hopeful dreams;
let it bring to my living
the eternal wholeness of life;
let it come
to unwind the essence
of my strong existence
shoving away,
the lame presence of
the thousand sterile seconds.**

**I welcome that lovely single day.
I don't need the dead moments,
that harbor the dreadful cries of the grave.**

Just a day is enough,
for me to stay alive here!
 If there is a precious moment
 I have scribed in my verses,
 let it live with me;
 if there is a fascinating time,
 I have spent reciting beautiful poetic lines,
 let it live with me;
 if there is a worthy instant
 when I have shared active love for my ancestral lineage,
 let it live with me;
 and if there is a sweet day,
 I have bestowed on the helpless,
 let it live with me.
 Fie to the worn out days and stripped nights
 that force me to wind in dream.
A day, just a single day
is enough
for me to stay alive here!

●

Asking Mechi the Way

●

Tista, Rangit and Reli,
these hills of the juniper
my known-unknown hills and mounds here,
the dreams are imbecile though,
and realities libeled though,
beauty too houses a deep pain within
 There is sweetness in pain too,
 joy within distress
 distress within joy
 forgetting everyone else
 as I step
 through the extensive green tea gardens,
 into the threshold of the nation
 I take for my own,
 I find myself an outsider,
 obscured and unknown
 like a tourist!!!
Tracing the gloomy footprints of the past,
along the void, lonely trip

the soil and the stones,
the hills and the slopes,
the white, snow-clad mountain peaks,
Koshi and Gandaki,
Mechi and Mahakali,
stand with wounds, old and sour
in consonance with my predicaments.

And when,
I step into the threshold of the nation
taking it for my own,
I find myself an outsider,
obscured and unknown
like a tourist!!!



About the poet

Literary name: Dhuswan Saymi
Name: Govinda Bahadur Manandhar
Date of birth/place: May 23, 1930, Kathmandu
Death: December 17, 2007, Kathmandu
Literary debut: From boyhood (at Benaras)
First publication: —
At national level: —



Works: *Deepa* (1989), *Kharaniko Basti* (1989), *Manka* (Novel, 1990), *Himal-Krandan* (One-act play, 1951), *Ganki* (Newari novel, also translated into Nepali, Hindi and English), *Agnigarva* (Novel translated into Nepali from Newari), *April 1996* (Collection of poems, 1996), Editing of *Samakaleen Sahitya*

Awards/honors: Mahendra Vidya Bhusan, Prabal Gorkha Dakshinbahu, Shrestha Sirapa Award (twice), Honored with the title of 'Sahityasut', Felicitated as the first novelist in Newari language, Madhuparka Honor (2007)

About his poetics

On poetry: "In words
and more words
I have started living, at least to this extent
that, by now
these words have become my existence."
(Courtesy: *Mera Sabdaharu*)

Self estimation: Crossing many
innumerable turns in life,
he stands today
at an empty crossroad. (Courtesy: **Baisakh, 1996**)

Editor's assessment: Dhuswan Saymi, who opted for a vertical energetic expression instead of any ism, faction or conservatism, is equally strong in Newari and Hindi literatures. The first novelist in Newari language, Saymi himself flows, like life, as truth in poetry, keeping himself away from any truth like a cognitive theory.

●

Dhuswan Saymi

In Search of a Goal

●
I, set out
in search of a goal
and am lost in the crowds
of letters and words

Feelings,
wake up with resolutions,
and conscience cuts them down
in the ocean of thoughts

Courage
comes with a lot of patience
dedication
turns one into an eunuch
in the name of catering a base

And now, if there is a search left,
it is for abandoned ruins,
for morgues and for graves,
where, I long to identify my own carcass,
and cremate myself

Failure
exhausts and defames life
and early one morning
hands it over to the evening
and forces one to consider it dead,
though a living body it still is

Revolutions, I conclude
is true only for history

●

I Bow Down Today

●
Today,
I bow down
in front of my own self

Today
my 'self'
asleep for many years
has woken up once again
because,
not from the backdoor
but from the main door itself,
I told it everything.

●

A Idol Outgrows

●
An idol
outgrows its makers

Everyone worships
a god-turned idol,
and forgets
who erected it.

The devotees worship
the idol, and not its maker
but why is man
denied a place
higher than God, his maker?
This is a conundrum.

When in art man transforms,
he is still equally demeaned
and when as an artist stands,
he still is denied the space,
God attains
both as an art, and as an artist.

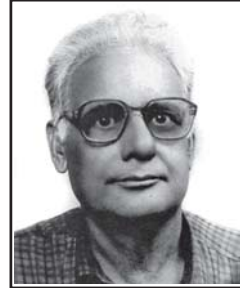
**Is it God's plot
Or man's jealousy of man,
or a feeling of hatred!**

**Man's very nature
of enmity with his own fellowmen,
has barred him today,
from attaining the worth
he deserves as man.**



About the poet

Literary name: Bhawani Ghimire
Name: Bhawani Prasad Ghimire
Date of birth/place: September, 1930, Biratnagar
Death: August 21, 2009, Kathmandu
Phone: —
Literary debut: Around 1948/49
First publication: *Udaya* (in **Yugvani**, Benaras)
At national level: *Bhanu* (in **Garima**)
Works: **Smritika Rekhaharu** (1968), **Bhawani Ghimireka Kavitaharu**
Awards/honors: Felicitated in Nepal and abroad



भबानी गिरी

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is basically a result of sensibility coming out of self-culturing and material conditions.

Self estimation: I have not been able to become a poet. I only have an inclination for becoming one. Becoming a poet means to burn oneself. I have not been able to gather the courage to burn myself.

Editor's assessment: Ghimire, who has become a complete history of Nepali literary journalism in himself, is an ardent proponent of revolutionary thoughts and aesthetic expression. His poems are located in the bridge that establishes a balance of distance between mind and intellect. In one hand, if the energy of revolutionary spirit found in his poem holds the potentiality to motivate the readers to march to the limits of revolution, on the other, the multi-colored pattern of beauty, trickling out of the melodious linguistic brilliance of the poet is capable of enrapturing the readers and escort them to the ecstasy of actualization. Ghimire has attained poetic success in this very truth.

●

Bhawani Ghimire

The Essence of Living

●
Life is the richest feast for man here born

– Devkota

We should derive an essence by drifting water along a river,
I don't need any of your awards,
I am thirsty to the core; just a drop of water would suffice
life has taken the reverse turn here,
I wonder how I can live aright.
With everyone I meet,
I have to reiterate my pledge to live once,
with hopes caged in a showcase.
What an award this life is!
What worth does living have hereof?
O the dead ones,
come; live once with complete honesty;
life is an excellent festivity.

●

Good Wishes

●
I will meet you there,
in celebration / in celebrations
where I love to partake
wherever it is,
we will partake the celebrations
a person alone is of no count
and qualifies to no essence
to meet the self too, one needs to meet others
and to meet others, assimilate in the entirety

Green, dissipating everywhere,
you grow like tealeaves
the brooks flow in haste,
rivers and rivulets have been flowing too,
always, all the time.
I have seen the currents of the Tista too,
all flowing in their own accords
to be one with the great sea.

We also need to hurry up,
need even to run sometimes,
we have an ocean too, an entirety,
we are not aimless wonderers,
we do have a goal too.

●

In the Horizon of My Sky...

●
Close all the eyes,
when from two different vantages
you have seen what it means
to be imprisoned by others
for a cause, a success,
and to be caged by the self.
My ears can catch the hubbub
the eyes within are open, even while in prison
when blind are those without
thoughts sharpen in confinement.
Attainments have their extremes,
the attainment of these extremes is even more blissful

**what is life if lived for self?
Life attains its worth, when lived for others.**

**I reckon, you too have a human within
does the mind ever get imprisoned?
Eyes close in prison, granted
mind's doors and windows
open even more widely.
Clung to the horizon of my sky,
my mind beholds the wide meadows in Siraha,
and I am hearing everything
the tale of your crimes,
the laments of humans, and their plight.
Discard the daydream
that you can drive as a machine
those living statues, blackened by labor and toil.
The rays of consciousness keep emanating
even from the devotees of toil.**

**For them, I had brought home
a piece of sun from the east,
and you imprisoned me for the same, perhaps.**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Poshan Pandey
Name: Poshan Prasad Pandey
Date of birth/place: January 14, 1933, Kathmandu
Death: April 20, 1991, Kathmandu
Literary debut: From young age
First publication: *Jalan* (in ***Sharada***, 1948)
At national level: "



Works: ***Aankhi Jhyal*** (1966), ***Maanas*** (1966), ***Hiunma Pareka Dobharoo*** (Collection of stories, 1976); ***Batabrikshako Udghatan*** (1968), ***Manasa*** (Collection of poems, 1968); Editing of ***Jana Sahitya***

Awards/honors: Nepal Academy Medal (1963), Ratnashri Gold Medal (1966), Gorkha Dakshinbahu (For his contribution to literature in 1969), Siddhi Charan Kavya Award (1991), Mahendra Pragya Award (1991)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a formless, mute and minute conversation with the self, where life gets articulated from the interaction between experience and nature.
(Source: Dr. Gyanu Pandey, daughter of Poshan Pandey)

Self estimation: I am fuming like a sea
puking the saline water out
.....
Does anyone know?
How much do I suffer
having to wash my wound with myself? (Courtesy: ***Manasa***)

Editor's assessment: Poshan Pandey, known to the Nepali literary world as a strong storywriter on psychosexual subject, is also a forceful poet. Internal waves of life ripple out in his poetry. Especially, giving existential hue to the unanswered attributes of the individual and society in a relatively naked and fine form along with an interaction with life and nature appears to be the literary motif and theme of his poetry. His poems in themselves are the authentic archive to attest this truth.

●

Poshan Pandey

The Lamp of Genesis

●

The fight was between gods and demons
it was about churning the deeps
and about elixir and poison.

Why should that wanderer alone
drink all the poison
deliberately...?

Why should that wanderer,
having failed to calm the burn in his chest
haunt the hills from tops to tops...?

Why should he loaf naked,
when that many robes were at his disposal
embellished with jewels...?

Behold, till now
people pour water, pitcher after pitcher
upon his head, and chant,
"Hara Hara Mahadev
Hara Hara..."

But, will the lamp of genesis
keep burning
till the burn in his chest is calmed?

●

The Plight of Dasharath

●

**You blew, taking him for an elephant,
but lo, he was Shrawan Kumar.
Fighting for a few water-drops,
his blind parents burnt in the same pyre
dry with thirst.**

**The flickering flames of the pyre,
were exactly like
the grand sword,
dangling down your girdle**

**The shadow of offense did not leave you,
and sin burnt you
Your Ram got banishment for fourteen years,
and you, a painful cry,
"Ha Ram! Ram!!"**

**Fire engulfs,
and turns into ashes in a flash
but sin keeps burning,
and the burn continues
somewhere deep, though living you walk.**

**Yes, you did not charge the blow,
it was the devil of illusion
but, Holy Mo!
The devil is free of sin,
and doomed you are.**

**We sow no sins at will, granted
but illusion propels us to sin
and for that reason sometimes,
one needs to see oneself,
and touch oneself**

**Hasn't the devil of illusion woven
a web around the eyes?
Hasn't sin concealed within,
stuck like the jelly...**

**You are not a sinner by type.
Noone ever sins in vain
You got propelled to charge
the fatal blow on *Shrawan Kumar*
taking him for an elephant.**



About the poet

Literary name: Dhruva Krishna Deep
Name: Dhruva Krishna Sinya Shrestha
Date of birth/place: November 29, 1933, Lalitpur
Death: 2006, April 24, Lalitpur
Literary debut: Around 1958/59
First publication: *Taraharu Prati* (Around 1959/60)
At national level: "



Works: *Gham-Chhayan* (Collection of songs, 1971), *Aarambha Awaaz : Anta Aawaz* (1981), *Patniko Sankalpa* (Collection of poems, 1987), *Bhuktaman Chalisa* (1987), *Baasi Bhaat* (1971), *Battis Kulakshin* (Part I and II, Collection of comic poems), *Bal Bhog, Man Bhog* (Collection of poems for children), *Bhajan Manjari* (Collection of devotional songs, 1987) *Hamro Sanskriti Hamro Dhukuti* (Culture, 1995); Editing of *Sangam* bimonthly.

Awards/honors: Yatralekhan Award (Tourism Board), Honored by *Tia*, a Newari magazine, felicitated by the street committee, Mahapal (Source: Gyanendra Biwas)

About his poetics

On poetry: Life is fire, tear and a handful of breath. My poetry that is not merely an exuberance of my mind but an expression of my life itself is a sensitive expression that comes out of it as a suffocated eruption. After all, poetry is a form of art and beauty where the image of life and the world gets articulated. (Source: Gyanendra Biwas)

Self estimation: My life – a handful of breath, mistrusted by life
my attainment – a blade of grass, rejected by an ass
my love – a deep sigh, untouched by songs.
The summary of all these :
the prattle of a lunatic.
This is all
about the introduction of my history.

Editor's assessment: Deep, who believes that an 'ism' is a destruction in literature, is also a lyricist, devotional songwriter, humorist, journalist, culture expert, besides being a well-known poet. He infuses lively smiles in his poem, seasoning them with a melodious note through simple, comprehensible, and interesting poetic lucidity, marked at times by a satirical tone. Even in death, he takes a painful sigh of beauty with beliefs in flowers, and here he attains poetic salvation.

●

Dhruva Krishna Deep

The Beauty of Death

●

**Man's death can be beautiful too
like Creation.**

**We just need to plant
the belief of a flower upon it.**

**In death too,
the blue lotus can blossom smoothly.**

**God's paradise too
starts with man's dream, after all
only that, we need to be able
to lift the sky a little**

**The sun and the moon can both
rise from our eyes.**

**Man's death can be beautiful too
like Creation.**

**We just need to plant
the belief of a flower upon it.**

●

A Pigeon on the Snout of a Missile

●
Once again,
an innocent, meek pigeon
sits callously
uninformed, ignorant
partly dozing,
partly napping,
silently stroking its feathers,
as tender as itself,
and looks out
from the snout of a gigantic missile
that appears as if it can blow
any moment
placed thoughtlessly on the lawn
where our children play

Perhaps, at the moment
it is thinking
not of gunpowder, but of Buddha.
'Haps, it is thinking, not of the snout,
but of the branches of the great Bodhi tree
or, is dreaming of a better sky
worthy of its wings
it has been longing for long.
It too is possible that
it is thinking of its own tears
to quench its thirst
that has been growing fervent
for want of water
in this war-torn country.
Or possibly,
it is thinking of its own body,
missing a fellow bird around for company.

I can tell for sure,
this small white bird
is not thinking of anything black
at the moment.
It is thinking of a free life,
and not of anyone's death.
This lovely bird, at the moment
is thinking of a little greenery and peace
and not of war with anyone.

●

The Nemesis of Hunger

●

**My own friends too
do not recognize me these days.
How could they?
These days, I walk
cramming my head within my belly.
Some call me a ghoul,
and others a magician
but I walk home silently
without a care.**

**Every night, I fish my head
out of my belly and observe
the erect head, rot like rice,
smelling abominably.
Without a word, I wipe the erect head
and sleep, covering the nose.**

**It has been long,
I have been living such a life.**

In the name of a head, I am living as a belly.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bhim Birag
Name: Bhim Bahadur Maharjan
Date of birth/place: January 28, 1935, Maisthan, Birganj
Phone: 977-57-520574
Literary debut: Around 1952/53
First publication: Around 1955/56 (in *Udaya*, Benaras)
At national level: "



—Bhim Birag—

Works: *Dukheko Indreni* (1966), *Atripta Sparsha* (Collection of songs, 1986), *Tato Suskera* (1975), *Bhim Biragka Kavita* (Collection of poems, 1997), *Aath Tukre Badal* (Collection of stories, 1972), *Moha Bhanga* (Lyrical Epic, 2002), *Agyat Aarambha* (Short epic, 2001), *Bhim Biragka Geet Ghazal* (2001), *Swar Samrat Sangaka Khsyanharu* (Memoir, 2001), editing of *Narayani* (Weekly), *Bigul* (Weekly).

Awards/honors: Chhinnalata Award for Songs (1987), Gyanpurna Award (1998), Coronation Silver Jubilee Medal (1997), Gorkha Dakshinbahu Fourth, (1971 First in Narayani Zone level poetry competition, Makuwanpur Music Talent Award (1999), Narayani Vangmaya Award (2000), Lekhnath Rashtriya Pratibha Purasakar (2000)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is an excellent means for human expression. A poem reflects the very society in which its poet lives.

Self estimation: A patron of art favoring loneliness, rather introvert and lover of a plain life driven by his own wounded dejections towards artistic expression. A simple man with no big ambition!

Editor's assessment: Poet and lyricist Bhim Birag portrays minute human sensibilities in his poems through a prosaic beauty. Basically, love, romance, and the related pain and sorrow, joy and gloom, nationality and a deep concern for deteriorating human values form the fundamental thrust of Birag's poesy.

●

Bhim Birag

Those Lost in Their Own Search

●

Surviving is life
perishing is death,
life is flowing along its course
between birth and death – its two banks.
Life is thriving at the mercy of time,
making truce with every moment,
beating every scenario down,
slipping, waking, and falling.
Accent costs some might,
but falling needs no aid.
The moon and the stars,
cling to the sky
in their own worlds
in their own plight,
some barred from falling,
and some doomed to fall,
what a paradox life is,
like eyes on the face,
a heart is a must within every chest
only a hill can stand on stones alone.
Man is neither a stone, nor a hill.
Acting doesn't make one a hill,
an ocean abounds in water,
it never sinks, why?

The sun has heat unbound,
but it never burns, why?
Life is perhaps running away from itself
diving into the pool of incidents
shielding the waves of accidents,
life clings on like a symbolic inmate
on a street where deaths run in swarms
these steps do not exhaust
though a thousand prints they have left
man alone shoulders the destiny of expense
like every water drop absorbed in water,
man, in the swarm of other men, is scared
who should look for whom,
at a place where everyone has lost his own self,
in this village, where identity has collapsed
?...
●

Dubious Eyes

●
At the turns of life
accidents are possible if stars are wrong,
eyes can be dubious
besides some dreams
and some realities
what do people possess?
Everyone is entitled
to see dreams
and to bear realities
man shares those dreams
and those realities too
rise with the juvenile sun
and sets with the seasoned sun
burning like an oil lamp,
a man spends himself, and darkens.
People, living for others
are doomed to be caught
in accidents at the turns of their own,
and are covered under the rubbles
of their own predicaments
this way man is strong
and the same way, helpless too.
●

Revolving Around

●

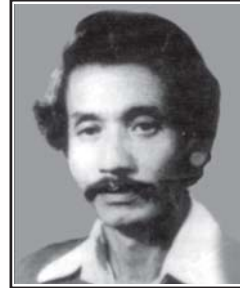
**Rises in the east,
sets in the west,
with the withered dusk,
the night sleeps.**

**And memoies,
looking for a chance
come and scratch the heart,
rummage hither and toss thither
and force the night out.
And once again...
rises in the east,
and sets in the east.**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Haribhakta Katuwal
Name: Hum Bahadur Katuwal
Date of birth/place: July 2, 1935, Assam, India
Death: September 10, 1980
Literary debut: Around 1956
First publication: —
At national level: —



Works: *Yo Jindagi Khai Ke Jindagi*, *Purva Kiran*, *Bhriti Manchhe Bolna Khojchha* (Collection of poems), *Badnaam Mero Aankhaharoo* (Poems and songs), *Sudha* (Short epic), *Spasteekaran*, *Eitihasek Katha Sangraha* (Collection of stories), *Samjhana* (collection of songs), *Ma Mareko Chhaina* (play); Editing of *Abhivyakti*, *Mukti*, *Himalaya*, *Pragya*, *Himaneer*, *Sangeet Sarita*, and translation of *Charitrapaath*

Awards/honors: Royal Nepal Academy Medal and Honor (1963), Gold Medal for the Best Poem (1967)

About his poetics

On poetry: I never wrote any poem with any definition, any assumption and any ism in my front. I have merely attempted to catch those beautiful moments that came along while living – moments that have somewhere the smell of shells, and somewhere flowers. (Courtesy: Introduction to *Yo Jindagi Khai ke Jindagi*)

Self estimation: I
merely a storm of April
that is all
in a flash of
lightning
that is all! (Courtesy: *Ma*)

Editor's assessment: Haribhakta Katuwal, who loves to cherish the unique existential worth of human existence in art, music and words, is a well-acclaimed poet in Nepali verses. His poems, bearing musical traits and woven at the climax of the spirit of beauty and consciousness of time and life, are marked by the effusion of pessimism. Yet, they are strong voices of faith in life, and the glory of his ancestral legacy. Simplicity and lucidity form the heartbeat of his poetry.

●

Haribhakta Katuwal

What a Life is this Life!

●

What a life is this life!
Spent within, yet living without
Sucked by the terror of atoms,
And tormented by the ghost of troubles
what a life is this life!
Doomed to sleep with heads on the muzzle of guns,
cursed to walk on a khukri's edge,
we live along.
Closing eyes is a big risk,
and opening them even bigger.
What a life is this life!
This life, like glass bangles
in the showcase of a store,
can break, even before they set well
on the wrist of a maid.
Like cheap rubber slippers,
it can snap
anywhere on the way.
What a life is this life!!

●

An Iron Heart is a Better Heart

●

An iron heart is a better heart.
It wails not in wounds and counter-wounds,
nor is it barred by marigolds and violets,
An iron heart is a better heart.

A chunk sticks
to whoever jostles
and hangs like a burr
on the chador
of anyone that smiles.
It burns all the time
and swings in all directions.
Do not share
its tales with anyone,
for, who understands, and who listens?
An iron heart is a better heart.
The wood blooms in springs,
and the heart sways along
youth waves its hands in valediction,
a greater pain;
it sees the sky and covers its reach,
soft blows the wind; it follows the suit
everyone that passes along
tampers with my heart, as soft as butter.
for reasons these,
an iron heart is a better mind.

●

Self-portrait of a Poet

●

Followed by the curiosity of self-quest,
my heart, tortured by the chilly dooms of loss,
can think of no poems anymore.

It is perhaps for these reasons

O verdant Sungava,
my mind is full of the somber faces
not of yours,

but of those old, gentle folks
who went home last evening with empty pails
after a long, tedious standing of several hours
on the queue for kerosene.

If I were,
not a poet but kerosene that could fill those pails,
it would be far better.

I could cook a meal in a home in my country,
I could lighten the distressed face of an old person.

But Sungava!

I became a poet,
who clung to your smiles alone,
and failed to solve a single problem of my nation.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Durga Lal Shrestha
Name: Durga Lal Shrestha
Date of birth/place: July, 1935, the eleventh day of the dark fortnight
Phone: 977-1-4257779
Literary debut: Around 1949/50
First publication: *Dui Thopa* (in **Suskerā**, 1952)
At national level: "



Works: *Nimatrana* (Poetic drama), *Ichchhako Simana* (Short epic for children), *Tapak*, *Phool Timrai Baariko*, *Kirmire Dharsaharu* (Collection of poems), *Kagajko Dunga* (Collection of songs for children), *Chirbiri* (Collection of poems for children), *Antarbhaav* (Love poems, also translated into English) and some other works in Newari – the total being over two dozens

Awards/honors: Shrestha Sirapa (1960 and 1989), Murtimaan Sirapa (1995), Narottamdas-Indira Award (2001), Abhiyan Award (2001), Noor-Ganga Award, Rashtriya Balamhitya Award (2002), the title of 'Janakavi' (People's Poet) conferred by Nepal Bhasha Parishad (2003), Best Director's Medal, JAA Best Playwrights Medal (1991), Honorary Member, Nepal Academy (1995), Harihar Shastri – Savitri Devi Literary Award (2006).

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the liquid that trickles after having collided with feelings; it expresses all of a sudden and the poem transforms into myself.

Self estimation: Concrete to eyes, yet disappears suddenly. That is what I call 'I'. These days, I feel more than ever that every 'I' is moving farther from me. When I become conscious of the loss of this self, the heart melts down. I take that as my bliss.

Editor's assessment: A talented, progressive poet both of Newari and Nepali languages, Durga Lal Shrestha is also a lyricist par excellence. He takes help of alliteration to add musicality to his poems. Committed to national esteem, Durgalal advocates for love and humanity along with the feelings of socially productive collaboration in his writing, philosophically compatible to nature.

●

Durga Lal Shrestha

This Clock

●

I stand on the pointed tip of an erect arrow.
It pains, yes it deeply pains
but I tolerate; I am able to tolerate so far.

At all places
I can clearly see,
who among my kinsmen
are sons, and who the horses of others.
I have been able to see,
standing on the pointed tip of an erect arrow.
It pains, yes it deeply pains
but I tolerate; I am able to tolerate so far.

This clock,
ah, this decent pain
yes, this is my existence!
Pray, no one disturbs.
At the moment, I have attained myself,
and am stroking my own self
standing on the pointed tip of an erect arrow.
It pains, yes it deeply pains
but I tolerate; I am able to tolerate so far.

●

Two Drops

●

Drops...

**You are a drop
and I am one too.
Fallen on the dry soil
from the leaves of a lotus,
we are a pair of water-drops.**

**Your longing
and mine too,
are not to make up an ocean
but to merge the two drops
into a single line.**

**I will come,
you come this way too, please
what does it matter
if we fail
to become a line on the way?**

**It might dry; let it go.
Instead of a line below,
there may be one above.
What difference does that make?**

●

The Underlying Essence – 6

●

**The climax of love
is the single place of its kind
where the cruelest
has a chance to be a human
albeit for a moment.**

●

Glimpse of a Doomsday

●

The night went by
morning might come
I hold hopes of doing a lot.
But alas,
no dawn and no chirp,
speed has no speed
and life no life.
Within the cloak of distress,
mute stands the air,
like the silence around a grave.

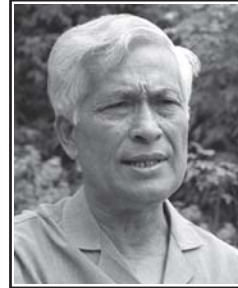
Giving repeated pricks of a pain inside,
a chilly wind,
like the hands of death
is whirling,
and gazing at the morn
whose morning has died.
The sky, mute and damp
descends at once into the forlorn room.
With eyes all over, widely open
every single blade of grass stands
like the image of
the musical awakening
of tears and smiles.

Strands of hope
are rising from the midst of
the fog of hopelessness.
Motionless, still
like waiting for a storm,
in this suffocated ether;
I can, at the moment, see
my entire country
on the canvas of nature.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Dwarika Shrestha
Name: Dwarika Prasad Shrestha
Date of birth/place: August, 1935, Bandipur, Tanahu
Phone: 977-1-4414491
Email: info@chitwanjunglodge.com
Literary debut: Since college days
First publication: Around 1955/56
At national level: "



Works: *Sheetko Thopa* (1958),
Dwarika Shresthaka Kavita (collection of poems, 1977)
Awards/honors: Pratibha Award

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is entirely an individual self-actualization endeavoring to know the self and turn towards the self.

Self estimation: Mentally laconic, caught in the snares of contradictions and decadences....

Editor's assessment: Dwarika Shrestha is an influential and accepted name in Nepali poetics, entering literary field with a forceful interference with experimental poetry, considering life itself to be an experiment. He believes that life is lived more on the spot than in accordance with any plan, and cherishes revolt and disorder in poetry. His poems are interesting and artistic achieves of the decadent truth of life. Giving existential hue to life with lovely arrangements of images in his poems crafted in abstractness is his poetic salience.

●

Dwarika Shrestha

Everyone from Oneself

●

One cannot cast one's own self off, like a coat
for respite, and for freedom from dust
scars, stains and gashes of one's own,
limbs and faces of others.

Neither should one expose the self
like the stitch of one's own cloth.

Let's think of a new sketch of a new creation,
or ask the limitations of the old ones.

Dust blows from spots where we ourselves step
dikes and faces peel out from our own identity
and limits surge from our own exhaustion.

Should one get lost? Where?

In this village vaulted by identity,
in this place with faces peeled off.

Our sleep consists of thin sheets,
I pile one upon the other
every moment in sequence
night after night.

How thin and yet how beautiful
is a spider's web
like mind;
one should not yell, or cry out
lest, this mind breaks within,
and gets defromed, like the web.
What a nature the mind has?
Oops, how can it get
the surface of its contentment
and the frientiers of its edge wrinkled?
Bliss that was not grown at one spot,
and did not take a single form.
A desire, that grew like a fish,
growing bigger, devouring the smaller ones,
and a frontier that waves,
gradually engulfing the fishes
and the entire pond.
I am assimilating
light, as infinite as the firmament
into my eyes as though they were ponds
merely to get sedated from exhaustion; from my own face
the rising and setting of the sun,
waking up and sleeping back
a continuous expanse of these limits,
that could not be caught in these shoulders and calves.
The nemesis of waking up,
like the encroachment of walking
the limitations of being born,
with all these constraints
erect walls, years after years.
Silence and stillness – a demise,
and we, mere seeds
that spread into numerous stems and branches
amidst our sighs,
we, the solitary seeds,
stand, confused in the shade of our own tree,
in the shadows of our own desires.
This tree – the Bodhi Tree of Buddha,
and his exile.

●

My Manliness

●
Somewhere I sense,
my mother's breaths
are still wandering
in the air.
For this, I recall today,
I get wrapped in her breaths,
and upon my rocky self
she ploughs and sows,
seeds of a million classes.
She makes me hear,
profound breaths;
my arid, rocky self
houses a sweat-soaked tale.
My two rock-like eyes
break, and a gush oozes out
if you don't believe me,
in your front are ridges
seemingly clawed by numerous harrows.
See, how many of them,
let out springs?
Let men reckon –
this is the bravery of a woman-mother,
and cowardice of a man-son.
●

About the poet

Literary name: Bhupi Sherchan/Bhupendra Man 'Sarvahara'
Name: Bhupendra Man Sherchan
Date of birth/place: December, 1935, Thak-Tukuche, Mustang
Death: May 14, 1989, Kathmandu
Literary debut: Around 1949 (at an age of thirteen/fourteen)
First publication: *Naya Jhyaure* (Lyrical verses, 1954)
At national level: —



Works: *Parivartan* (Play, 1953), *Naya Jhyaure* (Collection of lyrical poems, 1953), *Nirjhar* (1958), *Ghumne Mechmathi Andho Maanchhe* (1968), *Bhupi Sherchanka Kavita* (Collection of poems); Editing of *Kavita* (Tri-monthly, predominantly poetic) and *Pragya* (Tri-monthly)

Awards/honors: Sajha Award (for *Ghumne Mechmathi Andho Maanchhe*, 1969), Gorkha Dakshinbahu (1985)

About his poetics

On poetry: Just as a mountain gives rise to rivers and rivulets when it melts, poetry takes birth when a poet's heart melts. (Courtesy: **Nepali Lekhak Kosh**, edited by Ghataraj Bhattarai)

"Old poetry is a game of wrestling, while modern one is the play of Yuyutsu. Writing is not a vocation for supporting life, and this has become an impediment not only to me, but also to all authors. Though I believe in progressiveness, I feel; let literature engender civic welfare, but not that civic welfare should engender literature. ...Meters are artificial; and what is more, it is complete artificiality to force coherence to human cries and smiles." (Courtesy: **Srashta ra Sahitya**)

Self estimation: Writes something; takes a look
remains discontented; and crosses over
writes again, and looks again
and takes a long sigh
wretched, forlorn,
'Bhupi' Sherchan! (Courtesy: *Vyangatmak Self-portrait*)

Editor's assessment: Bhupi Serchan, the most popular and talked-of poet among his contemporaries after Rimal is an influential signature of people's literature, belonging to the cult of the progressive. The spirit of beauty, melody, satire and time are trademarks of his prose-poetry.

●

Bhupi Sherchan

An Inflamed Candle

●

Radiant, tranquil and tender
is a candle in flames
as though it were
the smiling face of a beautiful dame,
seemingly tired to some extent,
seemingly amazed to some extent,
dispersing her virginity
in the autumn sun,
after a bath
following her first menstruation.
Radiant, tranquil and tender
is a candle in flames.

The eyes are all soaked with water of pain,
though blissfully smiles the pupil
as though it were the contented looks
of a mother,
who comes round after an operation
and looks at her newborn child
even in the midst of an acute pain
raising her head, a little!
Radiant, tranquil and tender
is a candle in flames.

The face in one hand brilliantly glows,
and tears, on the other, in torrents flow
like the face of a widow,
at that fateful moment
when, she simultaneously remembers
honeymoon, and her dead husband.
Radiant, tranquil and tender
is a candle in flames.

●

Always in My Dream

●

Always in my dream,
numerous young mothers appear
and like lunatics
sing the song:
'My breast is of no worth anymore,
My maternity is of no sense anymore.'
And right, in front of me, openly
let their filthy, piglet-like kids
suck their breasts
pent-up with the excess of milk
and beat their breasts, and tug their locks
all of a sudden,
and start asking me
about their lost sons.

Always in my dream
numerous old men with fragile bodies
and old women with broken hearts
betrayed by numerous lives,
and rejected by death,
come, and sleep helplessly right in my front
and ask me for their only son,
the sole hope of their uncertain future.

Always in my dream
numerous young widows come
and stand in stark nakedness,
showing their soft, snow-white bodies,
and black spots singed
by amorous eyes of the world.
They ask me a life support
and the edge of their trips.

Always in my dreams,
numerous children, carrying germs of destruction
come, and stand in front
and ask me for their school-fee
money for books
cricket bat,
their fathers' kisses
security, and a night
filled with a sound sleep.

Similarly, always in my dream
an ocean of tears,
rolling out of the eyes of
thousands and thousands of the Malaysians,
flows, and in its every wave
a corpse floats up,
and a corpse gets drowned
but before it drowns
every corpse pays a frowned look.
Ah, the history of my reality
loathes me in my dream.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Upendra Shrestha
Name: Upendra Shrestha
Date of birth/place: February 2, 1936,
Chisapanigadhi, Makawanpur
Death: 2010
Phone: —



Literary debut: Around 1953/54
First publication: Around 1955 (in *Udaya*, Benaras) 
At national level: 1960 (in *Rooprekha*)

Works: *Nimto* (1961), *Panchaayat* (1968), *Upendra Shresthaka Kavita* (1983), *Ashwikrit* (1997), *Daasle Masanga Mukti Mangeko Chha* (2003), *Naango Akshar* (Collection of poetry, 2009); Editing of *Silanyas*, a literary magazine

Awards/honors: Yugkavi Siddhicharan Poetic Award, Harihar Sastri – Sabitri Devi Literary Award, Honored by Chitwan Vangmaya Pratisthan

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is life. There are certain things that words cannot express. Yet, I am attempting to express all my experiences, sensibilities and viewpoints of life through verses.

Self estimation: I am pain and sorrow trying to live inside Buddha as Nepal and Nepali, but unable to find the edge of life, and doomed to devaluate with my own history, civilization and culture, like the exiled Buddha.

Editor's assessment: Upendra Shrestha, who appeared in the literary arena in the very formative stage of modern poetry, is one among contemporary authors, who remained active upto the end of his life. With some experimental consciousness, he instills the life of socially decadent human-values and reality into the prosodic melody of satire and revolt. It can be safely claimed that a musical expression of feelings with an artistic collaboration of simple images and symbols is his typical poetic trait.

●

Upendra Shrestha

I, an Image of the *Ghah Vihar*

●

Left unfixed by the proofreader,
I am an image
impatiently living
in exile.

Even after epochs and years
of rebellion,
I am in ignorance and darkness
with a heart lost within.

I am wounded
like this century and its people
minced by violence
amid talks of non-violence.
I, a failure
housing a remorse
am on a trip eternal
within this scenario
with a load of many defeats.

A symbol of truth and non-violence
I am in search of an existence
in this *Pou Bha* and *Thanka*,
in the course of living.

Like a history,
bearing a heap of sins and crimes
I am living, with many defeats,
like a meditating old man
who has lost his direction.
I, an image of the *Gha: Vihar!*

●

Dialectics of Light and Darkness

●

**You are a sun, as big as the sky,
and I, a night of a pitcher's size.
Burn with me those papers scribed with blood
let not these snakes,
dead with red letters
wake up again with the present.
Let not a new Jangha Bahadur,
come out of those statues.
Burry the black letters of history in a tomb
lest, the same actions and the actors
should repeat, as they did in the bygone history.**

**I stand
together with these lofty mountains
and walk
at the tempo of our rivers and brooks.
Do not attempt to stop my flooding gush
with your cosmic snares,
allow me to descend like a sliding sun.
I want to expand all through the world's empire
like the flames on Mount Fuji.**

**You
a sun, as big as the sky,
and I, a night of a pitcher's size!
You are a sun, as big as the sky,
and I, a night of a pitcher's size!!
See there! A kite ambushes a chick
right in your presence
a dissected sleep chases my present
as a hawk chases a pigeon.**

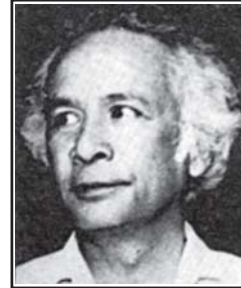
Lo, a jackal unearths grandpa's tomb
men step upon other men,
like soil upon stones, and stones upon soil
man's Taj Mahal and Qutub Minar
stand on the corpses of men.

I, a night of a pitcher's size
have woken at a cock's cry
and have now seen the sun, filling the sky
my lips quiver to the tune of a *murchunga*
I say
the burnt bricks and the carved stones
should reveal all truths in the court
you are a sun, as big as the sky.
Tell, how long should I live
the life of a night, inside a pitcher?

●

About the poet

Literary name: Basu Shashi
Name: Basudev Vaidya
Date of birth/place: March 8, 1936, Kathmandu
Death: March 17, 1993, India
Literary debut: At an age of eight or nine
First publication: *Vidyarthi* (in **Vidyarthi**)
At national level: —



Works: *Meri Usha, Kehi Kavita, Euta Yasto Phool Chahinchha, Basu Shashika Kavita, Euta Nadi Chha Ma Aaphai Bhitra* (Collections of poems), *Paani Gandaina* (Short epic); *Shashika Kehi Geet* (Collection of lyrical poetry); *Upahar* (Play); *Teen Naatak, Bansurima Naatayeka Dhunharoo* (Collection of plays); *Phool Oilayepachhi, Sansarma Sabbhanda Eklo Jeev* (Novel), *Kehi Geet* (Collection of songs); *Vishwaka Shrestha Katha* (Collection of translated stories); Editing of magazines like *Navanirman, Goreto, Lokdoot, Bageshwari, Sanchaya* etc.

Awards/honors: Bhawani Literary Journalism Award (1992)

About his poetics

On poetry: Sometimes I feel, the entire life is a volume of poems. In my opinion, poetry is not the only expression of spirit. Just as a child does not cry when others want, a flower does not bloom when others want, a poem is not written when we want. But that day when poetry receives its ultimate definition, it will meet its end too. (Courtesy: *Basu Shashi: Vyaktitva ra Krititva*)

Self estimation: Man is the most mysterious creation of nature. To know oneself is more challenging than measuring the Himalayas. I am writing to understand life. (Courtesy: *Basu Shashi: Vyaktitva ra Krititva*)

Editor's assessment: Though Basu Shashi is classed among story writers, playwrights, and lyricists as well, the title of a poet best suits him. A renowned author of modern poetic cult, Shashi considers poetry as the most beautiful means to know life, and writes with thematic considerations in verses, more than with generic considerations. In his life-view, man is everything. Therefore, in his poems, he makes man the central subject and depicts him somewhere in experienced reality, and somewhere in strong imagination. In totality, he mediates into eternity ingrained with minute sensibilities, and pleases and celebrates in it.

●

Basu Shashi

A Love Letter

●

Mounting on the tree-top of the prospect of visiting you,
my mind sits composed
like a monkey, extending its ken, far and wide.
I have hands that crave to escape me
to come, and caress you
like a pup, licking its homecoming master's feet.
Certainly, my heart and my hands,
have with you a relation, apart from the one with me,
like the fluid inside a coconut!

In fact, chase-and-seek along river banks,
sounds the best in the sun.
And in fact, winter is the best time
to stroke you.
(In fact, nothing is as pleasing as touching a human, is it?)
If you trust me, I am delivering myself
out, from the bottom of the times' well
to reap a timed decree – a meeting with you.
A wave is trying to float away from water,
to drift away, along the banks.
You were right,
humans like to reach to other humans the most,
and that day when one has no one to visit
is a day of imbecility, even if the legs stand right.

You are probably waiting too
for, the moon and the stars are there
where they ought to be.
Like a plantlet, waiting for spring
you too must be waiting
on your stand, extending your reach, all around.
You had told,
no shadow falls upon you, save mine
and have no shelter, save my lovelorn company.
Overwhelmed by this musing, I look into the glass
and lo, see! It shows your face
with lips quivering with my kiss
and eyes, smiling with the liners of my sight.
I remember; you had sung –
...Living in the green woods, a parrot turned lime
...This river resists wounds, though all its water is drenched out
...Man turns blind, not because the eyes break or it is dark,
but because he has ceased dreaming
...Man turns cold too, not for want of fire or the sun, but for want of
other men's warmth
...Nothing is as ugly as ceasing to love others

Your love shall come; it shall come to you
like the snow that melts and flows down
to us from the mountaintops in my country.
Returning its flower to the garden,
and bequeathing the moon to the sky,
your prosperity shall come to you
like the flock of swans coming to the pool.
And we shall, once again chase and seek in desolate solitudes,
and kiss one-another's foreheads,
besieged by a ravenous thirst.
The vision of visiting you sits near my first step
like a shadow near the sun, along a slope.
(Whenever I get someone's love
I want to live longer and longer.)
And we shall again say,
nothing is as beautiful as a human's adoration for another human,
and nothing is as sweet
as a human's relation with another human.

●

A Wall Casts Many Things out

●

A wall casts many things out
it might be good though, with creepers twining over
it too is true though, that whatever it encloses
is ours, and is safe.

A wall probably is a must,
as though it were a god.

Yet, as a wall is merely a wall
and cannot rise to meet the sky
those who intrude might jump over,
and sometimes, the wall itself can demolish.

But the cities and streets these days, of no use to children
and men are more bent on sabotaging relations with other men,
I swear to erect a wall,
no matter, how much I lament on its very essence.

(A wall is perhaps the most evil necessity.)

Perhaps these day, we erect walls,
to erase their own necessities.

We raise walls against walls
(but), we do raise them at all costs
and even then

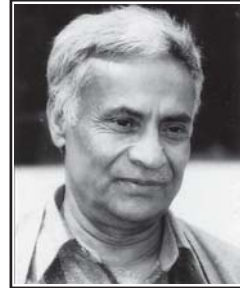
just a few things remain in,
(though this is an age when we need things
beyond the wall the most)

A wall, robust like a male
is one against which, one can bump one's own head too!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Ishwar Ballabh
Name: Ishwar Ballabh Bhattarai
Date of birth/place: July 12, 1936, Kathmandu
Death: March 23, 2008, Kathmandu
Phone: —
Literary debut: Around 1955
First publication: *Ma Ke Hoon* (in **Bharati**, Darjeeling, 1956)
At national level: —



Works: *Aagoka Phoolharoo Hun* (1973), *Euta Saharko Kinarama* (2075), *Samaantar* (1982), *Kasmai Devaya* (1986), *Dhuwanko Jungle* (2004, Collection of poems), *Kehi Bhoomikaharuoo* (1975), *Sochko Mayamath* (Collection of essays, 2001) etc.

Awards/honors: Madan Award, Sajha Award, Ratna Shree Medal, Honored by Press Council, Fellowship (By Nepali Kala Sahitya Dot Com Foundation for Long Poems), Harihar Shastri–Savitri Devi Literary Award

About his Poetics

On poetry: "Poetry is perhaps like a paid journey, and is sometimes like an elative situation.... At the moment, a situation that seem to transgress all boundaries of the past, is amply tormenting. I say, I write out of these thoughts. I break a perfect mirror, and see myself inside the innumerable pieces. Again, I try to restore the mirror, collecting the fragments. At present, I would rather say, poetry is a sequence of such sequences."

Self estimation: I am a tree of confusion; confusion I am
and a tree too.

.....
Perhaps, a material; perhaps materiality.

Editor's assessment: Ishwar Ballabh, who successfully geared the experimental cult of modern Nepali poetry, is physically confined to mere memories now but in the context of poetry, he dwells very much in the present. An exponent of sensibilities, an emperor of potentialities and a charioteer of self-consciousness, poet Ballabh's soul seeks the life-bow of the reader's goodwill from the vantage of the desire for life. His emotive mind finds itself under the Bodhi Tree of poesy, and in his modest, poetic urge, innumerable happy hearts brilliantly congregate in a festive season, like those listening to god's pleadings for love. His poetic grandeur gets reflected here.



Ishwar Ballabh

Preparation for a Valediction

●

Like some sober people,
the birds were gathering on the boughs
but the easterly did not come yet today,
and not a single dry leaf fell.
The pain in the heart aches like a storm,
and so, such things are worth forgetting.

Standing on the ridge,
I stare at the vale, to see if the river comes.
a few days back, from the same spot
it had ascended the blue as cloud.
I know not, whether because of this
the flow of water was barred.

The sea had roared,
battering the shore and the fields ashore
the fishermen haven't turned up yet
with their oars.
A tempest is likely this time,
it's wise to go home!

●

The Word-venom

●

Poetry is a restlessness too,
and a thirst
an antique cave,
a hallucination of words.
It descends to the core, and tries to touch
a visible page.
In the heart though,
it tries to touch sensations
and tries to undo,
the marble of experience and faith.
So, it is sometimes an acute pain
the helplessness of the center,
a brutal solitude,
an intrepid depth, and a darkness.
It is an ancient forest,
where something stands, stark naked
devoid of a canopy
a cloth, or a defense
like an infant, just out of its mother's womb.
A small, thin grass too
entwines the body,
and engulfs the flesh.
Aruna Lama asks me,
'Why everyone gives me sad lyrics
and forces me to bear the load of their pangs?
Brother, their words always pierce me deep.
I can sing happiness too!'

I am myself frayed
by the venom of others' words
their poison has disjointed me,
and have rendered me wounded.
I, doomed to drink venom,
I the Nila Kantha
shackled by words
brutal and feudal.

This is why poet Momila says,
'My mind is antique'
perhaps for reasons as this.
So are I
and my entire existence.

Words, these days, prod me deep,
My own poem
like Nero's fire, the tune of his violence
and the historical montage of Rome,
tangle my antique heart.



About the poet

Literary name: Parijat
Name: Bishnu Kumari Waiba
Date of birth/place: 1937, Darjeeling
Death: April 17, 1993, Kathmandu
Literary Debut: While in grade four
First publication: *Kasko ho tyo Chhaya Malai Bolaune* (in **Dharti**, around 1956)



At national level: "

Works: *Aakaanshya, Parijatka Kavitarahoo, Bainsalu Bartamaan* (Collections of poems); *Sirishko Phool, Mahattaheen, Baisako Maanchhe, Toribaari, Baataa ra Sapanaharoo, Antarmukhi, Usle Rojeko Baato, Parkhaal Bhitra ra Bahira, Anido Pahaadsangai, Paribhasit Aankhaharu* (Novels); *Aadim Desh, Sadak ra Pratibha, Salgiko Balatkrit Aansu, Badhsala Janda-Aaunda* (Collection of stories); *Dhoopisalla ra Laliguransko Phedma, Euta Chitramaya Suruwat, Adhyayan ra Sangharsha* (Autobiographies)

Awards/honors: Madan Award (1965 for *Sirishko Phool*), Best Manuscript Award (1992 for *Bainsalu Bartamaan*), Ganki-Basundhara Award (1992), Scholarship from Nepal Academy, Felicitated by Sahityakunjia, Tribhuvan University

About her poetics

On poetry: "For me, poetry — the written manifestation of feelings — is a mere comprehension that comes woven in language and style. In poetry writing, there should be a good reconciliation of understanding and talent. Apart from these, in those humane understandings, the reactionary awareness of the society and time we live in, too are at work." (Courtesy: **Gyangunka Kura**, Part 22)

Self estimation: "...In fact, many things in me are not ordinary. Therefore, I could not live a simple life like other women.... In totality, I might be called lonesome and introvert. I fear water, and cannot think of high mountains.... Yet a mountain is dear to me, and I cherish rainy season the most. I enjoy rainy season the most, albeit with fear and terror." (Courtesy: **Vedana**, Year 22, Issue 1)

Editor's assessment: As a poet, Parijat is a talent, capable of combining minute comprehension with unfathomable intellect. This anthology archives the most popular poem of impressive, well-cultured and exceptionally creative Parijat, who stood the test of time with an existential urge, in spite of a torturous background.



Parijat

An Ailing Lover's Letter to a *Lahure*

●

1. Sweetheart,
Lots of love!
Hung on the necks of these free-flying pigeons
I feel like sending a heart,
a heart welded,
a love letter attached,
and revise once more,
the emotionality of a love
old, as a century is old.
But alas, which bird has been able
to transgress the frontiers of the present?
Which sigh has been able
to settle this imbecile existence in the universal ether?
2. Beloved,
I have no means
to make you stand in my mind
you, who got screened before a satiating look,
and parted, before a word exchanged.
The speed of a rocket has perhaps outdone fancy's gait
my anxiety meets with accidents,
even in a flight, guided by maps.
Henceforth... henceforth I,
shall not come across seven seas.
Rather, I shall look at you
from my own *chautari* here,
for, my mind has shrunk with my body
like accursed *Gautami*.

3. Beloved,
love is a mirage
a nightingale's yearning
But for me, it is a comatose truth
like the thirst of a raven
like a pain stiffened at sunset while still in love with the sun
this mortal body
and these perennial desires
but, love is the fusion of two bodies
I am composed in your arms,
and the series of desires is shielding death
every night -
I am looking at and burning my dreams!
4. Beloved,
you had written
that I smile in the image inside your wallet,
and that, you don't want to lose me,
this letter that reminds you of me
shall makes you wake like the Phoenix
my love is a cool, banyan shade for you
but ah, these have receded to history
how, have I spent a long epoch,
before being aware of living?
You shall surely procure me,
not like Phoenix incarnating in your own ashes,
but in an eternal sleep
where the desires lie dead, unexpressed.
5. Beloved,
I am dead
and have burnt your love along, and buried.
I am asleep,
and there always is a eternal sleep to sneak into.
But you, who are alive shall wake
in the morrow with a juvenile sun.
Do not shed tears, mocking the struggle.
Do you comply?
How strong was my end!
It hewed out a splinter of the infinite,
how potent was my demise
that rendered immortality half dead.
Love is immune to death, but we ought to kill it
your beginning should be as strong as my end
here comes the remnant of this letter,

the remains of my letter,
the ash of your 'Phoenix'
my beloved, for you,
the ruins of all my love!



Ramsainla



Ramsainla, the laughter of an explosion suits a youth,
Ramsainla, the voice of fire suits a youth too,
we have not imagined its frontier
and not experienced its vastness
today's step is offered to this day itself
this inactive day, bestowed to this day itself.

On some day like this day,
terror may rise in place of the sun.
Friend! That shall be our present
this gray dusk offered to this very day
today's decadence dedicated to today itself.

A day of devastation!
This evening looks like your death
it's possible; I mark this dark night with your condolence
a nightlong silence for you
but I shall not be free tomorrow to write an elegy
in your name.
Day! Today's emptiness is bestowed on you.

Ramsainla, the laughter of an explosion suits a youth,
Ramsainla, the voice of fire suits a youth too.



About the poet

Literary name: Pushkar Lohani
Name: Pushkar Prasad Lohani
Date of birth/place: March, 1939, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1- 4443290
E-mail: lohanipushkar@hotmail.com
Literary debut: 1956
First publication: *Paristhiti* (in *Indu*, 1956)
At national level: *Koudi* (in *Rooprekha*, 1964)



Pushkar Lohani

Works: *Chahakdaar Mental ra Pilpile Laltin, Bhatta - Motiram Bhatta, Paanch Saya Varsha: Sun ho ki Ghun?* (Research and Criticism), *Koudi* (Collection of poetry), *Aakash Bibhajit Chha* (Novel, co-authored), *Peepalbot* (Poems of Japanese model, co-authored), *The Banana Stalk* (Collection of Tanka, co-authored), *Paryayawachi Shabdakosh* (Dictionary); Editing of *Sundarikalik Reetuvannan tatha Samashyupurti, Mahamandal*

Awards/honors:

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry in fact is the truth and falsehood surrounding a deceptive honesty of human beings. It is a delusion infatuated by falsity, evil desires and their enactment. It is a game of getting into that cobweb and making others get into it. It is escaping, letting others escape from such a deceptive ditch, and getting the ditch filled.

Self estimation: A bestial form. Swaying here and there due to fulfillment and dissatisfaction in the self – a powerful urge to lift the entirety and throw it away in a trice. Cools down, burns; burns in the self, and self is doomed to extinguish the blaze!

Editor's assessment: Known to the readership of modern Nepali poetry as a sex author, Lohani's works are documents of psychosexual literature. He artistically uses contemporary sexual contexts, sexual imageries and symbols in his poems. The poems of Lohani who takes sex as a natural human tendency, are a gateway to the study and practice of sexual experiences, sexual drives, and sexual decadences of his time, affecting the society. He has established his poetic authority in this genre.



Pushkar Lohani

The Scorching Sun

●

When the frozen youth
pays a squinted look, and giggles with teeth exposed
the dame blushes in coyness
and experiences an untold ecstasy.

She cuddles, jests and flirts
in the tender caress of the sun
numbed by his love and gentle touch,
she rolls over in amorous fits,
and the frozen body heats up
oblivious of everything she is!

Later, when the sun winds up its play,
and his heat comes scorching,
she searches for him,
like an addict's search for his drug;
comes round,
and startles; tears rolling down her eyes.

●

A Pond

●

Last night, I dreamt
of a small ditch, flanked by lofty hills all around,
an agitated fragrance giving a seductive call,
and air, tossing the undergrowth.
The water whirling in serious stirs
a deep and narrow ditch
trying to stretch and expand
between two white rocks.

I had heard
that a ditch remains pure
and maintain its piety
in spite of filthy heaps dumped into it
and the more you drench it out,
the more does the water spring.

I walk along the mountain uphill,
in every ascent, a fear, and a belief
keep chilling me.
A voice comes from nowhere –
'Do not process thither,
a snake guards the pond
and its venom ripples in it
do not try to pry the beautiful pond
a drink from it will sedate you
and you cannot deliver yourself out.'

At once, a cave appears in my front;
I am struck
seeing no other way beside.
The heart pounds heavily.
A snake slithers out of the cave
and a voice resounds in my ear,
'Walk into the cave, and then into the ditch
you see the ditch, screened to sunrays
you see it, pining for the sun's warmth
a ditch, intoxicated by the heat of the set sun.
Further, you will see
a cold snake, lazing on its fringe.'

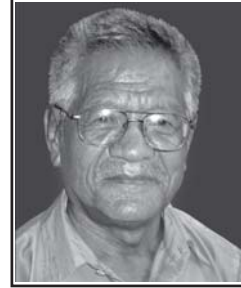
The ditch, frozen after a joyful grin
stands next to me, and says,
'Do not fear; proceed
clear the undergrowth around me,
come, a sweet fragrance shall light
fire against the chill within you
and in your warmth
the cold ditch shall heat up too.
Fear not! Proceed in the form of Shiva
and show the snake – your carrier
to everyone's terror.
Puke the venom within you out,
into the ditch, and make yourself cool.'

And added,
'I want to find you
in Shiva's form forever!
Walk into the ditch
in changed forms,
and in changed guise ever
walk in, all the time
the guards on the fringe have all gone to sleep!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bairagi Kainla
Name: Til Bikram Nembang
Date of birth/place: August 9, 1939, Panchthar
Phone: 977-1- 4432528
Literary debut: 1954
First publication: *Navodit Kavisanga* (in *Bharati*, 1956)
At national level: *Mero Autograph* (in *Rooprekha*, 1963)



Works: *Bairagi Kainlaka Kavitarharoo* (1974), *Mahaguru Phalgunanadaka Upadeshharoo tatha Satyahangma Panthaka Bhajanmala* (1990), *Limbu Jaatima Kokhpuja* (1991), *Chai ta Mundhum* (Shristi Varnan, 2003), *Kirat Jaagaran Geet* (Translation, 2081); Editing of *Tesro Aayam* (1972), *Rashtriya Bhashako Kavita Sangalo*, *Limbu Grantha Soochi* (1993)

Awards/honors: Sajha Award (1974), Sidhhicharan Poetic Award, Harihar Shastri-Savitri Devi Poetic Award, Vani Award

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a medium that allows ample expressions with feelings in limited words. I feel that poems sound good and effective if they are recited with some beat, a melody and a rhythm. But in fact, I no longer own an authority to define poetry.

Self estimation: Initially too, whenever I tried to write poems, I wanted to expose myself. But I never found myself doing what I actually sought to do. There is another Bairagi, far away from me. This is a pain in itself. The pain of this alienation with the self engenders some questions: where am I deceiving, where am I tricking, and where do I appear optimal? Man, a subject to situation, has been ardently struggling for his liberty since time immemorial. At present, I alias Bairagi Kainla, is a weak soldier of the same struggle.

Editor's assessment: A pioneer of the Third Dimension comparable to Picasso's Cubism, poet Bairagi Kainla believes that life should be expressed in its entirety. In accordance with the assumptions of the Third Dimension, Kainla picks up phases, and artistically brings the contemporary and potent voices to the surface in a pictorial language. Biased in favor of objectivity and disinterestedness of poetry, Kainla commits himself to using images, symbols and myths with a lot of attention to beat and rhythm. It can therefore be safely claimed that both in form and in content, he has a proven poetic certification.

●

Bairagi Kainla

The Mountain

●

Inside the house, ascending to the top floor
I often feel, I climb the stair, as high as peaks.
These days, even in dreams
I find myself scaling mountains.

I make those hills and mountain,
that refuse to bow
bow upon my feet's every threshold
upon my road!

Oops! The Himalayas crumble
with their backs broken...
retch surges of the night, upon my road.

The thunderbolt of the reflected sound
bumps against the sky-walls
and falls on the roof of moving trains
upon the main road!
The rail-coaches are cramped in spills of blood
clotted between broken glass fragments.

The moments of life...
upon broken railway tracks

From within the flickering fire-flames
I collect, I lift...
inside the pockets, and upon shoulders!

Having escorted many children to schools,
many sons to their fronts at their limits,
and many fathers to their homes from workplaces,
I have lifted upon my shoulders,
these tired trails
and roads shattered by accidents.
I carry the corpse of life on my *Kumbhakarna's* shoulders.

The corpse of life
ripe with warmth
of my love's density and faith
falls, split into fragments of rays,
and falls blazed in light, each carrying a blessing.

Inside each of my steps: upon my road!
an eye falls, and a night wanes out.
And, another eye falls, and yet another night wanes.
The feet fall and devour a yard-long path
the gloves fall, and a bridge evolves 'twixt the earth and the sky
the embrace of a pair of arms falls
in an incomputable measure
and a new stile opens in history!

On the top of the stile
between the spiny leaves of pine
with letters of boughs' nodal eyes,
time comes hasting and writes
a notice in some lines
for people's information:

Welcome, mountaineers!
Welcome, tender heel,
and welcome, every life!

Let everyone start
trips from here, once again
from this stile!
With the sun loaded on.

I often dream these days,
that, on a pair of upright palms,
I lift the sea
from under the feet of the erect stile
blenched by the light from the third-eye,

rescuing materials and ships
from the piscean attack of sharks and whales,
or from the pillage of the Tartan pirates
even by lifting it on fingertips,
as if it were *Govardhan hill*
and from the same stile these days
I dream myself scaling mountains.

These day always in dreams,
I find myself scaling mountains.

●

The Post-tea Valediction at Her Home

●

Today, thinking to conjure this insolence
to see your good self,
I had come this way, in gorgeous gaits.

Today, thinking to say something
at the service of your good self,
I had come loitering, this way.

Thanks for courtesy
and kudos for tea.

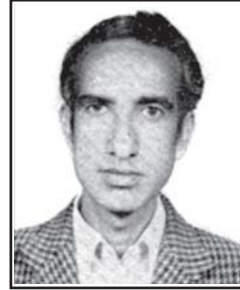
What more should I say....
I forgot all that I had planned to say.

See,
I had come to introduce
that the coy images that housed these eyes,
belonged to your good self.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Ratna Shamsheer Thapa
Name: Ratna Shamsheer Thapa
Date of birth/place: 1939, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1- 4445488
Literary debut: Around 1951/52
First publication: *Bhiralo* (Handwritten, 1955)
At national level: *Man Parchha Tyo Raat* (in *Ukalo*, 1959)



Works: *Chakrabhariko Ghaam*, *Taraka Kancha Ranga* (Collection of poems), *Obhano Siundo*, *Rujheka Pareli* (Collection of songs)

Awards/honors: Devkota Literary Award, Yugkavi Siddhicharan Shrestha Kavya Award, Mukti Award, Honored by Radio Nepal (for songs), Saadhan Samman, Lifetime Achievement Award (Hitz FM), Bhimnidhi Rashtriya Pratibha Award, Chhinnalata Award, Harihar-Savitri Devi Literary Award etc.

About his poetics

On poetry: "Poetry is a weighty, artistic expression of the honest human sensibility that can give the society a right direction."

Self estimation: "An ordinary character, discharging his poetic duties to show the right direction to the society."

Editor's assessment: Ratna Shamsheer Thapa, who finds elation in placing himself among lyricist, is also a prominent name in modern Nepali poetry. Alliteration and metrical rhythm are his poetic trademarks. It can be said, his poems are the outcomes of a special poetic consciousness both in terms of voice, and stylistic craftsmanship. Thapa is undoubtedly an exponent of prosaic lyrics.

●

Ratna Shamsher Thapa

When the Play Ends

●

Without the proper accomplishment
of even a single act,
why are the scenes of the play
being enacted here, changing
so fast, with the order broken in the middle?

Amid the intermittent flashes of electric light,
the shapes keep changing on the screens, on the stage.
Moving the red, intoxicated, ravenous eyes around,
twitching their hips in the name of action
they stumble, expose the blue gums, grope
and stammer the mugged-up chapters
in this chilly night.

Amidst mutual wrestles and murmurs,
they are blatantly puking void dialogues,
the loafing actors, 'haps high with *tharra**
are trumpeting their vanity
to keep the spectators spelled,
swiveling impious hands in the sky with twirled heads.
Waiting for applause and appreciation
they are walking to and fro onstage
in spurious brocades to shield their slips.
Groaning repeatedly , trying to pick up
scattered nuggets of songs, to sew up in alliteration
repeatedly beating the same note on the madal*,
uniformly stripping shyahi – the vibratory paste,
they are laying their own itching history bare,
stripping themselves starkly naked.

The sequence of the bulbs go off,
for the transformer at the junction has burst,
the skin of the wrinkled darkness get stretched,
hollering, whistling and commotion ensues
and then the noise ceases;
to swallow the tranquil solitude,
opening mouth like that of *Surasa**,
and to cool its longing off,
this antique hall,
at the demise of a play devised by the uncouth,
is trying to absorb itself
into a deep meditative contemplation
on every nook of the walls and the ceilings,
letting a mocking laughter out!

●

A Pair of Eyes on the Burial Yard

●

The sun
turns red with anger and guilt
tired of exchanging looks,
for, those eyes are not of the living,
but of a corpse.

The night,
withers amidst curses
tired of its lonely talks
for, the tune is not that of the living,
but of the corpse.

The tantric,
is simply taken aback
at the loss of his art,
for, the slope is not of the living,
it is but a burial yard.

The soul of anyone putting up here,
gets enslaved.
Think, before you lodge,
for it is a branch, not of the living,
but of the corpse.

●

The Blunt Axe

●

**Man here,
batters his own feet
with a blunt axe,
and proves his might.**

**Occasionally,
he displays a few lines of
a sour smile
and claims himself hopeful.**

**At times, in emotions,
adopting the non-aligned policy
of a peace-lover,
he reckons himself big.**

**And,
measuring his own self,
digs a ditch out,
with his own labor
to bury himself.**

**Man here,
batters his own feet
with a blunt axe,
and proves his might.**

●

About the poet

Literary Name: Madan Regmi
Name: Madan Regmi
Date of birth/place: December, 1940, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1-4720157
E-mail: rssregmi@mail.com.np
Literary Debut: 1962
First Publication: *Ek Tukra...; Mareko Daas Mukti*
Magna Aaunchha (in **Rooprekha**, 1963)



At national level: "

Works: **Madan Regmika Kavita** (Collection of poems), many other stories and songs published in literary journals and magazines

Awards/honors: —

About his poetics

On poetry: Writing whatever I like

Self estimation: Like others

Editor's assessment: A poet of the experimental cult in modern Nepali poetry, Madan Regmi expresses the finest sensibilities of life on the collage of words like the collective beauty of an abstract painting, and enters the poetic garden of universal beauty through a reverse consciousness of beauty. With beautiful images and symbols, Regmi pines for a beautiful society and life against the deformed and decadent reality of life and the world that he exposes in his verses. In other words, leading the world from darkness to light appears to be his poetic mission.

●

Madan Regmi

Struggle with the Straw

●

While still caressing this life,
the fingers of all the years,
are fated to retreat,
merely with broken shells of an aborted egg.

Days pass so, and so do years
age cramped within age
and yet, the heir to a more ripen age,
remains unsolved.
I have not bequeathed my blind mother
to the charge of anyone,
nor have I given my land, crippled like a plucked off grass
along the uninhabited parts
and yet, the conundrum of succession, remains unsolved.
The heirs are worms, slithering all around the neck.
My tears fall on their tiny selves,
and yet, the legatee remains unfixed
even in the tempest of your fleshy wrappings.
The age curses a sentenced heart upon us,
yet, the conundrum of heir remains unsolved.
Only that, the worms laugh out from necks.
I have within me the years
that have come so far, leaving other years behind
and have futile heightening,
where, even the works hang in suicide
below which the blots stand together,
with stirrers that have lost their vigor.

These weeds and hearbeats
are peeping into my room
from the rainbow, wherefrom the dark sun dangles
against the light of the day
and yet, the conundrum of the heir remains unsolved
notwithstanding the blisters on these innumerable diligent beaks
the days absorbed in the entire existence
have been spent in vain
against my age
this life is the kernel of a mango,
left behind by the dead
I suck it therefore, albeit tasteless
no matter, how much they stroke life,
the fingers of all the years,
are destined to retreat,
merely with the broken shells of a spoilt egg.

Breathes have been suffocated under the ground,
a just born child swallowed fire
and the fire devored the child
everyone here says
there's no question of respite
in perplexed tongues and bits of voices
but, like the case of the child inside the womb
(here, no one can have a house, or a country)
these houses could never become houses,
and this country never a country
in a mere illusion, however
this juvenile mind often recedes to fits in snares.

I kick that black ball away, once again,
with the beats of my heart
that day always aches as a black day with my pedal breaths
against my age that has waned
my old, bony world and the set sun
cannot accommodate in my rooms
wherefrom unattended drop of flood ooze and drop
from nails on its hanging ceiling
colored froth too appears in deluged waves
yet, the conundrum of successor remains unsolved;
the heirs as worms on the neck display void laughter.

●

You Are as Near, and as Far as the Sea

●

I am on a water cliff,
between the storm and the sea
and are you as near as the sea
and equally far as that
as an outlet of pain
seemingly acuter than the pain of the thick grove
or that of the murmur of the paddy bunch,
or of my laconic, heavy freedom
and of these hills,
I stand with hands stretched out.
Waiting for a storm
like the stretched branches
of a large, rootless tree
you came in your own way,
better than the ripples in the sea
I met/ knew/ and got you
and wept along with the thorns of rose
when I departed from you forever
perhaps, I could not recognize
The pleasing procedures of valediction
with you, away from you
when I woke up from a nightmarish dream of snakebite
this periodically repeating
slaying morn
and I, with no company around,
trying to reach you
playing with the beautiful dog of death.
You are as near as the sea
and equally far as that
I reckon, henceforth in the same way
amidst these whistling trees
and with the melody of the paddy bunches,
wish, I could die young, smiling
secretly /mute / alone
you are as near as the sea
and equally far as that.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Krishna Joshi
Name: Krishna Prasad Joshi
Date of birth/place: February 2, 1939, Bhojpur
Phone: 977-9741135772
Literary debut: 1957
First publication: in **Balsahitya** (Around 2013)
At national level: *Mero Parobinako Aina* (In **Gorkhapatra**, 1962, December 29)



क्रिष्ण जोशी

Works: **Bisangat Swarharoo** (Collection of lyrical verse, 1992), **Pokharibhittrako Shataabdi** (1997), **Aago-Samudra: Pani-Samudra** (2001), **Chitradamsha** (Collection of poems, 2004), **Kathmandu Waripari**, **Mrityu Dohorinchha Ma Banchen Bhane**, **Asammat Sammat** (Novels)

Awards/honors: Prabal Gorkha Dakshin Bahu, Coronation Medal, Janpad Dirghasewa Medal, Janapad Service Medal, Daivi Prakop Pidotoddhar Medal, Vyathit Kavya Award, Certificate of Honor

About his poetics

On poetry: "Poetry is not a mere description of the manifest life; it also is the excavation of the chaos within it."

Self estimation: "In my opinion, I am the person I love the most."

Editor's assessment: Krishna Joshi is a poet of fine human sensibilities and his poems are melodious tunes in favor of a beautiful life. An intricate spectrum of the spirits of contemporariness, existence and beauty are his poetic trademarks, while it is his hobby to dive into the marine waves of poetry. In totality, his poetic fame rests in modern Nepali poetry.

●

Krishna Joshi

Before Reaching the Summit

●

More than its accomplishment
the commencement of a trip
somewhere makes the mind more revolting
the reckoning of getting drowned into a river
sitting at the bank
stirs the mind more than
the act of getting drowned in its depth.

More than a post-crime trauma
the preparations for the crime
burn the mind more like in fire
more than an advance towards the crime
the swerving nature of mind
has to face the charge.

Before getting caught in a major accident,
It is often worthwhile
to prevent a move towards the site of mishap;
before an error takes place
it is harder to cherish
the anticipation of its pleasure.

More than forgetting after its procurement
the worth of a thing sought,
the beginning of a search-campaign
is costlier and more pleasing.
More than ravishing each single pretty part,
the enchantment of roving around
is more intricate.

To have a measure of the depth
more than descending from the hilltop,
the commencement of a downhill trip
after a prolonged watch from the top
is more taxing.

Before getting spent and exhausted
on the apex, cold as the snow and the wind,
it is more demanding to leave the top
before actually stepping onto it,
yes, an utterly tiring job.

The wounds of small mishaps
are more painful than those of the bigger ones,
hanging eyes along shops and towns is more wearing
than exchanging them with solitary woods
with gazes stolen from the rest, albeit for just a few moments.
Lamps have been lit in every house,
the darkness too is equally rare
there is a rush to scale the mount,
leaving the top ere its conquest is difficult too,
there is a haste, to face tiny events
to avert the major mishaps.

●

Gods Soaked in Tears

●

Water as water
and cliffs as landslide
are trembling
as though people are stepping
upon death, and not water
and upon landslide.

The ravenous kites and hawks
are flying across the human sky
with human taste, clenched within their beaks.
It seems, people are living
the hunger-torn lives of kites and hawks,
waiting for the apocalyptic moment
that comes abruptly from all directions; from all inlets.

A foul odor is spilled,
here, in dwelling places
puked out of satiated definitions of life.

It's not easy to trust
every moment can be toxic;
it's equally difficult to mistrust,
some moments can be daring too!

At the moment, I am looking for men
within their last editions
in the claws of tigers, bears and leopards,
and on the fangs of the snakes
on the faces of an assaulting time,
and sometimes among people beyond people.

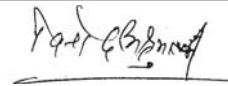
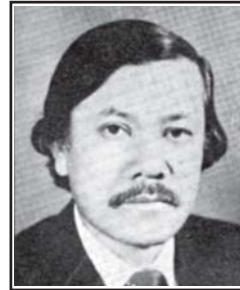
There an unshaken trust,
and hence, gods are the ultimate centers of faith
there is a lot of mistrust
and so are gods, devoid of blessings.

I am blank,
which class of a death should I offer
the Gods are drenched in stony tears.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Binod Ashrumali
Name: Vinod Kumar Kafle Chettri
Date of birth/place: March 14, 1939, Jhapa
Phone: 977-1- 4489240
Literary debut: 1961
First publication: Around 1962 (in *Bhanu*)
At national level: "
Works: *Ek Anjuli Junkiri* (Collection of poems), *Sanchay*
Awards/honors: First Prize in Poetic Meet (1946)



About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the fruit of knowledge, sowed by tilling the arid land of life with the plough of experience, ripen on the slope of the heart, cooked in the oven of the brain, and served in the dishes of words.

Self estimation: Whenever I have to bow, I can become the humid cloud, and become a firm mountain when I need to stop. But, when I observe myself minutely, I become a handkerchief squeezed into the pocket.

Editor's assessment: Poet Ashrumali, who believes that life should have a preponderance of humane attributes like love, mercy and compassion by displacing injustice, atrocities and exploitation prevalent in the society, wants to establish truth, welfare and beauty as far as possible. He believes that literature should have the welfare motive of guiding the society. His poetry too appears to be endeavoring to establish the truth circumscribing this motive.

●

Binod Ashrumali

I am Walking upon the Night

●

Squeezing the night into the eyes,
I lick a drop, every night.
Sleepers, sleep!
You own a thousand of dreams.
If I say it's night too, and retire to sleep
the sun, the moon and all the stars of the sky
will go into sleep too
along with me.
My cute, tranquil and immense silence
shall flow as river water
and before my notice
the money plant in my room
shall have grown a little;
color and fragrance shall mount on flowers.

I don't want to get
every creative moment snapped from life
therefore, like my days,
I smother my nights on the neck
and hurl them on the floor;
scatter the pieces and bits.

**You the sleepers,
who take the time for night,
sleep!
You the busts of a thousand realities!**

**My mothers
have been placed on auction;
I am tension-free
and independent too
I am not in the clutches of any sleep
nor within the traps of dreams.**

**I have no morning, hence
and no night either.
I have the scorching sun of midday
mounted on my back.
I have no fear of anything, anymore.**

**I am walking upon the nights.
My feet are blood-smeared
I am leaving footprints.
Caution! Sleepers,
you are the masters of a thousand dreams,
and you are the busts of a thousand realities!**
●

How Long?

●
**Let me see how long
will the claws of the octopus
clench my heart and liver?**

**My thought reddens in blood,
every morning, as soon as I wake up
feeling gets lame,
and the heart city tremors with quakes
here, a fire has broken out
smoke rises in fumes
a wail resonates out of every organ,
and the entire body is tearing apart.**

**This life, sabotaged from the lap of motherly love
is dangling on the tall love tree
it cannot fly, for it is bound
it cannot sit, for there is no earth beneath.
Every summer,
rivers and brooks run
washing the feet of the antique mountain.
Every autumn wipes the sky
and smiles
but this heart of mine
bearing a green Himalaya of agony
always slips into silent sleeps.**

**Let me see how long
will rhododendron and marigold
keep pricking the heart and the liver?**

●

Life: An Uncrossed Stamp

●

**This unfinished life
leaves everything else unfinished
the earth and the sky
the sun, the moon and the stars
everything
is half-built,
and unfinished.
But, in the midst of this unfinished tale,
whenever you smile
this life appears
like a stamp on an envelope,
yet to receive the postal cross.**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Kali Prasad Rijal
Name: Kali Prasad Rijal
Date of birth/place: March 22, 1940, Dharan
Phone: 977-1- 4470779
Literary debut: 1951
First publication: *Samjhanako Badhile Bedanako Mool Phutayo* (1951)

At national level: *Mayako Pradesh* (in **Jyoti**, 1957)

Works: **Jwarbhata** (1963), **Rijalka** (1969), **Yo Prashna Kosita Sodhou** (1991), **Aafailai Harayepachhi** (Collection of poems, 1975), **Ke Chha ra Jindagi**, **Bitaidinchhu** (Collection of poems and songs, 1979), **Aankha Chhopi Narou Bhanee** (Collection of songs, 1989), **Kehi Geet**, **Kehi Ghazal** (Collection of songs and ghazals, 1998), **Sumnima** (Hindi Translation of B.P. Koirala's novel **Sumnima**, 1967), **Yashodhara** (Poetic drama, 2003), and many albums of songs

Awards/honors: Pragma Pratisthan Medal (1964), Ratna Shri Gold Medal (1978), Chhinnalata Award (1993), Harihar Sashtri-Savitri Devi Sahitya Award (1997), Krishna Kumari Manorath Nepal Sahitya Award (2002), National Talent Award of the government rejected in 2001; felicitated with many other honors



About his poetics

On poetry: I am of the opinion that poems should reach the maximum number of readers, and each poet should give his/her personal style and trait in literary creations. The poems of Kali Prasad Rijal should bear his own style and trait. It should not be smothered by slogans, speeches and political orientations. Literature should remain purely literature. I request the coming generation to think in this direction.

Self estimation: I have the vices and virtues that belong to an ordinary human being. I feel, I have not been able to do what I am capable of in literature. Moreover, I always had to split between literary personality and other practical, vocational personality. Amid the tussle and transgression of these personalities, I always felt the inability to escape, and was doomed to be pressed down by pressures.

Editor's assessment: Poet Kali Prasad Rijal is also known for his successful songs of love and pain. His trademark lies in his ability to express human sensibilities marred by contemporary happenings, assimilating the spirit of time in simple and lucid musicality.

●

Kali Prasad Rijal

Looking into the Mirror

●

Looking into the mirror,
I reckon, I had had a glimpse of myself, somewhere
like having known; like having talked with.

Unsure, in solitude or in crowd,
in happiness or among sobs,
in dreams or in reality
in the courtyard or in a foreign land
or else, on someone's face
I feel like having met; like having seen.

Looking into the mirror
I seemingly spot the shadow of my own heart
falling on the face
like having touched the self,
like some secrecies unmasked,
like hurling queries unto the self; like questioning across.

The self, seemingly being hunted by own eyes,
the eyes seem drooping,
apparently with some vacillation, and some fear
like the self, being hid,
somewhere among the nooks, deep within the self.

Seemingly helpless
seemingly tired
miserable, hapless,
empty, devoid of all enthusiasms
exhausted hunter, exhausted prey,
unable to chase, unable to run
both apparently fallen on the same spot
as though an arrow, and a heart
have been laid together.

Looking into the mirror, I feel
like being taken around myself
by my own crowd
with black soot self-smeared over the face,
being carried along on my own cart,
beating the tin up with my own heart
amidst self-spitting and self uproar.
Looking into the mirror, sometimes,
I feel like tearing my own mouth up.

I feel I should smash the eyes, and break the head
with stones hurled by the self,
I feel like reducing myself to innumerable pieces
looking into the mirror, at times,
I feel, I should caress, and wipe my tears myself;
place in my own lap, and tenderly kiss and love.

At times I feel, I should embrace the self,
and cry in arms to my limits;
give myself a wash, but perhaps,
a mere glass shall come into arms
and a forceful smother might break it to pieces.
It might prick, and blood might ooze
the glass pieces remind me of self-fragmentation
a feeling of deep cut, somewhere within
and feels as though my own self, and not blood, is flowing.
It feels as though the self aches somewhere within.

A glass answers a question with a question,
every gesture too in the same gesture,
looking into it, I feel like being frozen into glass,
and the self getting locked into my own frame
and feel as if the mirror, and not I, is looking out
as if the self is mounted on the self with studs,
as if I have stripped myself naked with my sight,
and caught my guilty hands with my own hands
as if, I hold my own anatomy,
hanging the self down my own head,
seemingly killing and locking the self within,
like getting the self, and spending everything.

●

Self-portrait

●
Those who like me
often say,
"His poems are good
and the songs beautiful too
but the man as such, is bad."
It gives me utter satisfaction to hear that
and I experience a profound pleasure.
After five decades
of my dedication to literature,
if someone comes today and says
that the man as such is good,
but his poems and songs are not,
O God,
what would my state be?
●

About the poet

Literary name: Purna Vaidya
Name: Purna Bahadur Vaidya
Date of birth/place: August 27, 1940, Bhaktapur
Phone: 977-1- 4224243
Literary debut: At the age of 12/13
First publication: *Bihan* (in ***Bihan***, around 1955)
At national level: *Santapta Dhartima Ubhiyera* (in ***Uday***, around 1959)



पुर्णवैद्य

Works: ***Purna Vaidyaka Kavita*** (2000),
Sarasu (in Newari, 1966), ***Kavitaya Laagaa*** (On poetry, 1964), ***La: La: Kha:*** (Series of poems on water 1996), ***Ji Chhagu***
Abhivyakti Yugya (Collection of essays)

Awards/honors: Shrestha Sirapa Award (for poetry), Shrestha Sirapa Award (for essays), Ashwikriti Vichar Sahitya Award (2001), Sahitya Sandhya Award (2002), Bishistha Samman (Progressive Writers' Association, 2006), Felicitated by Bhaktapur Literary Society (2006)

About his poetics

On poetry: "Poetry is a creative confluence of sentiments and experiences, where the author executes his social responsibilities as well."

Self estimation: "A simple and easy man with self respect, concerned more with others' wellbeing, swayed more by friendliness and compassion, a social character, discharging poetic obligations."

Editor's assessment: Though poet Purna Vaidya is a prominent name in Newari poesy, he has equally exponential position in Nepali poetry as well. For him, poetry is a type of image. With linguistic artistry, he gives images a shape with the help of symbols, and directs the readers to the goal making them comprehend the subtle shade of meanings. He establishes intimacy with the present experiencing the eternal universal truth and human reality, and presents himself in simple terms even in those works that appear personal. In totality, he is a forceful and artistic signature of the confluence of voice and skill, of feelings and language, of experiences and expression.

●

Purna Vaidya

In a Fragmented Life

●

Having failed to exchange
some of my thoughts with practicality,
I, a life—
have returned
from today's market
having been proven useless,
many a time.

In this marketplace
where I have lost my worth,
I have come, losing my own self
many a time,
having slipped on the body of the civilization,
that has come slithering,
like a huge, glistening serpent.
I have come, having described my own attributes
as I, diametrically against the values in vogue.
Every day,
falling off the stairs of devaluation,

my entire form
carried along in youthful strength
has spilled all around
in this sludgy crossroad.
Having failed to gather up
my form has shattered
in front of the cruel vanity of many men;
having been stepped upon everywhere,
I am torn apart today,
in my own evolving shape
I have broken into fragments;
fallen apart from the form of my own choice
a fragmented I,
am living aghast a deformed life
shattered into fragments,
losing my own shape.
Like a tree,
whose grandeur of form is contracted
densely inside a kernel,
I, a trace of my own form
cramped within the limits
of a hindered situation
am set out, slipping through limitations and uncertainty
to explore a firmament of my own form
and to expand.
But, in the midst of my search for light,
the filthy, dark times here
have eaten me up
like a seed devoured by worms.
This life
patched up by mere consolations
has tattered everywhere
having been caught in barbed realities
stretched everywhere.
Do you know?
Time has appeared bare
at those spots where I –a life – have been torn apart.
Monstrosity and delinquencies
have been oozing, like puss,
out of a wound.
In this marketplace
where a bogus traffic of one's destiny takes place,
I have turned up to retrieve myself,
to search out my land

in order to bind up and extend patiently
the grains of my wrecked form.
Once again, I am making a come back
to this land of rampant bargains
to ask what my worth is;
I am coming to exchange my belief,
among the conducts of this land.

●

Truth

●

Truth
is an ocean of water!
People fill it
according to their own vessels.

And they,
engage themselves in mutual wrangling
over the question of its length, breadth and depth.
After all, who can find
fault with their own vessels?

●

About the poet

Literary Name: Krishna Bhakta Shrestha
Name: Krishna Bhakta Shrestha
Date of birth/place: October, 1940, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1- 4220307
Email: pushpa@info.com.np
Literary debut: At the age of 12/13
First publication: In *Sharada* or *Pragati* (around 1954/55)
At national level: "



अभिमान

Works: *Krishna Bhakta Shresthaka Kavita* (1976), *Manchheko Katha* (1996), *Raatko Das Baje* (2003), *Thulo Manchhe* (Collection of poems, 2004); Editing of *Madhuparka*, *Gorkhapatra*

Awards/honors: Vyathit Poetic Award, Devkota Poetic Honor, Harihar Shastri-Savitri Devi Literary Award

About his poetics

On poetry: I don't have any fixed viewpoint.

Self estimation: Don't know; I have not been able to trace myself.

Editor's assessment: Experimental in approach, Krishna Bhakta Shrestha is a prominent continuation in poetic sequence of modern Nepali verses. His poems are artistic feelings of man's pain between understanding and not-understanding, between having and not having. There are also existent, festive self-blessings of a human consciousness doomed to be banished from the self, destined to get extinguished like a saint that has forgotten the path of his transcendence, fated to be vanquished even before a war. It appears as if the poet has attained salvation in his poetry, vindicating a bold acceptance of death with honor.

●

Krishna Bhakta Shrestha

An Accursed Life

●

The one who opens the eyes
before time is ripe
can see many things
both decent and indigent.
This way, the eyes opened for once
cannot be closed at will,
nor can one feign blindness to sights seen.

Compulsion to see
is a sin
and it needs to be redeemed
by seeing even more.

This, in itself, is a curse too
doomed to see more than what has been seen
till the sight is rendered completely naked
this is a penalty too
doomed, like Sisyphus,
to bear a burden, lifelong
without provisions for rest.

Therefore, accursed is man,
terrorized and doomed too
with eyes that open
and the agony,
engendered by the compulsion to see
once they open.

●

To Human

●

Would not it be enough
for human,
yes, for human, to be human alone!
Why is human tempted to prove itself
a great warrior
collecting ethereal, divine arms
both plentiful and rare!
Why is human bent
on becoming superhuman
amidst clamor and holler,
with a pack of jackals following!
Why is human set to prove itself god,
blinding its devotees
on the pretext of opening eyes!
Would not it be enough
for human,
yes, for human, to be human alone!

●

Alone in Solitude

●

From thorny blue shrubs, and nettles
sprouted on a mound, in an arid field.
I minutely observed
with head raised, like a lizard
the fake
spurious
writ-like existence of this place,
and the personality of a man like me.

And
with a start,
turning both the eyes within,
I want to see what I am.
Like a tortoise
with head and limbs projected out,
I want to squeeze myself.
Stretching the long neck
like a heron,
I want to scratch my grain-packed crop
with my own beak.

I would further long,
like a smoldered bull,
to chew the cud of everything devored in haste
sitting alone
in solitude.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Yuddhabir Rana
Name: Yuddhabir Rana
Date of birth/place: November, 1941, Gulmi
Phone: 0091-3751260149
Literary debut: Around 1964/65
First publication: *Tyo Thau (Yugrekha)*, 1971)
At national level: *Gham, Tyo Hami ra Hami, Malai Chhoderi Gayeko Bainsa* (in **Nepali Kavitaayatna**, 1990)



Works: *Chihan Napayeka Takmaharoo* (Short epic)

Awards/honors: First is woodcarving (1966), Awarded for art (1974), Honored for Art and Culture (1996), Honored for painting and sculpture (2004), National Award (Nepali Sahitya Parishad, Sikkim), Krishna Smriti Award and Honor (2004)

About his Poetics

On poetry: "Poetry is a pleasant experience of things heard and seen; of pain and sorrow that mark life. Poetry and epic are melodious and touchy expressions of experiences, carved with thoughts compacted in a few words in simplicity. Poetry is an art. A poem that lacks art is devoid of melody, though it might have serious thoughts. That is why; few poets become favorite, though poets are many."

Self estimation: —

Editor's assessment: Poet Yuddhabir Rana is a strong signature of modern Nepali poetry. The poetry of experimentalist Rana is capable of asserting the poet's existence with aesthetic manifestation. It can be sensed that in his poetry subjects of finite human sensibilities get articulated in simple and attractive images of nature. His poetic achievement is marked by the confluence of the seriousness of thought and the artistry of craftsmanship.

●

Yuddhabir Rana

History, Give back My Sugauli Documents

●

Everyday, history gets crossed here
everyday, its pages are changed here
everyday, its chapters get altered here
yes, this history chews events, and swallows them;
history swallows events here.

History has swallowed the storm of Changhez here,
and has gulped the tempest of Sultan Mohammad.
It has chewed the brimming brooks of the *Maana*.

At present too,

history is full with the storm of Assam.

What difference did the birth of Buddha and Ashoka make?

What did raising of slogans
with flags of Gandhian thoughts, bring forth?

History is groaning with pain,
for, its ingestion of *Lakhimpur*, *Gahapur*, and *Neli*
has remained undigested.

History, give back my Amar Singh and Bhakti Thapa,
return my Kalu Pandey and Balabhadra too.

Give back my Sugauli documents!

It was a blunder on my part
that I gave them to you.

Look at my face; how I am living a dead man's life!

I want to throw each line of the Sugauli paper,
into the flow of the *Brahmaputra*

in the same way when

Tista had cleansed

the clotted bloodstains

and *Kangada* had rinsed the blotted swords and the khukris.

Once again, I want to wash and discharge into the river
the lines of an unjust history.

●

A Crippled Life

●

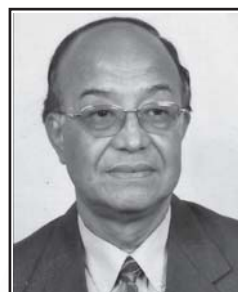
The skyscrapers towering in the space,
too shelter people
that wail even in laughter.
Down, on the ground
in adobe, grass houses,
people live too,
and smiles rise in tears
that fall on the dry pieces of bread.
They embrace the freezing cold of winter
curling up; limbs cramped against the shrunken bellies.
The sun rises in the brown water of sugarless tea,
and they stretch their strained limbs
a child stops sucking the mothers' breasts,
with a start, and displays a brief smile;
it points skyward, to a scraper,
the mother sheds tears of smile
with her fingers on the child's lips
laughter weeps from above,
clean tears appear in her eyes,
the scorching heat of the daytime sun can brand their backs dry,
enduring through it, the bare back has turned into a shield,
the chilly cold winter passes
unnoticed, before the poked logs yield fire,
like in yester years
rain and fall, this year too,
slipped off the palms, and receded.
When did spring come in life,
and brought blossoms on flowers,
or if it never came, has remained unknown.
This day too slipped, like yesterday
like the stars in the sky
cuddling a measureless blue musing in the chest
the blossoms of life wither and fall,
while man remains busy
procuring bread for morn and eve.

As if, every forehead bears similar lines
the sun rises in the sky
but in life? It could not.
Every year, seasons change on earth,
but life has changed into a stone here
this trail with all toils
could not develop into a road
life here therefore, blooms in tears
what if the morning comes bearing the sun?
The moon never blesses a new-moon night
the flickering wick of the oil lamp
on the fringe of the fireplace
could never change into the sun
this bare and hungry predicament
can never engender a revolt
for, manliness is wanting here
everyone has been rendered lame, feeble and handicapped,
and cannot run with the age
nor can they engender an age representative
life merely thrives here for someone
with tears concealed inside the heart
life has displayed smiles for someone.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Tulasi Diwas
Name: Tulasi Prasad Joshi
Date of birth/place: July, 1941, Dhankuta
Phone: 977-1- 5522690
Email: tdiwasa@info.com.np
Literary debut: Around 1955/56
First publication: In *Jyoti* (1958)
At national level: *Hridayako Balak* (in *Rachana*, 1961)



तुलसी दिवास

Works: *Tulasi Diwaska Kavita* (1983),
Nepali Lokkatha: Kehi Adhyayan, Dhimal Lokdharma ra Sanskriti, Pradarshankari Dhimal Loksanskriti, Nepali Bajaharu, Nepali Lokkatha, Nepali Loksanskriti Sangosthi; Editing of *Seven Poets* (in English)

Awards/honors: Pragya Award (1961), Dinkar International Literary Award (1991), Eminent Poets Award, National Poetry Convention Award (1961), Lok Sahitya Award (1982)

About his poetics

On poetry: I feel that poetry is the best linguistic manifestation and achievement of man's creative talent so far. Poetry, I feel, has given me a viewpoint to see myself. One can give a conjoint articulation to life, aesthetic consciousness and utility in their entirety in poetry.

Self estimation: I am still searching for myself.

Editor's assessment: A poet who opts to be a confluence of the spirits of time and culture, Diwas is a prominent name in modern Nepali poetry. Decent and effective expression, marked by a beautiful arrangement of images and symbols are the creative outcomes of his brilliant poetic flair, while his poems are the internal echoes of fine human sensibilities. When the serene blue firmament within gets smoldered and the way turns dark and deep, the poet joins the blue procession of the silent and mute ocean, even without his own knowledge. A talent of this order, Diwas is at the pinnacle of modern Nepali poetic achievement.

●

Tulasi Diwas

A Travelogue

●

Travelers are perplexed
when the road bends itself at a turn
in the midst of their journey.

The climbers are perplexed
when the climbing trail itself turns downhill
in the midst of a climb.

The descenders are perplexed
when a descending trail itself turns uphill
in the midst of a descent.

Travelers are perplexed
when the road bends itself at a turn
in the midst of their journey.

●

Tree: A Mental Image

●

Wherever,
and whenever we see
big and small circular patterns
on the bole of a tree fallen on the ground,
we can make out for sure,
that, standing alone on the back of a mountain
amidst deepened gorges and gliding landslides,
the old tree in its life
bore the load of pain, again and again,
pain, as limitless as the mountain itself.

A tree too has a heart, and sensibilities
and the silent quivering ripples of feelings
that rise in the extended pond of the heart
preserve in minute forms
the large and small incidents of its life
and personal reflections and experiences
one after another,
in the form of a creative archive
carved in full and semi circular carvings – black and blue.

But we gratify
taking them for sublime artistry
carved originally by the nature itself.
In fact scribed by the tree itself,
they are personal accounts,
full of autobiographical details,
infused in the cantos of innumerable boughs.
But, we have bequeathed in caves
the first book of alphabet
bearing and language and script of a tree
when, leaving the jungle, long ago,
all of a sudden
we headed towards the town.

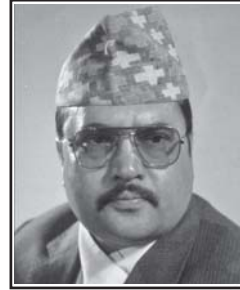
For these reasons, the trees these days,
are, in groups
making exits from the dense woods of our heart
and, lying in succession
as logs on the ground, everywhere.

Alas, unless they fall on the ground
we fail to read the legend of their life
and are repeatedly failing.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Hem Hamal
Name: Hem Hamal
Date of birth/place: September, 1941, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1-4473553
Email: hemhamal@hotmail.com
Literary debut: Around 1950
First publication: In *Halkhabar* (1958)
At national level: *Phoolbari* (in *Rooprekha*, 1960)



Works: *Yo Sahar Chhadnubhanda Pahile* (1972), *Gaun Gaunjasto Chhaina, Sahar Saharjasto Chhaina* (1982), *Hem Hamalka Kavita* (2000), *Sahar ra Sapana* (Collection of poetry, 2005)

Awards/honors: Basu Shashi Memorial Award (2004), Felicitated by Writers' Club and Bagar Foundation (1996)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is that dear genre that befriends a man when he has no companion around.

Self estimation: Silent and mute, a man entangled in himself.

Editor's assessment: Hem Hamal, like an author behind the screen, keeping his own pace in the melody of dream inside the image of village and town, is a well-known poet of his time. It is his hobby to weave poetry from the depth of sensibilities in a sweet and lucid style, infused with the seriousness of thoughts and beauty of metricality. He has left his own footprints in poetry, but the steps transcend to everyone's steps with time. He has his personal owes, which too in due course become everybody's. The experiences that are his personal become others', and so do his heart and his life. It is here where we can trace is poetic pinnacle.

●

Hem Hamal

The Refugee

●

Into whose ocean should I sneak and dive,
in whose hills should I hide?
Which country should a star
falling from the sky remember?

On the charge of my religion
my caste,
my pug nose,
and my shabby face,
I had to leave my country
at broad daylight
leaving the door open
doomed to head for an aimless direction.

Do not demolish this home,
preserve the sun that rises every morning,
I shall certainly come back
keep a lamp burning.
For the present, I shall somehow seek a landing
taking shelter in a land, alien to own destiny.

●

Dream

•

[1]

Always,
I dream of migrating.
I reach out to new villages,
and see myself cementing bricks to erect a house
somewhere in an unknown land
on the top of a hill,
I come to embrace
the trunk of an eucalyptus
I happen to clad in new clothes
at such moments
and a thick fog comes
and screens everything out of sight.

I see red color,
slowly mounting upon a white rose,
I see the rainbow embellish
the blue sky with different hues,
and dream of a beloved wedded to someone else.
I dream of skating on the glacier playfully,
and the more I slip downhill,
the more I mount on the hilltop
I always dream of ascending the mountain,
mounted on a white horse.

[2]

**I always dream
of reaching a nameless land
with no borders or frontiers
and of meeting nameless people;
scattered along tracks and trails
I see eyes alone
and hands alone
and sometimes, legs alone.**

**I see the hearts of some people
sagging out of their breasts,
some hands full of brain
and some hands full of other hands
and in some, hearts full of bellies.**

[3]

**Always in my dream,
as I walk along,
I see people getting absorbed and lost
on the way.
The road appears running over people,
cyclones rise along a river and engulf the town,
and I see the river
carrying away people's dignity and honor.**

**Always in my dream,
I see locusts fly, covering the sky
and clouds gathering to make a country.**

**In the sky,
that has always been an endless firmament
for humans since epochs and eons,
I always dream
of the footprints of
Neil Armstrong.**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Banshi Shrestha
Name: Banshilal Shrestha
Date of birth/place: July 9, 1942, Kavre
Phone: 977-1-4474117

Literary debut: Around 1956
First publication: *Anjali* (in **Paluwa**)

At national level: *Sandheharoo* (in **Sahitya**, 1961)

Works: **Bhismako** **Pranaygeet**, **Mahakavyako Mrityu** (Collections of poetry), **Banshi Shresthako Nibandhasangraha**, **Ramananda Joshi** (Biography and pictorial commentary), **Upendra Shresthaka Kavita**, **Yuddha Aparadhi** (Japanese Biography), Editing of **Paluwa**, **Dhoopi**, **Janvarta**, and **The Everest**

Awards/honors: Sunkoshi Sahitya Pratisthan Honor (1997), Garima Award (1997)



बन्शी श्रेष्ठ

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a genre in which the manifestations of the experiences of the living moments of life are written from the spectacle of beauty.

Self estimation: A researcher of eternal truth and physical truth.

Editor's assessment: A seeker of life and lively images in literature Banshi Shrestha is a poetic talent that is against the erection of any boundary line around poetry. His verses are aesthetic sprouts exuberating from the depth of humane sensations. An artist and art critic himself, Shrestha renders his poetry an artistic flavor. In totality, a summation of emotion, intellectuality, philosophical, symbolic depiction, marked by mythical beauty form the distinctive feature of his poetry.

●

Banshi Shrestha

The Dreams on a Riverbank

●

Playing on the banks of *Indrawati* and *Sunkoshi*,
with books placed upon a big stone,
no one knows what dream,
these small children, who are throwing pebbles
and paper boasts into the river,
are nurturing!

But on straight looks
these innocent children, with bare feet and semi-naked bodies
seem to be playing in their own fairyland
let alone space war policies and issues of peace zones,
for these children, mindless of what they ought to learn later,
the musings of grand ambitions
might sound as vast as the sky
and as benevolent as the earth!

Dhruva and Buddha too grew,
along river banks and fringes of woods
Saint Diogenes and Jesus too
grew around riverbanks and hills
Lumbini is the emblem of Ashoka's renunciation,
and Diogenes, the emblem of Alexander's disillusionment
but the readers of history tend to forget
these emblems of Ashoka's and Alexander's renunciation
indeed, both had renounced
failing to accomplish their cravings;
unable to materialize their musings for greatness.

Flowing is a river's nature – it flows
the sun will shine in its own accord
and the earth renders itself fertile, day and night
for welfare alone
who has after all, emptied of renunciation and sacrifice?
It is the killing swords that lose their essence
if the dreams of these innocent semi-naked ones are shattered.
How happily these small children,
are playing in utter freedom
on riverbanks, and near the forest ridges!

In the same way
as I walked along the banks of *Sudima*, *Gawa* and *Thames*,
I saw small children playing too,
weaving the pictures of their own dreams.

We have grown up!
Yet, it is possible that we have gone astray
or have propounded some of our visions well.
Let's, therefore allow the fruition of the dreams
of these children, who play
throwing pebbles into the river
and floating paper-boats on its water.
We too had played, after all, in the same way
on riverbanks, and on ridges in the woods.

●

Children in the Refugee Camp

●

The refugee camp – a part of this nation
refugee mothers beget their children there.

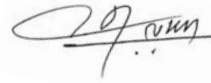
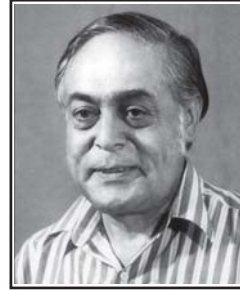
Afterward, after some time, a child declares:
I am not an exile, nor a proletariat
I am not an enslaved labor, or a slum-dweller,
I am born in a refugee camp, granted,
but I am not a beggar, wandering with a grail.

The guards of demarcated land
do not permit him to leave the camp
and he questions:
Does the constitution of this nation
or any other nation
put a ban on the right
to search for a nation?
The poor child raises slogans,
and delivers his speech: I need a nation.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Kshetra Pratap Adhikari
Name: Kshetra Pratap Adhikari
Date of birth/place: March 25, 1943, Tanahun
Phone: 977-1-4473383
Literary debut: From 1964
First publication: *Soyuj Yaan* (in **Gorkhapatra**, 1964)
At national level: *Timro Roop Mero Rekha* (in **Rooprekha**, 1967)



Works: **Rahar Lagera** (1969), **Gambeshika Geet** (1976), **Pahaddekhi Pahadsamma** (2084), **Naphuleka Phoolharoo** (1997), **Pheri Euta Parivartan** (1999), **Yuddhaka Chhayaharu** (Collection of poems, 2007)

Awards/honors: Sajha Award (1997), Chhinlata Award (1997)

About his Poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a genre that is written in sorrow and joy. When I write, I write my nation.

Self estimation: I am a man bothered by evolutionary ideas. Being a man ascending from a difficult background, my thoughts are more bent on the people of lower strata. People see the Rara in Mugu; I think of those who inhabit a plane much lower the Rara.

Editor's assessment: Kshetra Pratap Adhikari is a poet recognized for his nationalistic themes in poetry. Diving in the contemplation of social and national welfare, to the welfare of the universal human, his poems elevate like the Himalayas, resound like cascades, and flow like rivers. In totality, they dance with love. His poems manifest the age-old, fundamental aspiration, desire, security, life and the sequence of living, manifested as a procedural difference of the present. Somewhere these sensibilities reflect in our folk images.

●

Kshetra Pratap Adhikari

Some Muktaqs on Love

-
- Early this morning,
a beautiful bird
left the old tree
and took an uncertain route.
- Wish, this happy journey of yours
does not turn out to be
the last line of my poem.
- Like your room
my mind too is
cold today,
and empty.
- My spirit, brain and heart
bear the confluence of
the triple-braid of your love.
- Why will you believe
the true tale of
my solitude at your absence
when I cannot believe it myself?
- You had told,
'Physical relation is the end of love'
but
the divine tale of my love
started from that very point.
- Had our love been ordinary,
valediction could be marked
merely by crying,
and rinsed, merely by washing.
- Where should I kiss with these lips
and where should I extend hands?
The days scorch,
and the nights gnaw.
- You are a pure vessel
why a peepal leaf alone?
You can accommodate even a rhododendron!
- If this love is an offense
curse it!
You rise in the form of fire
I will cast all my remains into it.
-

Gaine

●

Have you ever turned your pupil
to sludge in the field, dry even to its depth
wailing for a drop of water
in the midst of a terrible drought?

Have you tendered a handful of sun
to the lives, lying cold as the dew
cloaked in an imaginary warmth

in the chilly, freezing mound?

In a shrunken pitch
the mistrel harps the nation on his *sarangi*;
have you ever lain a step
on any antique village?

This much is
my brief history.
Have you ever written a word?

●

The Best Poem

●

**The government
the Maoists
ceasefire.**

**The allegations of being terrorists
the prizes on heads
and the withdrawal of the red-corner notice.**

**Dialogue team announced
Baburam coordinator
Nepal Bandh withdrawn.**

**Anniversary
to be peacefully observed.**

**This news —
is a sun sublime
of this state
This news—
is the best rhyme
of this decade.**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Kundan Sharma
Name: Kundan Sharma
Date of birth/place: October, 1943, Birgunj
Phone: 91-9899274013 (India)
Literary debut: —
First publication: —
At national level: *Sadakai Sadakma* (in *Kavita*, 2021)
Works: *Mera Kavitaroo* (1998), *Yo Man* (Collection of poems, 1995), *Euti Chhoriko Katha* (Collection of poems, 2004)
Awards/honors: —



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About her poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a magical reflection of words, where even rebellion and pain appear beautiful.

Self estimation: Taking pride in my womanhood, I am not against men, but am an ardent critique of their dictatorial attitude. I don't evaluate myself in relation to them; rather seek my independent existence in struggle with my own lovable heart. Though already tired, the 'I' within me is always heading towards yet newer exhaustion, though it knows, it shall meet its end on the endless road.

Editor's assessment: An influential woman signature in Nepali verses, Kundan Sharma has penned poems that are the documents of fine human feelings with feministic view. In a distinctive poetic framework, her honest experiences are archived, and these appear highly successful in inventing the echoes of deep feelings, worthy of great poetry.

●

Kundan Sharma

Along Roads after Roads

●

Oops! A road never ends
one follows the other
and one crisscrosses the other.
The roads, and this doom to keep going
are perhaps accursed from somewhere.
What a mind,
never satiating!
My spent legs that drag along ask,
where to, further?
This exhaustion
has extended to the entire body
and yet, why can't I stop?

A reality it is ours, that on a road edge some day,
we are destined to fall in the final exhaustion!
But the road might extend further,
without an end....
No, why didn't I learn to end?
I had extended the ken
far and wide to seek
my own destination
why did I continue forward,
though it was of no avail?
Why did I? Why?
after all, why?
A road never ends
one joins the other...
And I never pause,
though spent to the core
always proceeding towards a graver exhaustion.
I know, I shall end
somewhere on the endless road.
And to the obligation of this trip,
I shall always try to impart a worth
by making it my home, my town and the world.
Rendering the new one old
I proceed towards the newer.
How can I tell
that my trip is worthless?
It is to seek 'worth' that I am moving
worth of this empty heart
of the predicaments to keep walking,
of life, intrigued by
the binaries of 'yes' and 'no' -
two conflicting realities.
I am propelled forward by every 'why'
I am no longer there,
where I started
and shall not be there
where I am now.
'Why' ends with 'forward'
and every 'forward' engenders a 'why'.
My attempt to keep walking ever
cannot wind a road up.
I keep walking, all the time
defeated from the self.
A single demarcation
could not keep me confined.

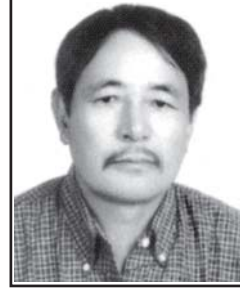
**When did I ever comply
to remain bound?
A road, after all, never ends
.....
One crisscrosses the other.**

**I built a road,
to keep walking; always to head for a newer one
but, why is there a new stile
in front of every step I take?
Why am I halted
and explanations sought from myself
about my lot to keep going?
About my heart that is gradually running out?
And about this comical life?....**



About the poet

Literary name: Jasraj Kirati
Name: Jasraj Kirati
Date of birth/place: August 1, 1945, Khotang
Phone: 977-35-690548
Literary debut: Around 1963/64
First publication: *Tyo Ardhachandra* (in **Joonkiri**, around 2024)
At national level: In **Abhivyakti**



Works: *Ujyalo Khojne Aankhaharoo* (1979), *Jasraj Kiratika Kavita* (2000), *Jasraj Kiratika Pratinidhi Kavitaharoo* (1978)

Awards/honors: Citation (Navapratibha Sahityik Manch, Khotang, 1996), Pratibha Award and Citation (Vani Prakashan, Biratnagar, 2000), Aaadvai Geeti Samman (2007), and other citations and award at district level

About his poetics

On Poetry: I am always indebted to poetry. I consider it to be the highest and the most artistic expression of life and world. The existential awareness and identity of being a man, if translated into beautiful colors of poesy, render even the bitter parts delicious. Poesy holds the capacity to direct bad towards good.

Self-Estimation: I consider myself a devotee of poesy. I worship it. It is the river of life where poetry takes birth and flows. Therefore, man dives into this river, and floats. He always seeks for the banks of the river. I am inside that river.

Editor's assessment: An excellent icon of timelessness in Nepali literary sphere, and a herald of poetic drive for living from a solitary existence, Jasraj is himself a symbol of pious countryside. His poems are energetic and influential expressions that advocate in favor of a beautiful life with an intimate justice, denouncing the servitude of conservatism, and potently revolting against social decadence. Based on my study of his poetic pursuit, I can safely assert: this poetic myriad is a distinctive talent of poet Kirati.

●

Jasraj Kirati

The Mountain Lass

●

My body is flowing with the glaciers on it,
I am turning into a mountain
at places, I have descended through rocks,
and somewhere, fallen from trees
often, melting and flowing
I am going on
jesting and flirting with the mountain lass.

I shall let the mountain lass, clad in a calico loin,
give birth to a mountain like myself;
that mountain shall have lips to talk with
and feet to walk with
often, like a warrior,
it shall appear brave, and amicable with a broad chest
when it talks, and sings to the hills,
I shall not stand, naive like a mountain itself
nor shall I melt as the cold snow
rather, I shall be colorful
with the hue of life mounting on my body
and shall stand alive with a spirit instilled into me
yes, I shall let the mountain girl
beget that mountain
stopping the waves that I drift with,
with the son held in full bosoms,
I shall keep smiling, like the juvenile sun.

The mountain lass
around whose girdle are dreams wound,
that mountain lass
around whose heart futures have stranded as blood
high like the banks of a river
that girl shall come to me, pleading for conception
we shall be tied in arms
and when the lovers are knotted in arms
there is no point for the moon in coming
and no point for the night too in coming.

It seems
the girl walks with the illumination of a thousand suns on her lock,
carrying a hamper full of moons
it seems, the girl
cuts an armful of celestial grass, and gathers armsful of moonlight
last evening, skating on the snow
she returned home, carrying a belly full of aridity
on those stones transformed into mountains,
she recalled her fallen eyes.
She recalled the sky
beneath which, she lay on those freezing floors.
Throughout the night,
that girl recalled her youth
running across hills, up on the mountainside,
and recalled her songs.

I shall call her from the melting and flowing snows,
my voice shall turn into a flute's melody
I shall call her in a voice
like that of *murchunga* and *binayo*.

She will grow twenty-nine thousand feet high
and expand in equal width
I am confident,
she will become a mother
and shall relate
the pains of Nepalaya
and the tales of Himalaya
to her son in her lap.
I am certain,
she shall relate him the tale of this innocent
and bless him, "Live Long!"

●

My Birth

●

Perhaps I was born
when people lived in huts, and died in a million darkness,
when they wept, and got discharged in two million deaths,
when the country existed, and did not exist,
and ways lay bare in the hues of a snake
when the travelers subsumed among the colors of the stars,
when the waves rippled, but the shores did not exist
when a nation *did* exist.

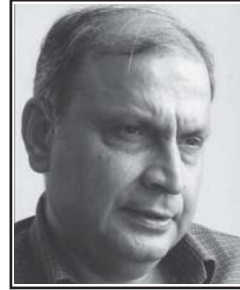
Like an old roadside-statue, honored though
I look on the face of my mother.
With these desiccated eyes
I look at the flock of seasons,
walking away with her lame consent and plight.
Perhaps I was born
when she was pleading for freedom from a similar dejection
and when, laying her youthful arms bare,
she was asking the sky to bestow some pure light.

At a time when I was sleeping in the soil's arm,
I swore with fists clenched
that, I would give voice to the dumb,
and give eyes to the blind
but later, I forgot it all;
I lost the meaning of my birth, somewhere here.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Jagadish Ghimire
Name: Jagadish Ghimire
Date of birth/place: April 10, 1946, Manthali, Ramechhap
Phone: 01- 4330333
Email: jg@continental.com.np
Literary debut: Around 1964/65
First publication: *Prayas* (in **Anchal Sandesh**, 1965)
At national level: *Yuddha Unmulan Yuddha* (in **Rooprekha**, 2069)



जगदिश घिमिरे

Works: *Lilaam* (1971), *Sabitee* (Novel, 1976), *Jagadishka Kathaharoo* (1973), *Kehi Katha*, *Kavita ra Sansmaran* (1978), *Santan* (Play, 1979), *Antarmanko Yatra* (2008), *Agnisutra* (Collection of poems), *Bardi* (Collection of short stories, 2010), *Sthan*, *Kaal ra Patra* (2010)

Awards/honors: Mainali Award for Stories, Uttam Shanti Award, Madan Award, National Kalashree Honor

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a serious expression of intense sensibilities. In this sense, it is like the chirping of a bird, or melody of music. For this reason, I have found it almost untranslatable. Not only translation, the explanation of a poem in totality too is almost impossible.

Self estimation: I am a simple poet. When my personal feelings assume seriousness in some specific forms, they become poems – sometimes good ones.

Editor's assessment: The poems of Ghimire who owns a brilliant and sensitive creative faculty, are witness of deteriorating and fragmenting values, and appear restless to reflect the artful glory of human power. In totality, his poems attain gravity in philosophy, caressing the eternal truth of life. The relevance of such poetry is timeless.



Jagadish Ghimire

Happiness

●

**Happiness is not the absence of winter
It is the winter's warmth, rather.**

**Pleasure is not the absence of summer
rather it is the coolness showered.**

**Gladness is not the absence of despair
it is, if there's someone to share.**

**No bliss is an ascent uphill
bliss it is with spiteless kiths.**

**A descent is not in itself a delight
With harmless kiths, it's glee divine.**

**Just not to depart is not a bliss
Parting with profound memories is.**

●

Intrigue

●
Exploring objectives as I go,
I don't detect the objectives of objectives too,
asking for meanings as I move,
I find even the meaning meaningless.
Tracing existence as I move,
even the existence stands devoid of an existence.
This puff of breath – which is a truth,
this morsel of food – which is a divine truth,
life is an intrigue,
plotted for a puff of breath and a morsel of food
it is an injustice one metes out against oneself.

The society is there, the nation is there
the United Nations too is there
castes, classes, heights and depths too are there
righteousness, sin, meaning and meaninglessness – all exist
desires exist and unattachment exists; passionate lust and obsession
exist too
but, among which bundle of papers did *moksha* get lost?

Job –
the vermillion on a whore's head,
the salary earned at the cost of honor—
exits;
regulations
which is the Geeta, the Bible and the Koran
exit too
the boss,
who is the destiny
is there
and management – a play
too is there.

There is man, speechless
the radio speaks, the mike speaks or the birds speak
the waterfalls, the tempos or the jets speak.

Literature

**_ deep personal secrets _ exists
it needs to be written
if unwritten yet,
and should not have been written, if it is written.**

**The picture exits –
a satire on us
a persiflage exits –
our biography
life is an injustice one metes out to oneself
it is an intrigue, one plots against oneself.**

●

Time

●
**Slogging constantly on the yoke of struggle
when a man procures a single meal at least,
you start plucking his teeth off!**

**Thawed by the acid test of defeat and treachery,
when man barely starts to see and recognize
you take his sight away.**

**Life, where we feign as though we know it
and live just to ensure that we fairly live it;
life, where we just learn ever since we're born
and never master anything
where, when we really start knowing a little,
where we really start living a little,
time,
you declare that we have aged
and throw death upon us.
Time, you are unimaginably cruel!**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Banira Giri
Name: Dr. Banira Giri
Date of birth/place: April 11, 1946, Kharsang, India
Phone: 9771-1-4107224
Email: giri_banira@yahoo.com



Literary debut: —

First publication: *Mutu* (in **Mutu**)

At national level: *Mero Sathi Bhanchha* (in **Diyo**, 1963) 

Works: *Euta Jiudo Janga Bahadur*,
Jeevan: Thaymaru (Collection of poems), *Mero Aaviskar* (Long poem),
Karagar, Nirvan, Shabdoteet Shantanu (Novels)

Awards/honors: Poetic Convention Award (1964 AD), Ratnashri Gold Medal (1966), Gorkha Dakshinbahu Fourth, Lokpriya Devi Award (1991)

About her poetics

On poetry: Poetry is my first love.

Self estimation: I am a death ritual.
You accept me in this form. (Courtesy: **Mero Aaviskar**)

Editor's assessment: Banira Giri is an influential and brilliant woman signature in modern Nepali verses, advocating for women's esteem and human values. Her verses are honest human voices raised against intrigue, falsity and tricks for ages. Shooting beyond the aesthetic archiving inspired by the mental and physical struggles engendered by certain wounds of life, her verses find poetic excellence in moving beyond the sigh and yearning of such wounds, in search of a place where human faith could be anchored, carving a way that could safely escort life and society.

●

Banira Giri

I, a Frayed Poster

●

O, human!

do not make different explanations every time
out of the broken pieces of a sentence.

I have forgotten my own story.

Inside a freezing *dhiki* shed,
from near the fireplace
an old man tells
folktales to his grandchildren.

Parohang and Lempuhang float on his eyes
as though, he were himself a Shiva of an age
who has lost his *Satidevi*
in the *Dakshya's yagya*.

He tells the story
of Lal and *Heera*
and sends Lal away himself
ridden on a white horse, a century old
whose hoofing is administering
orders to the ears of time.

Oops! How helpless
those people, and we are
and the old man telling this story.

He could not deny
the stretching of time, and its orders.
He could neither break
time's dereliction, and its treachery.
How could Moses cut the sea?
How could Moses break the sea?
Yes, here I argue on
faith and its absence,
on belief and disbelief.

My truth and my faiths
have been placed on auction
at the *Harishchandra Ghat*
my belief too, by know
lamely loafs around,
and haunts the rubbish along the roads,
like a stray dog.

I will be cursed
by this womb, and by these ova,
that has been thrown unused,
like a broken caldron
that have run dry for want of use
like tasteless grapes.
A century later
I stand on time's mound
in the form of a folktale
and my time will have been perforated
caressing the footmarks of wounds.

Our feet have been stamped
upon the chest of the desert
doomed to be erased.
Pity... pity...
The chilly mountain breeze of the Himalayas
is but a mere intoxication
every morning, it adds pain, and leaves
aborting beliefs, dreams, confidence and rights,
and gets lightened.
We are walking carelessly over corpses,
the earth itself is a grave of dead bodies,
we build houses upon the graves,
organize feasts
live upon them

and boast, in front of our own corpses
from inside graves.
Swayambhars have broken
along with the *Shivadhanu* of King Janak's palace,
these days *Lav* and *Kush*
have started flowing,
in the turbid water of *Tukucha*.
Human faith needs an anchoring place
a *chautari* to rest,
living needs a longing for death
a life, longer by a hundred more years
Oops!
Imagination alone becomes a maddening illness.
Life!
This is not an explanation of an epic
nor a foreword to an autobiography
it's not an edition of one's works either
I blow a life
out of the holes of the hearth,
and unbalance the rice in a pot.
I will exhale a breath of life
out on the surface of a glass
and see my own face clouded.
I am a frayed poster
on time's wall.
O, human!
Do not make different explanations every time
out of the broken pieces of a sentence.
I have forgotten my own story.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bhuwan Dhungana
Name: Bhuwan Dhungana (Koirala)
Date of birth/place: August 2, 1947, Biratnagar
Phone: 977-1-4474419
Email: daman@wlink.com.np
Literary debut: 1968
First publication: *Shabdakoshko 'A' jhain* (1969)
At national level: In *Madhuparka* (1969)



भुवन ढुङ्गाना

Works: *Paribhasha* (Collection of poems, 2008), *Yuddhako Ghosana Garnubhanda Aghi* (Collection of stories, 1991), Editing of *Siundi*

Awards/honors: Education Award, Garima Honor, Himsikhar Honor, Lok Priya Devi Award, Banita Honor etc

About her poetics

On Poetry: I am not pessimistic to poetry. It has given me company in the ebbs and flows of life. It is my indispensable friend. It has always been my stand that human should be the central subject of poetry. Human means society, nation, time, conditions, and all those form the subject of poetry. I feel that poetry should keep living even after the demise of time.

Self estimation: Evaluating oneself is the most difficult task. The honesty of my expression is the introduction of my poetic personality. Though critics might not recognize the poet within me, I shall ever be conversing with it in verses. I am waiting; a poem that none has penned shall come out of my self-musing.

Editor's assessment: Bhuwan Dhungana, an advocate of honesty in poetry, is a representative woman voice in modern Nepali verse. Her poetry is a quest for the self amid the painful clamor of sorrows in life. Her poems too exhibit a folk flavor in simplicity and musicality. This way, at the confluence of musicality and skill, anyone can notice her distinctive poetic specialty.

●

Bhuwan Dhungana
The *Chait* Wind

●
I hold with feelings
as hands cannot touch them—
these are years,
left behind in time.

Chait, the last month of the year,
is fleeting too, leaving its load
with *Baisakh* hung on its edge
the *Chait* wind tosses,
and its cyclonic currents
circle the year just ended.

I hold them with feelings,
for, the winds do not touch—
these are strangers
caught in mishaps, timely and untimely
bound to knot of intimacy
by the news of the morning papers.

Shells smell
in the humming of the breeze
and a carcass smells
in garlands of flowers

Filed up in a line,
the marigolds stand in the Chait wind,
with jointed heads, covered with a shroud
inscribed with the name of Ram;
covered in saffron are all flowers,
chanting holy hymns
with heads joined,
in the Chait's wind.

I hold it with feelings,
for the hands cannot hold.
This is the last Chait of the year,
slipping away with the wind.

●

Pain

●

Unconscious
with the pain of self-reflection,
o pain,
one afternoon,
I was lying with you.
Somewhere I felt,
if with pain piled off
and wraps stripped away
like the yellow potatoes,
I were not wrapped in these clothes
ashamed,
frightened and terrified.
Pain!
I happened to touch you
you got stuck
like a leech
without my knowledge.
Still, you keep sucking my blood out.
And suddenly,
pain!
The noise of flies,
woke me up
at midday
as though, it is reminding me
that you are waking up too.

●

Definition

●
On a small
rectangular mat,
I am searching for the map of the country
somewhere, seeking a definition.
Life too is an art;
I have mastered the art too
and am living,
seeking a definition of living.
I know,
though, I know
that a rhododendron is red
but I know too, no blood oozes out of them
a mountain stands for snow,
cold; it does not scorch though.

Somewhere, the heart has burnt,
and blood has spilled
there also is a little selfishness
defined in the definition of the nation.

Or, for one who has a little selfishness,
that little selfishness itself
is the definition of the country.
That is the country,
that alone is the country.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Kunta Sharma
Name: Kunta Sharma (Chaulagai)
Date of birth/Place: August 17, 1946, Sunsari
Phone: 977-25-521802
Email: kunta_sharma@yahoo.com
Literary debut: Since she was a student of secondary level
First publication: *Lahur Geyeko Premilai Euta Patra* (in **Samjhana**)



At national level: "

Works: *Ma Ubhiyeko Thaun* (Collection of poems, 1995), Editing of *Sankalpa* (Bimonthly) and *Chhaya* (Mouthpiece of Mahendra College)

Awards/honors: Lokendra Literary Award, Vyathit Poetic Award, Parijat Srijan Award, Kewalpur Talent Award, Literary Journalism Award (by Press Council) etc.

About her poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a document of time
It is a high note song of humanity
It is an outcome of well-cultured and sensitive mind

Self estimation: A drop in the vast, rocking ocean of creation.

Editor's assessment: An author of progressive consciousness, Kunta is a feministic voice in Nepali verses, projecting her stiff polemics against the male-dominated social set-up in an artistically beautiful resonance of metrical excellence. Some of her poems too show a tender treatment of soft, effeminate attributes.

●

Kunta Sharma

The Musician

●

I have a friend from the Far East,
who has spent many years of his life
in the cold ground floors of Kathmandu.
He writes beautiful songs
and composes them into sweet melodies
and walks around, singing in his delightful voice
from streets to streets, and from squares to squares,

in cattle farms, and in meadows,
in thick pine groves,
in the cool colonnades of firs and pines,
in fields, among the workers clearing the ridges.
In his songs, hammers and chisels clang,
in his songs, hoes and spades clink,
and echo the tales of the hungry and the naked
suffocated in injustice and atrocities
oppressed and subdued.
When he touches, the strings of a guitar
with his skilled hands,
the strings vibrate, and keep doing so
in melody
and, to those forceful notes
awake people from far and near,
it seems that the huts along the slope too wake up,
Eyes, extensive like the blue firmament wake
Ripples in the river, and ranges of the mountain wake.
People have not identified his great thoughts
whose poignancy is unknown
even to his intimate companions.
Such a day too will come
when the cloud can no longer shield
his thoughts as bright and warm as the sun;
they will dissipate
brightly all around like rays.
Everyone shall honor and approve of
the beautiful ways he has ventured to trip,
that time shall come, as does the spring
with beautiful flower bouquets
it shall come, brushing aside the burning dejection of winter
carrying a sweet melody along.
I have planted marigolds along the fringe of my farm,
and have grown amaranths at the edge of my courtyard.
I shall make a garland,
and arrange *tika* in *duna*,
on Bhaitika Day – the day to see his victory-marked smiles,
with tika on forehead and garland around the neck,
I shall disburse his gifts of liberty and awareness
to everyone, everywhere
with happiness and excitement.
I have a friend,
that has come flowing

like a waterfall from a hillside.
He shall live for a few more days
in the squares and streets in Kathmandu,
shall minutely evaluate people's pain and sorrows
and weave songs to denounce them
dissipate notes.
He vehemently loathes disparity and cruelty,
my friend aspires to live
the rest of his life, not in the town
but in the country, carrying the resonance of his numbers along.
He instills hope,
in the life of people, stiffened by hardship
and inculcates the music of enthusiasm in them.
●

About the poet

Literary name: Naresh Shakya 'Neeraj'
Name: Naresh Shakya
Date of birth/place: November 25, 1946
Phone: 977-9741037045
Literary debut: 1963
First publication: *Kalilo Balak* (in ***Rooprekha***, 1964)
At national level: "



Signature

Works: Naresh Shakya 'Neeraj' ka
Kavita ra Geetharoo, Parivesh, Andhakarko Brittabhitra
(Collection of poems)

Awards/honors: Sahitya Sandhya Award, National Talent Award, Vyathit Poetric Award, Ashwikrit Vichar Award, Free Nepal Dot Com Honor, Sahitya Sandhya Honor

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a sweet introduction of an individual and the society.

Self estimation: A man struggling to live life, and committed to contributing to social development.

Editor's assessment: In the poems of Naresh Shakya 'Neeraj' who fundamentally believes in progressive trends, we can discern the treatment of various facets of life from the depth of sensibilities. Equally, conscious to aesthetic refinement, poet Neeraj fills his prosaic poems with the melody of music. Today, poetry has become his lifelong companion. Neeraj, who lives the life of poesy, radiates this reality of life through his verses.

●

Naresh Shakya 'Neeraj'

My Poem

●

No news came, whether
my poem set out for the battle,
died or survived.

I, an aged father
am looking forward to receiving
my son back as a winner.

Did my poem, set out with a craving for love
possibly get tangled in a young heart,
and got injured somewhere?

He was longing for a free life,
and talked of impartial living with the neighbors.

Did not he, under obligations,
get caught in dominations somewhere?

Did not somewhere, his plans to accomplish
the basic requisites for

peace

and development

get caught in the labyrinth of intrigues?

No news came, whether
my poem set out for the battle,
died or survived.

I, an aged father
am looking forward to receiving
my son back as a winner.

●

I, a Prisoner in the Island of the Present

●

In the island of the present,
I am a lonely prisoner!
The waves keep battering my feelings
the rivers of worries keep encircling me,
there is no boat
that can help me cross
this river of worries
or push the waves away.
(This unhealthy tradition)
To keep unimpeded steps
in the town of my kiths,
to pour a heartful of love.
But, only the endless extension of hatred
comes to irk my eyes,
to bite me.
My warrior,
who is regularly wounded
wakes up, falls,
wakes up again, and falls again,
in the island of the present
a lonely prisoner
the waves keep battering my feelings.

●

What If Your Heart Melts out?

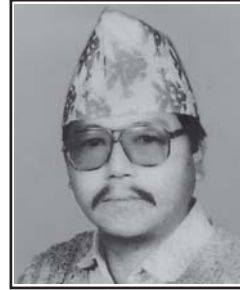
●

**What if your heart melts out?
A mere glacier flows.
And when it freezes too, it becomes a snow-stone.
In both these conditions
how despotic and cruel,
how venomous and painful is
your presence for us!
Perharps,
your womb harbors a fertility
that breeds life sap
but, can we ever hope for that?
Can we ever nurture the slightest hope
that, your lips bear
a warmth that quenches thirst,
and engenders humanity?
Eclipsing all beautiful and promising skies
of the chances
that clear roads for development
why are we taking pride in
your lifeless and insensitive beauty
transforming it into a freezing chill?
Why do we praise it?
What if your heart melts out?
A mere glacier flows.
And when it freezes too, it becomes a snow-stone.**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bam Dewan, Darshan Rai
Name: Bam Bahadur (Dewan) Rai
Date of birth/place: November 30, 1946,
Sankhuwasabha
Phone: 977-9804027696
Literary debut: 1962
First publication: *Nahatai Pau* (in **Saugat**, 1963)
At national level: *Bartaman Itihas Naniharulai Kissa*
(in **Cheli**, 1970)



Bam Dewan

Works: **Hamro Geet Hamro Aawaj**
(Collection of poems, 1972, under the pseudonym Darshan Rai)

Awards/honors: Mahananda Award (1997), Dr. Swami Prapannacharya
Chaturbhuja Award (2002), Earthquake Rehabilitation Award (1997)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is an expressible and metrically simple expression, smeared with dreaded beauty of experience. Experience relates to life and the world. If man attempts to make life and the world more beautiful and pleasurable, life will become a festivity; if poetry becomes simple and deep like a lower, it stirs the experiences of a reader in entirety. Such a poem qualifies to be a complete poem.

Self estimation: Musically bound by honesty
a minstrel singing in original tongue
a melody entangle in nationality alone
neither a manifest humanity
nor an unseen deity
I am lonesome and always alone
an utterly laconic Bam Dewan.

Editor's assessment: Highly popular among his contemporaries, Bam Dewan who is also a storywriter and lyricist appears to have lost somewhere, strayed somewhere. His poems are aesthetically sublime, easily expressible and capable of stirring the mind. In them, life assumes a festive flavor. He generates the gravity of phones along with lucidity of melody in his poems. Singing contextual song of humanity with the tone of life in consonance with that of nature, characterizes his poetic individuality.



Bam Dewan

The Nameless Flower

●

Inside the vast /extensive woods,
hands of innumerable monsoons
have given rise to
many, unnamed / unheard of flowers in the woods !
The unnamed /unheard of flowers of the woods
withered and got lost!

They were neither touched
by the depth of a poet's eyes,
nor caressed they were
by the intense sentimentality of a pair's love.
Without any evaluation,
and without any appreciation

Be it in the chilly dew that freezes the entirety,
or in the torrential downpour of the dark night

Be it in the tantalizing and pleasant autumn evening
or, in the, averse gray fall of winter

The unnamed /unheard of flowers in the woods
bloom, and wither
dissipating the hues of creation
like the dreams in the eyes of unknown martyrs
inside those isolated, dense woods
the unnamed /unheard of flowers in the woods!

●

The Subdued Smiles

●

I did not even know...
when the spring came
and attached sprouts on the boughs,
in the bushes
and
carved new love songs
in the tunes of the wild birds,
busy in the raspberries.

In fact, I never know
when the sweet freshness smiles
on the Jure mounds and the meadow!
Kissing the tender foliage of chiyal* and cottonwood
what time the day departs.

These are facts only humans can know!

How the old year, with its stick, walks passing the turn?
How the New Year
mounts freely upon the horse of time?

The head should be held high,
to look at all these and comprehend,
yes, the head should be held high!!
Time should be youthful!
Putting the load down,

one should be in a position
to take a puff of breath at the *chautari*!
Pity! How could a body,
bent down, and hunched by the load,
or a head, bent low
by the tug of the carrying scarf, day and night
know all these?
How could the dark/bright reflections of life
know the colors of that glorious beauty?

I should also be entitled now,
to be a man with the head held high
I should also be allowed, by now,
to walk with human heel.
With moments tethered to burdens,
I don't know where the smiles of these lips got lost?
I should have been privileged
to caress with these eyes,
the colorful spring blooming up everywhere!

Under the cool shades, at the chautari,
I should have been allowed to sing
the songs of freedom, together with the birds in the woods
now onward,
I must have been allowed to bind myself,
tightly into arms, and love!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Shailendra Sakar
Name: Shankar Prasad Shrestha
Date of birth/place: December 2, 1946, Bhojpur
Phone: 977-1-4472819
Email: shailendrasakar@gmail.com
Literary debut: Around 1959
First publication: *Swasnimanchhe* (in **Sahitya**)
At national level: *Ek Udweg* (in **Rachana**, 1962)



Works: **Shailendra Sakarka Kavita**, **Collage** (Collection of stories), **Kaalpatra ra Aru Kathaharoo**, **Sarpaharoo**, **Geet Sundainan** (Collection of poems), **Ramayan ra Aroo Katha** (Collection of stories), **Nango Taar** (long poem), **Kavitama America** (Collection of poems), **Amerika** (poems), **Avatar Bighatan**, Co-author and editor of **Aakash Bibhaji Chha** (Novel); Editing of **Kathama Naari Hastakshyar**, **Mantra**, **Chintan**, and **Samashti**.

Awards/honors: Poetry Convention Award (1967), Musyachu Award (1982), Yugkavi Siddhicharan Poetic Award (1992), Chhinnalata Honor (2001), Annapurna Samman (2005), Dovan Honor (2007), Honored by Bangladesh Writers' Association (2006)

About his poetics

On poetry: Writing poetry is like touching a naked wire. Poetic pursuit is the extension of conscious and unconscious minds. I find so much affirmation in poetry that sometimes I feel, I am professing stupidity. Poetry should be a 'push' it; should hurt the conscious. Whatever it is, the commitment to timeless writing is intact.

Self estimation: A rebel, attempting to write truth and self-affirmation. A person seeking poetry all around, and aspiring to see poetry honored .

Editor's assessment: Sakar, a forceful exponent in modern Nepali verses both in terms of voice and skill, crafts verses that qualify to the rank of a complete resonance of the conscious and artistic acme. The naked, cruel and reverse realities that one comes across in the turns of life, which render burning assaults to life when the present is uncapped from behind the screen, make up his distinctive qualification as a poet. These can also be termed to be the progressive existential revelation of man's aesthetic consciousness.



Shailendra Sakar

Nausea

●

I go dizzy!

**Who is flipping the pages of
the entire stacks of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata,
the heaps of the Bible, the Koran and the Puranas,
millions of tiny letters in science and other books,
thousand tales of defeat and loss from human civilization,
volumes of books on medical science and law?**

**Innumerable kites, not countable to eyes, are hovering over the roofs,
clouds in the sky are looking for support,
black ghouls are sauntering in the courtyard,
a dry fire is engulfing the flower garden
numerous candles are burning in a row,
a crowd of people in black,
and innumerable others in a mob
are running, with a black candle each,
caught between lips.**

Like in a Psychedelic painting,
the world is dancing in a circle.
The blood of fear is running on people's brain
like in a terrified mouse.
A dark star is falling from the bright sky
people are frightened to see other people.
There is someone who is scaring me;
the trail I am to take is swinging like a hanging bridge
with its hood raised, a cobra is twining around the blood,
I am walking in vertigo.

I am getting nauseated with people.
Who has intruded into my body, and is swinging?
Who is getting filmed with a shaking lens?
Who is recklessly pounding on the doors, windows and the ceilings
with the hammer?
Who is blowing sirens inside the entire head?
I can see talks running busily along on streets
I can see them jump all over on a drama
I can see every part and organ of people,
walking in isolation, and dying.
I have joined a procession
under the sky clouded with annoyance with me.
Ignoring the entire mass of the deities
I am walking along in rage,
I am walking enraged,
and am walking in vertigo.

●

The Snakes do not Listen to Songs

●

No matter how much you scream in agony
standing against God on the street,
or, in the ecstasy of happiness
sing songs in admiration of life,
it bears no worth at all!
You cannot get communicated with anyone
nor can you wake anyone up, and explain anything.
These people, absorbed in self-adoration like snakes
do not listen to songs, or to your poems.

I know –
you are eternally talking of tales
of the age's joy and sorrow
you are eternally burning your self-esteem
and arranging the surge inside your hearts into lines.
In verses are you searching the tunes of life
you are whistling the tales of injustice and atrocities
and playing all *ragas* of your existence.

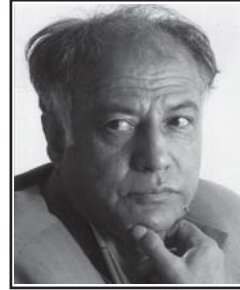
But what will you do, my dear singer,
the snakes do not listen to songs
no snake on earth,
listens to poems.

No matter how high you scream as you sing,
these snake symbols carved in temples, are deaf
getting drunk in a pre-arranged banquet of a festival,
these cobras with venomous fangs
keep biting every juvenile future
and stand proudly in front of God.
I am sorry, my dear singer
the snakes do not listen to poems
neither do they listen to songs.

●

About the poet

Literary Name: Manjul
Name: Meghraj Sharma Nepal
Date of birth/Place: March 2, 1947, Bhojpur
Phone: 977-1-5551368
Email: manjul.nepal@gmail.com
Literary debut: 1957
First publication: in Bhojpur based papers around 1957/58
At national level: *Aama Ma Timilai Chhunchhu* (in *Rooprekha*, 1965)



Works: *Sainli Morilai* (1968), *Dui Haraf Othharu* (Collection of songs, 2008), *Chhekundolma* (Novel, 1951), *Gayak Yatri* (Collection of poems, 1984), *Samjhanaka Pailaharoo* (Travelogues, 1989), *Manjulka Naya Kavitaharoo* (1989), *Jaane hoina Dai Aalapot* (Travel essays, 2091), *Siddhicharanharoo* (Epic, 1999), *Mrityu-kavita* (1999), *Chokati Kavita* (1999), *Pailaka Neebharu* (1995), *Gaunka Drishya-drishyama Bandiyera* (1999), *Ujyaloko Prashamsama* (1986), *Nagna* (Translation, 2005).

Awards/honors: Vyathit Poetic Award (1984), Siddhicharan Poetic Award (1995), Uttam-Shanti Award (1989), Sajha Award (1999), National Talent Award (1999)

About his Poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the name of a lovely friend that always loves to converse with people.

Self estimation: A poet that always loves to smile, assimilating with and amazed at the world and the regulation of the life and creation.

Editor's assessment: Everywhere in the verses of Manjul, we can sense a highly melodious tune of life. Manjul, who believes in human's innermost voice and weaves poetry of humanity considering human as the highest subject, is an influential signature in the field of modern Nepali poetry. Assimilated between poetry and life, Manjul considers himself alive in the hues a living literature. Once known as an author of progressive consciousness, he reached out to the people through Ralfa movement. Based on those experiences, he is devoted to deep professing of poetry, bent towards a serious and artistic expression of those experiences.

●

Manjul

The Song of a Guitar

●

**Wish, someone takes me out of this wrap,
and batters with force on my strings
with robust hands
and disseminates vibrant notes.
Wish, someone takes me out of this wrap.**

**I am not happy
to pass my days
cramped and confined
to a dark corner
inside a room.**

**Wish, someone offers to be a little more active
and allows me a chance to roam around
in fresh air,
and open meadows
like a free man
wish,
wish, someone takes me out of this wrap.**

Some of my strings may be out of tune
some might need loosening
and some a little tightening,
wish, a skilled player twists my ears.
Ah! How much I long
to play with his soft fingers?
Wish, he understands my cravings,
wish, someone takes me out of this wrap.

From a hole on the tattered wrap
I see the flying birds
and the expanding blues run
joyfully on the free meadows of the sky
but from inside the room
I see sunlight
that has reluctantly squeezed in,
and see the children, playing gaily.
Fie! How ill-timed was my birth!
I fell into the hands of players
with no energy at all
and enthusiasm all dead.
At what an evil time I was made!

I am a guitar
and if no one plays, what worth do I have?
If I am not in the hands of a tired labor,
if I can reach no terrace and ridge in the farm
if I cannot drown
in the country adobes, and the city slums
if I cannot rejoice
in the school premises,
what meaning does my living bear?

Wish, an artist with a practical orientation
mixes me in his sweet voices
weaves and decors me in delightful rapture
along with other fellow instruments
and plays me ting-tang or, ding-dong,
wish, someone takes me out of this wrap.

●

The Mountain in the Puddle

●

Seeing you lie in such a small puddle,
I feel pity on you;
you should rather have lain
all over the grandeur of the sky.
Seeing you bow down and further down,
I feel for you;
you should rather have grown upward.
You happened to turn the sky upside down,
and render the trees uprooted on grounds.
Seeing you stand inverted this way,
I am pained,
O mountain in the puddle!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Benju Sharma
Name: Benju Sharma
Date of birth/place: December 10, 1947, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1-4431924
Email: benju_12000@yahoo.com
Literary debut: at the age of 7/8
First publication: *Nepal* (in **Rooprekha**, 1961)
At national level: "



Works: **Aandolanpurvaka Banda Abhivyakti, Sambandh Pradushan, Itar Kinarako Waripari** (Collections of poems), **Dehamukta** (Novel), **Visangat** (Collection of stories), **Two Sisters** (Collection of poems, co-authored)

Awards/honors: National Talent Award, Mahendra Vidyabhusan, Dirgha Sewa Padak, and four other gold medals

About her poetics

On poetry: My poems are expressions of a mind dejected at the deterioration of the society, the mishaps in the nation, delinquencies, injustice and the decline of human values.

Self estimation: A stack of a simple and innocent heart always doomed to be tortured and battered by distortions and falsities.

Editor's assessment: Poet Benju Sharma is a distinctive poetic talent marching ahead with worthy steps in modern Nepali poetry. Subjective gravity, commitment and musical forcefulness in stylistic simplicity and lucidity, marked by disciplined contemplation saliently identify Benju. Natural images and well-chosen symbols assimilate with the subject fluidity of her poetic theme. In totality, her poems are beautiful tunings of some intellectual revolt, some essential feminist consciousness and some fine human sensibilities.

●

Benju Sharma

Say 'No' to Copulations

●

At a time when
the smell of gunpowder has been released all around in the air,
when the cold brooks, rivers
are flowing as hot blood,
when, fire set in people's heart
has curled up into grenades of oranges,
and when conscience has gone astray
and manliness has turned into bestiality,
when every question in an examination
is being answered wrongly
when LSD has sedated the entire world,
when consciousness had numbed,
when the dead bodies
of the naive, innocent, and uncorrupt youths
are scattered all around like the blossoms of *parijat*,
when creation and creator are both challenged,
what sense does begetting children make?

To hurl them into the blazing fire?
To burn them alive
in the shower of bullets?

Women!
Close your wombs;
children will not swing to lullabies
in cradles anymore
stop copulating
with this impotent time!

●

The Tradition

●

The old picture
hung in my room
for many, many years,
a tattered picture
all devoured by insects and mice,
an antique sketch
identifiable only to accustomed eyes,
an erectly standing picture
my grandmother has been worshipping,
this picture
my mother hanged with pride,
this very picture
is stuck in my eyes today.
Faith too has a jurisdiction, perhaps
and belief a limit.

Now,

I shall mop this picture
with the paint of fire
and completely wrapping all of its four corners,
place a burning matchstick
at its center,
just, at the center.

●

Vacuity is Acceptable

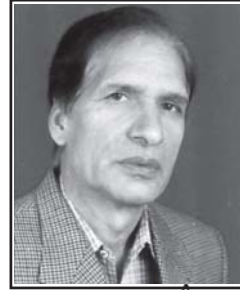
●

In my blank, foolscap mind
you sketched some lines,
and drew some pictures,
why did you forget to color them, but?
Shackling in lifeless lines,
where did you get strayed
leaving them as a skeleton?
Someone possibly kept you
cuddled up in bosoms,
and kept you confined within a boundary
I don't need this skeleton
rather, I want to be a rhododendron
colored within colors.
And from the red lips of rhodendron,
I want to shower vermillion upon you.
Making you imprisoned
inside the eyes,
I want to confine you lifelong.
If you want
to force me live as an skeleton,
erase these lines
my mind,
caught up in the white firmament
my mind,
with a deep burrow of nullity dug upon,
wants to live in the blank foolscap.
No season will be allowed an entry here;
vacuity, an utter vacuity, is acceptable to me.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Gopal Parajuli
Name: Gopal Prasad Parajuli
Date of birth/place: December 17, 1947, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1-4482829
Email: gopalparajuli@yahoo.com
Literary debut: Around 1959/60
First publication: Around 1963 in *Rasid*
At national level: Around 1973 in *Rooprekha*



Works: *Prithvimaathi Aalekh* (1989), *Himalmathi Aalekh* (1996), *Deshmathi Aalekh* (1998), *Shabdashatabdi* (2000), *Samayko Prasthan* (2001), *Naya Ishwarko Ghosana* (Epic, 2003), *Declaration of a New God* (Epic, 2008), *Golardhaka Dui Chheu*, *Sadakpachhi Sadak* (Play); Editing of *Garima*

Awards/honors: Madan Award (2003), INLS Best Book Award, Pardesh Poetry Award (2003), INLM Budathoki Online Award (2004), National Poetry Convention Award (1981), Gopal Prasad Rimal Honor, Honored by INLS Nepal Chapter, Tanneri Honor etc.

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the proposal I made with life. I don't want to delimit the innumerable promises of life by exchanging life and poetry with definitions.

Self estimation: I have made an advent into literary world to reach to the world, to observe myself. My vision of life through literature is based on my intention to see the world transforming into a beautiful human settlement by the use of the elements derived from a vision within. I have recognized my 'self' as that individual shouldering this very responsibility.

Editor's assessment: Gopal Parajuli, an exponential playwright, is also a serious and decent signature of modern Nepali verse, capable of asserting his separate presence. He has pioneered a different style of expression. That is his individual icon, though he appears to have violated them in his later poems, though not entirely. This is an artistic risk for him that appears to have escorted him to another acme of popularity rather than costing him anything. As a witness to these truths, some of his poems have been presented here. In them, the relevance of his brilliant poetic spirit asserts itself most strongly.

●

Gopal Parajuli

Oaths in front of Gopal Parajuli

●

Having entered the world
amid my own beliefs,
I have wanted to preserve the author within me
with a lot of reverence.
The ambushes of some dreams,
sold away by someone else
are intact
and intact are the acts
of someone bombarding my nights
and waging stormy wars upon my light.
It's true; I have had to witness
the sight of fire
being poured upon myself.
Though, many a time
I have had to see
someone shield the truth and show my face
and after having run for a distance,
remove the face, altogether,
I have not been deterred.

At the moment
when the mighty one's have guns
and the frauds have the world in hands,
it is a fact that
people are all set to tell lies
stealing the melodious slogans of life.
It is true too, that
I, who would detest
a rue in anyone's vile design,
and my own interests
have repeatedly fallen prey to the rogues' fixes.
It is true as well
that many a time, on my move to save honor
I have been in hazards many
crushed and thinned by the load of vanity
on my walks with the self, to know myself.
Wherever are the people sought by my queries at present,
at this moment when there is none to unveil the truth
and save my honor,
I count that all comments
no matter whoever makes them
are not pardonable.
At the moment, when time passes
leaving my questions unanswered,
my victory might pain those
who are accustomed to seeing my hardship.
But
Gopal Parajuli
shall not make an advertisement
of his victory
or, of his death to anyone.
My foes
are praying for an upward ascent,
stepping upon my weakness
of trusting everyone.
At the time of their weird prayer,
to secure the author within me,
I
take an oath, on this day
to sacrifice many things on earth.
●

When I am a War Prisoner

●

I am observing
the words that I speak, with closeness
I am standing still,
and in the meantime
the hands of the clock
at the ghantaghar
too are still.

Those, who cannot save
the seriousness of my words and meanings
opine, that the dais cannot ensure my safety.

Though I represent
my feelings with silence,
and do it in silence in falls and starts,
I am thinking
which word I should spilt
to speak in accordance with
whose feelings.

No matter, what the world awaits for me to speak

Or, what I am set to speak
either I must wait, or time must.

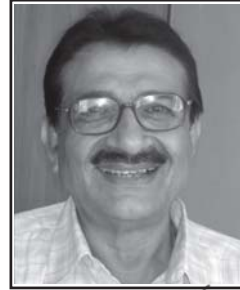
At this moment,
when I stand to shoulder time's voice
and time to disseminate mine,
it will be a punishment
for me not to speak
and a punishment too,
for me to speak more.

This is a battle
sprung, and perished
within me in five seconds –
a battle, I am the lone witness to,
a battle, I am watching all alone.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Naba Sapkota
Name: Nara Bahadur Sapkota
Date of birth/place: 1948, Guwahati, Assam
Phone: 0091-361-2571452
Literary debut: At an age of 15/16
First publication: in ***Bhanu Smarak Grantha*** (1969)
At national level: *Sirja Euta Kagajko Itihas*, *Timro Yu Purkhako*



Works: ***Sirja Euta Kagajko Itihas*** *Timra Yi Purkhako* (1980), ***Kavyantar*** (Collection of poems, 1996), ***Sabdako Aakash*** (Poems), ***Muna Madan*** (Play, 2003), ***Lahar*** (1999), ***Vedantaka Vani*** (2000), ***Mrityunjay*** (translation)

Awards/honors: Poet Pushpalal Upadhyaya Memorial Award (2001), Felicitated by a number of organizations

About his poetics

On poetry: The finest poem of our universe is Om. Like Om, a poet's poem should generate vibrations in others' minds. The vibrant accent of Om engenders a circular form of the word wave in the universe. This form is the zero (0). The zero is the microcosmic form of the universe. This way, poetry informs of life and the world, and generates the sense of being from nothing. It is the divine duty of poets and authors to generate this feeling of being from nothing. Such a creation is what poetry is.

Self estimation: Insatiate is the mind
unable to assign artistic form to all imaginations
being unable to pick and lock
the exuberating feelings into letters.

Editor's assessment: Naba Sapkota, who takes Om for finest poesy of the cosmos and the naught as finer and more intricate, is a strong signature of modern Nepali verses. He does not consider life to be a slave to any particular ism, and claims, any one ism cannot characterize his verses in totality. He moulds experimentalism in his original style and yet experimental intricacies do not make his attributes. Creative, cultural and nationalistic bias, sharp satirical expressive refinement, placement of symbols and images woven out of typically original vocabularies and a resultant pleasing surge of poetry in the heart of a poetic patron form his authorial originality.



Naba Sapkota

Dust

●

Dust!

Yes, Dust!!

Dust, doomed to be stepped upon, crushed and bleared.

This dust,

doomed to bear other's feet and wears, ever!

This dust –

paltry at looks! Without an existence!

But these mindless heels,

that ever walk over and step upon,

do not know, the dust houses strange powers.

Fed up with slashes and tempers of the heels,

its universe heats up

and the specs fly, and stick to the body

of the master of these heels

enter the eyes, and the nostrils

and scare the director of the heels.

If oppression amounts more,

its conscience revolts;

and it changes to smudge in indignation

and makes the body of the feet

slip, and have a terrible fall!

●

Eucalyptus: A Blessing to the Coming Generations

●

Those who walked in, firm to live in joy
those who fixed their three eyes to stare absorbed,
and those who buy brains to unearth the mystery
have been unclad, all of a sudden,
like the eucalyptus trees
and are getting stripped, in the same way
like the boughs of the eucalyptus.
How is this?

Are the youths blooming in its shade
doomed to get inevitably stripped like its boughs!
Doesn't it have eternal greenery stored in its leaves!

For this, I want to say,
let not the youths breeding in an eucalyptus shade
mount upon its boughs.
Rather, let them ride and grow
on its evergreen leaves.

●

Scenario

●

Ever since you left –
the dulled town bulbs go on and off.

The gushes on winds
make unintelligible whispers in my ears
in an unclear tongue.

Within the vast bosoms of the blue stretched high above me,
the moon lazes around, leisurely.

In imaginative fits, I try to look into my eyes,
holding your face with both palms
or, the vows of the highest order of love scare me.

If sometime, somewhere, someone hears this pray,
and if sometime, somewhere, someone knows of this plea,
the cord of faith and belief shall snap.

Though, the promise made with the sun as the witness,
is not at all like a stake lost by a gambler
who loses a thousand bids to win one;
neither is it like a medal of bravery,
conferred to a soldier wounded in the field
and kept inside a safe, lifelong.

In fact, God is one, and love is one too
eternal, immortal and true.

We must own this truth.

For, in spite of knowing that God is formless
we fear justice

and offer flowers, things and money.

We seek divinity on stones
praying lest, death becomes eternal.

Love is a flower offered to it
perhaps, we achieve something in it!

Perhaps, we seek to live with it!!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Krishna Bhushan Bal
Name: Krishna Bhushan Bal
Date of birth/place: March 13, 1948, Ilam
Phone: 021 – 530112, 9842033492
Literary debut: Around 1963/64
First publication: *Ma Yuwak Hoon* (in **Saugat**, Ilam, around 1966)
At national level: *Jhajhalko Meri Aamako* (in **Diyalo**, Darjeeling, 1976)



Works: **Dajyu Timro Haat Chahinchha**
(Short epic, 1977), **Bholi Baasne Bihan** (Collection of poems, 1958 and 2003)

Awards/honors: National Talent Award, and many more

About his poetics

On poetry: A Ganges of feeling springing out when consciousness touches; a vibration, a happiness, a friend to play with and sometimes, when at odd, a convict is poetry.

Self estimation: I am either a tired, oppressed traveler or nothing at all.

Editor's assessment: Krishna Bhushan Bal is a poet with no ordinary commitment to poetry. He is a pioneering practitioner of modern Nepali poetry, occupying a front-ranking position among poets of high poetic merits. His verses are testimonials to fertile poetic exuberance, and he is well versed in the strength of words. A minstrel of freedom and human primacy, Bal who assimilates himself in poesy with a realistic analysis of subject, is a way, out of the crossroad of Nepali poetry.

●

Krishna Bhushan Bal

The Martyrs Who Paved the Way

●

Our martyrs hewed the sun, ripping the clouds
but the sun could never shine on their dreams,
our martyrs gave the entire sky slashing the fogs
but their future never attained the sky.

Our martyrs emptied springs upon thirst-baked heartbeats,
but the drought of the summer baked the spring dry
and none could quench thirsts here,

our martyrs planted plumage on featherless birds
but the hungry birds could never fly with empty crops.

Our martyrs conferred eyes to age-old blinds,
but the blinds could not recognize, seeing their own selves.

To those frozen by chill,

our martyrs gave the quilts and blankets of love
but the needy ones never used them.

Henceforth, when will such donors come to these courtyards
when, getting martyrdom is a curse here?

For, this is a nation accursed by sati.

●

Wounds of the Heart

●

Which wind blew me off? I am floating on water like a turf.
Which swift flood carried me off? I am hurled, looking at my kiths.
Why do I need a wave; a small current can sweep me away
anyone can hook me on the throat; why does one need a net.
Yet, the black, plotting hands are bent on smothering the neck,
and yet, some eyes have risen to make them hills, and dig tunnels out.
I know not in which garden my flowers could be stuck, eating the
drought!
Nor do I know, along which trail my meek eyes could be trolling,
missing the main route!
I know not how long I am doomed to remain exiled this way.
A stone rolled downhill could at least get a hooking place;
this is heart, soft after all; where could it find a resting place?

●

Talks of History

●

A moon of creation went passing us, just now,
an air of zeal was discarded on the cremating bank, just now.
A mere, feeble town is tranced, carrying a crowd of dead bodies
the roads are silent with void stepping of empty feet
history stuck there,
we stuck there with it.

To know if the rivers are asleep or awake, we thrust in a burning log,
and strolled from towns and countries
to see if they are asleep or awake.

By the time we knew well, we had ourselves been flown afar,
and when we learnt them in detail, we had been caught in a mudslide.

History stopped there;
many of us regressed.

We, with blears of Sagauli treaty,
we, the witness to the denial of cremation-bank to Bhimsen's corpse
we, cursed by sati,
how long can a candle, canopied by a cold sky, keep burning?
Who knows when the trees, along the Arun bank, will slip and fall?
Just now, a jackal unfeathered a cock crowing to the ushering morn.
Just now, the fog eclipsed the sun that appeared in the east with the dawn.

Topography has always cheated us;
we ourselves cheated history!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Toya Gurung
Name: Toya Gurung
Date of birth/place: April 9, 1948, Kodari, Sindhupalchok
Phone: 977-1-4107056
Email: toyagurung516@hotmail.com
Literary Debut: 1960
First publication: *Mero Itihas Bannechha* (in *Swasnimanchhe*, 1962)



At national level: "

Works: *Suryadaha, Dhoopi, Dewal Ghumepachhi, Toya Gurungka Lama Kavita, Dhoopee or the Juniper* (Translation of *Dhoopi*)

Awards/honors: National Talent Award, Vyathit Poetic Award, Ratnashri Gold Medal, Krishna Kumari Manorath Nepal Memorial Vani Award, Citation by Kanya Multiple Campus, Dillibazar, Green Honor

About her poetics

On poetry: I am imprisoned lifelong. I have my viewpoints in my poems. I am not different from what I am in my verses.

Self estimation: I have no worries. I am free.

Editor's assessment: Toya Gurung is a name constantly committed to Nepali poetry till date with a creative presence, successfully adopting experimental tendencies. Her specialty as a poet rests in her extremely artistic and influential expression of life's incongruities, decadences, the unaccepted pangs of human consciousness or the macabre and naked experiences and feelings of life.

●

Toya Gurung

Man with the Cave Where the Century Waned

●

The echo escapes, bumping against the cave-walls,
suffocated and cramped inside
with life squeezed

Man...

squashed, has turned obscure
reaching out, merely acting to stretch

With the ankle
dislocated,
banging like blinds
and flushing along with a torrential creek,
tossing this way
and writhing that way,
the reflections of this life

Man...

**The pages get scribed,
with voices sharpened
and the pages decay
forgetting their history
they get charged into flames
like Sita, who jumped into the fire
that is not an acid test, though
reduced to ash, on the cremating bank**

Man...

**people went, caressing life
merely inside the exhibition of mirrors,
emptied life within saggy and phony love
and, for that
man takes birth, dies
and does many more things (at the confluence of birth and death)
what more is he doomed to become!**

**With people, the earth seems living
getting innumerable people
but the soil bears footprints,
upon being stepped by the same devilish people
who are losing their essence**

Like a perplexity on seeing many like themselves

**In a theatre
the same man stages a play
getting trapped, as confided treasure to be returned someday
wherein, to the earth he gifts tears and joys
and yet, somehow
within a suffocation inside the stinky cave
man is getting choked,
crushed by an overload of questions.**

But,

**o man living in towns,
man, born in a cave, rolling the weathered rocks down
man, doomed to be a hermit in woods for want of a shelter,
Why? Why does a man bear doubts of men
with his own image?**

**It might be possible, innumerable trees
get born in innumerable forms
like Taj Mahal erected on a lover's corpse;**

man perhaps wants to erect
more Taj Mahals of similar looks
upon the lover's corpse.
Man, nourished like a scapegoat,
is still hungry at men's sight, in the morning.

People have a onfusion,
how is man so cheap?
Why is man so cheap?
They shudder, unfolding the cave's history

Wherever you go – people like us appear
somewhere, poking their shoulders with hilarity
where more can we accommodate,
o men, delighted by the miracles of the twentieth century!

Man takes a breath
turning the pages of memory, inside the antique cave
illusion spreads its boughs

Adding up to the same existence,
receiving the invitation of his ancestors,
Man...
having come hitherto...

●

About the poet

Literary name: Shashi Bhandari
Name: Shashiram Bhandari
Date of birth/place: April 12, 1948, Kathmandu
Death: March 7, 2011
Phone: —
Literary debut: Since childhood
First publication: *Vidambana* (in **Naya Sandesh**, 1963)
At national level: "



Shashi Bhandari

Works: *Kshitij* *sangaiko Aakash*, *Uhi Kshitij* : *Uhi Aakash*, *Shitko Joon*, *Dandawariko Ghaam* (Collection of poems), *Samjhanaka Tareli* (Memoirs), *Laxmi Didi*, *Vichalan* (Novels)

Awards/honors: Harihar Sashtri-Savitri Devi Poetic Award (1979), United Development Centre's Award, Nagarik Swarna Samman (2006), Hirabahadur Khadka Literary Award (2007)

About his Poetics

On poetry: A mirror to fine, internal feelings.

Self estimation: Like myself, as I am.

Editor's assessment: Though Shashi Bhandari made his entry into modern Nepali verses as an experimental author, he gradually freed himself from experimental intricacies and confined himself to the creation of easy and naturally expressible poems generated by the interaction with nature. A singer of life in communion with nature, Sashi is aware of his limitations, and attains poetic revelation in his verses with aesthetic ripples of the struggle to reach ashore from the sea of thoughts. Such an emotional expressiveness is his original trait, where he leaves questions unanswered, and keeps whispering to readers and patrons, and stir them.

●

Shashi Bhandari

Prayer to God

●
Amidst pooja items and sounds of conches,
I am reciting aarati,
making the attributes of
the same speechless, dead stone
my god.

It's everyone's consensus,
and vow of everyone
and prayer everyone's too
to consecrate you in the worship room,
and make worthy of eternal reverence!

To your sheer craving with prayers
I am adding a faith
albeit from without
uttering no word at all
and hearing no sound at all.
I am making you my god
for ever and ever
repeatedly making
the stone with carvings of your fictitious form
my god,
and am always worshipping you.

●

Incongruous Desires

- - The hot sun
embellishes the day
and seeks coolness instead.
 - The sick moon
rises in the dark,
and is spelled by the night.
 - The dry water
attempts itself to quench thirst
but cries, in its memory, instead.
 - Heartless dream
boycotts the eyes
and itself awaits the dusk.
 - Incongruous desires
 - snapping shadows from light
 - seeking heat out of the day
 - squeezing flow out of the nightmake the clouds thunder
render the water flow-less
and reject dreams.
-

The Same Horizon: The Same Sky

●

We have no nest,
save flying higher, and still higher
we have no option
but to dream, and keep dreaming
we have no word to exchange with time,
besides a desolate wait for the night.

Besides the imbecile feathers,
we have no speed to touch the blue
and beyond the withered, futile buds
we have no wind to render forlorn
except a handful of spent words,
we have no way to rinse our doubts.

Besides the norms followed for ages,
nothing has gathered in eyes like chill
and beyond freezing in the sky of peace
no other winter and autumn we stand.

Besides tracing the remaining time,
we have no call for the new clock,
and besides invoking the tired, setting sun,
we have no beckoning for other slips
beyond adorning the sky attached to the horizon,
we are not saying anything more
with the same horizon, and the same sky.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Mohan Thakuri
Name: Mohan Thakuri
Date of birth/place: 1948, Darjeeling
Phone: 0091-9434166753
Literary debut: 1964
First publication: *Ma Kavita Korirahunla* (in **Diyo**, 1964)
At national level: "



Handwritten signature of Mohan Thakuri

Works: *Nihshabda*, *Abhinna Akshyar* (Collection of poetry), *Mero Aanganko Raat*, *Hangover* (Collection of poems), *Kaju Najarul Islam*, *Mitaa Ani Usko Jadooko Jutta* (Translation), *Avismrit Ksayanharu* (Memoir), Editing of *Nepali Kavita Yatra*, *Agam Singh Giri Rachana Sanchayan*, *Jalanka Kathaharoo*
Awards/honors: Srashta Award, Diyalo Award, Sahitya Academy Award

About his Poetics

On poetry: I take life as a collection of numerous experiences – experiences of sweet and bitter moments, or grief and sorrow, or meeting and parting. My verses arise from those experiences.

Self estimation: Basically, I am a poet. I take pride in being a poet. I wish, my readers keep my memory as a poet.

Editor's assessment: Poet Thakuri is a great patron of poetry, and is dedicated to that. Some of his poems show experimental traces, though his later works have become hearty manifestation of the present sense of existence, deconstructed on the frustrating and decadent plane after the shattering of faith. He appears more attracted to abstract beauty than its manifest counterpart, and his poetic revelation seems to anchor on the understanding that poetry should have an expressibility along with minute symbolism, implicit silence of satire, artistic code of aesthetic skill, and an erudite image selection. In totality, Thakuri is a ally of decent and pious poetic tradition.

●

Mohan Thakuri

Alone in the Trip

●

This platform
is a confluence of meeting and parting.
There are embraces, and hands bidding goodbye
there are those lost in hearty joys,
and those writhing in the pain of valediction.
Life stands alive on this platform,
constantly gazing.

On the other end of the platform,
the eyes of firm promises
are full of tears
there are unknown faces.
I am seated, in this corner of a compartment
holding some hands of smiles.
There are rushing and clamors
to squatter this place, that never belonged to anyone
and there is a deep sigh
of a provisional achievement.

There is speed, a momentum
in the scenes.
The hands of the sun
are drenched with sweats

I have heard of the wind's scream
claiming to blow the body and the heart off.
The eyes have lines
of green fields
far away are visible
trees and houses.

There are herds of cattle and goats
and small ditches
attentive storks are there,
waiting for their prey.
Far away are coconut trees
like giraffes,
gradually getting out of sight.
The setting sun is reflected
in small water ponds.

The river is flowing
there are some footmarks
on the sandy banks
waiting to be deleted
in a while.

Far away from home
this evening, during the trip
the heart has grown really sour.

I am alone in the trip.



We, Stranded on the Mechi Bridge

●

The water flows under the bridge.
To keep flowing is water's lot.
We are on the bridge.

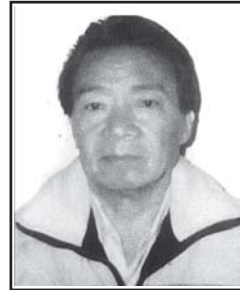
It is the bridge's lot
to escort those here, to that bank
and those there, to this bank.
We reached here,
to head for somewhere
to reach somewhere.
But, we could not reach anywhere.
This bridge
is mum,
speechless.
It has become
functionless / workless.
We could belong
neither to this part,
and nor to that
although a journey is left with us yet,
a destination yet
and yet a determination.
With us – we the living ones.
We have this soul,
secured by losing everything else.
And this alone is enough
to propel us to our goal.

Today,
this bridge stands
and upon it,
mere silence
is walking.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Kedar Gurung
Name: Kedar Gurung
Date of birth/place: 1948, Sikkim
Phone: 0091-3595250645
Literary debut: 1966
First publication: *Ma Baanchidinchhu* (in *Janadoot*, 1966)
At national level: *Mero Himalko Desh* (in *Dhwani-Pratidhwani*, 1971)



Works: Eight anthologies of poetry, two collections of stories, one collection of essays, editing of *Srashta*, *Jhilka*

Awards/honors: Five Awards and 15/16 felicitations and honors

About his Poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a fountain of melodious and soft words and feelings emerging from the coordination of the soul and consciousness.

Self estimation: A patron of literature having spent more than three-fourth of life in writing and editing literature and establishing and gearing organizations, and yet unable to accomplish certain essential vocations and unable to write and publish anything to my own satisfaction, I am a literary worker, housing a deep sense of regret.

Editor's assessment: Ever committed to writing literature, establishing and gearing organizations related to literature, the talented poet Kedar Gurung is an untiring karmayogi of Nepali literature. In his pious prosodic practice, one can see the reflection of ethnic esteem and unadulterated experiences of human life. An aesthetic pursuit with a taint of local color marks the distinction of his poetry. I don't consider it an exaggeration to state that in totality, his poetic premise is underscored with a forceful motif for the establishment of the truth of life.

●

Kedar Gurung

The Edge and Feet of the Frontier...

●
Slipped
out of the hands of time
certain things are falling
to find a place, or to break.
Is anyone giving out a correct interpretation?
Changes are taking place—
in words and theories alone
merely to maintain dignity
forgetting the result of the work and the worker
merely piling up desires to maintain a sequence!
Let a process at least be there –
to engender a new reaction;
why should we allow the tipping off and drying
of the sea of all groups,
violating the collective vision
in the same plan and program,
after someone's individual conviction?
The water has dried out, and fire has broken out
somewhere, houses are flying and breaking.
To run away from the maddening cyclone of illusion and terror
everyone is running in the air, slipping and getting up on the way
pursuing the distance to the border,
without knowing how it is and how long.

●

This Dubious Scenario...

●

As in other days,
today too,
a number of crows
from the sumac tree
visible from the widow,
are calling out their names themselves,
as though they are giving
a new, and essential message
but why, and to whom; who cares?

Are those crows...
eyeing the chicks
picking grains from the courtyard?
Or, are they eyeing the food
placed openly in the cooking pot and caldron
around the stove?
Or else,
would they pick the ripen, sour seeds of sumac
utter their names; show their actions
and fly from there to some other places?

As if something has happened to someone...
the crows take a collective flight –
and go out of sight, in an uncertain route
leaving the onlookers in a big dilemma –

What is such a dilemma for?
But the same scenario
keeps repeating
every morning!

●

Smothering Desires

●

For my own happiness and peace,
I am rolling by fits and trials,
all the unnecessary desires of my heart
down the cliff of distaste,
and killing them,
as soil from the plucked-off herbs of the plain,
heaped upon large rocks
after shaking them clean to winnow the dust off.

I know not why, out of such desires,
a mere dejection comes in me, and no longing for them at all!
For this, to live a single life joyfully, and comfortably, I...
all these illegal desires (that are beyond my power!...)
I am killing, wiping all of them out!
not letting them move this way or that,
I am viciously, and with harshness, smothering them,
and killing with utter brutality.

Look at me,
if you do not believe.
How peacefully I am smiling for peace?
Can you see me
both with eyes, and with heart??

●

About the poet

Literary name: Govinda Bikal
Name: Govinda Bahadur Bohra
Date of birth/place: 1949, Sunsari
Death: 2006
Literary debut: Since boyhood
First publication: 1970/71
At national level: "
Works: *Aajako Selo* (1989), *Ek Tukra Dhun* (Collection of poems, 2005), *Bikalka Kehi Ghazalharu* (2004), *Euta Pratik Rajkumar* (Unpublished short epic)



Awards/honors: Mahananda Award, Veer Chhaya Award, Dr. Swami Prapannacharya Chaturbhooj Award, Awarded by Progressive Writers' Association, Felicitated by Employees' Association, Public Cultural Forum, Prasphutan Literary Group, Garima Foundation for Film Arts, Bikal Memorial Foundation (Dharan), etc. (Source: Bam Devan)

About his poetics

On poetry: I reckon, there is some essence
in the color sprinkled everywhere on the wall
.....
I feel, the colors transformed into voice
flow all over the wall, and say something
I don't know what it is, and yet, inside it
I feel the pain and sorrow of the group of people flows
(Courtesy: *Aajako Selo*)

Self estimation: I? A footprint
destined to be left, far behind
.....
I am an atom, yet I can beat in your heart
in the form of a song of human primacy
(Courtesy: *Aajako Selo*)

Editor's assessment: A progressive writer Govinda Bikal once known as an influential author, seems to be gradually effacing from Nepali literary diary. Nevertheless, his poems will be eternally beating in the hearts of people as a song of human primacy. His verses are forceful carriers of music-generating thoughts that generate a loop-dup of contextual spirit of life along with a high quality manifestation of aesthetic awareness.

●

Govinda Bikal

Flower, Land and You

●

The flowers have a glow,
the flowers have a beauty,
the flowers have a fragrance
you might say,
this should not happen
but, it is nature's design
and it should be so.

Out of rage,
pick all the flowers up
and destroy them,
under your feet.
But Monsieur,
the creation does not cease
more flowers shall bloom
covering the entire world
dissipate their glitter,
like the moon,
give their fragrance
like the musk naval,

show their form
like the stars
the flowers shall bloom and unfold
against your interest;
give what they ought to
and take what they ought to
according to their normal pace, quality.
Monsieur,
no matter, how aggressively you agitate
against the flowers,
the flowers warn you this way,
what can you do?
Land is the base of flowers on earth,
and all lands are against you.
Lodge a complaint against the flowers and land
in heaven;
let's see
what verdict your lord Indra gives?
●

Time and I

●
Time!
I, a mere piece of ice
inside the glass of squash
you are about to drink,
shall go on melting, bit by bit.
Time!
I, a puff of smoke
in the cigar you are smoking
shall get absorbed in the air, bit by bit.
Time!
in the innumerable footmarks of your gait,
I, a mark
shall lag, far behind.
Time,
you are all powerful
and I, an atom.
Yet, I shall keep beating in your heart,
as the song of human primacy.
●

Black Market

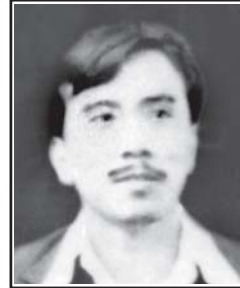
●

A black suit
came out of a black car with a black suitcase
the black suit gave the black suitcase
to another black suit
and the other black suit got lost
none knows, whither he went
everyone knows that it is a black market
but, the intelligence police
just kept staring.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Narden Rumba
Name: Narden Rumba
Date of birth/place: 1949, Darjeeling
Death: 1990
Literary debut: —
First publication: *Bipanama Byunjheko Bihan* (in *Dhuwan*, 1969)
At national level: “



Works: *Prakshep* (Collection of poems, 1978), *Narden Rumbaka Kritiharoo* (2004), *Mrigatrishna* (Poetic drama), *Bhitechitra* (Collection of poems, not published as a different book), *Duniyan* (Play, not published as a different book); Editing of *Hamro Sano Patrika* (1971)

Awards/honors: Shrestha Sabdakar, Shrestha Patrakar, Posthumous felicitation by Gorkha Martyrs Service Association in 2002

About his poetics

On poetry: My youth is really like a comic sketch. Sometimes, I feel like becoming a painter, and sometimes an urge to be a musician besieges me, but apart from both of these drives, I am interested in literature (poetry).

(Courtesy: **Narden Rumbaka Rachanaharoo**)

Self estimation: I don't know in which range in the symphony of creation I resound, I play. (Courtesy: **Narden Rumbaka Rachanaharoo**)

Editor's assessment: Generating special vibration in poetry with few words and constructions full of images is a special talent of poet and lyricist Narden Rumba. In his poetry, it can be claimed, heart and not the brain talks of human and philosophical truth.



Narden Rumba

Inside the Mirror of My Nation

●

**With my sliced hands,
and broken fingers / nails**

I tried to touch; to caress

**my country, if it is there anywhere; whether this is it or that is it,
but, where is my nation?**

**I look at the rhododendrons at times, and sometimes at the suns in the
plain;**

look at the hilly countryside where fowls crow,

look at the whistling bamboo grove at dusk,

or at the rising or setting red sun, far away

to find if this country is mine; if my desire itself is my nation.

With my hot eyes – soft or hot, white or red,

It's not that haven't tried to see

or to know

in the feet of the have-nots, in the arms or the hapless,

it is not that I did not try to see

in the trials that reach nowhere, or among chicks

it too is not that I did not try
to love my innocent, naive country
but why doesn't the country smile to me?
In God's name, sometimes, I feel
if I don't really have a nation at all.
Or, have I turned one devoid of nation?
The chest of the landless has become land itself,
I look for my nation somewhere there,
the chests and ribs of my fathers and grandfathers
have become soil
I look for my nation there
and sometimes I look for it
among the dry tea shrubs.

Sometimes among the hungry, blue lips
sometimes in closets in the hills and slopes,
and sometimes on the *bhadgaunle* caps put on by acquaintances,
I look for my nation.

But?

Are those people my nation
lifting their swords
on railways tracks in the name of religion
people wobbling with red flags and khurkris
people who claim that they like hotness,
and people who claim they like coldness,
people who claim, they are used to living in darkness,
people who say, they haven't availed electric light hitherto,
people who say that they like the evening,
and people who say, they like the cold, pleasing morning?

My tears are sick
I don't know why, nor do the tears know
which place they need to soak; where they need to fall.
Is that trail, that hill, that cliff, that slope,
that *champak*, that *guras*, that black man, that tall house
my nation ?

Somewhere, I feel today
I neither need a morning, nor an evening
but a nation;
my son too needs a nation
but where is that?

●

Midday

●

Rising above the slope,
the sun stops in the mid-sky
for a moment;

touches the mountain with its breast,
and stands still for a while.

Sitting in the middle, when it escorts me
towards the fringe of life,

I get to forget the darkness somehow,
and elevate above human settlements
numerous currents develop in the sky;

I rise further higher,
my nails and flesh, thin and scatter
like the clouds, and dissolve in the blue
this way, all the time

a warm and pleasant midday
sets out in search of a new breath of new development
tearing the ultimate form and face of man off.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Anjir Pradhan
Name: Dr. Anjir Pradhan
Date of birth/place: September 3, 1949, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1- 4245762
Email: epsa@wlink.com.np
Literary debut: Around 1958
First publication: 1959 (in a school magazine)
At national level: *Dhwani* (around 1960/61)



अजिर प्रधान

Works: *Visthapit Anuharharu* (Collection of poetry, co-authored, 1971), *Nidayera Yatra* (Collection of poetry), Editing of *Mahamantra* and *Resha*

Awards/honors: —

About his poetics

On poetry: Modern poetry should be intellectual, but not like mathematics. Irrigated by art, poetry should explain itself in the hold of intense sensibilities of emotions.

Self estimation: No person in the universe can be completely seen at a time. A person perceived as divided into thousands of fragments, images and reflections, is a false individual. Therefore, it is my ardent endeavor to hold myself clearly. But in the journey of life, I find myself lost, missing in its abstract geography.

Editor's assessment: Anjir Pradhan, an introvert poet who seldom goes for publishing in spite of housing an unfathomable talent within, is associated with Ashwikrit Group. Once a believer of totality, poet Anjir now seems to have accepted the destiny of man doomed to be fragmented into a thousand pieces. Yet, he loves to remain far away from it all, and feel, identify and experience humanness, even at the cost of a stiff struggle with man's nakedness. In other words, he wants to turn to himself in conclusion. He shows a readiness in giving human values and beliefs a new direction from his own dimension.

●

Anjir Pradhan

A Futile Day

●

Presenting futile artifacts
in the name of my dear ones
as a mark of victory
I am rendering myself meaningless
getting bought every single second
at the hands of my own face.

With an uprooted time
I, an individual with waning worth
wash the self in silence.
From my own ugly feelings,
life from the unimpeded flow of flames
illusions of the eye
and illusions of rationality
the farness of truth from the self,
from the border stumps,
near; nearer than the shadow
setting existence on fire
I charged myself a betrayal,
at the time of valediction!

Carving out your names
with a knife on pine barks,
amidst jests and clamors,
amidst fragments of jokes and laughter,
getting involved for a while
brushing senses aside,
consoling, forgetting the song's wounds
with song-head contest
like issuing orders
from inside a brocade house,
halting an expiration of pangs,
stepping upon the back
of the shadow of time,
tempted to catch
the sunset in the snap,
like the woods
unable to tell their own sorrows
inscribing a fake pride
on the fingers of fondness
the ripples of dignified people
borne upon my own chest
to look up at the rainbow
flowing with gulps of *kawab*
you are not wounded
for having thrown a filthy critique
you are among the fish
and can forget everything
in the picture of sunset
stepping upon the back of a fish!

If I ever walk into these woods again
on some day when
I miss the day's counting
this pine shall smoothen
the blows it had charged
upon my time, from its album.

●

After Losing Countenance

●

Now onwards, we shall not tell anything to each other
for, telling has no meaning
and listening has no meaning too!

Words are flowing as fluid between us
and voice decaying as vapor
barbed wire and cobweb are growing
all around our throats;

We are bearing alone
tales of innumerable nightmares
disturbed / terrified
by the red color
housed in innumerable fragmented mentalities
I, or we
have not been able to spread, even upon our own road;
nowhere could we earn living / preserve our status
how do we say, 'you' and 'I'
when, we have no faces?

In ice-like glass,
when visions too start melting
and each second is dying
where, upon the corpse of feelings
is your name, or mine?
I can call you a tree, *peepal* or banyan,
and you can call me a chair, table or fan.

Now onwards, we shall tell anything to each other
for, telling has no meaning
and listening has no meaning too!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Shubha Shrestha
Name: Subhalaxmi Shrestha
Date of birth/place: November 5, 1949, Palpa
Phone: 977-1- 4263446
Literary debut: Around 2063
First publication: *Prakritiko Den* (in **Aalok**, 1967)
At national level: in **Madhuparka/**
Gorkhapatra (1967)



शुभा श्रेष्ठ.

Works: **Mero Chhanamathiko Neelo**
Aakash (1990), **Banda Mannko Pinjadabhitra**
(Collection of poems, 1998), **Asmitako Khoji** (Novel, 2001)

Awards/honors: First, second or third in various poetic competitions at district and national levels

About her poetics

On poetry: Poetry is an artistic genre wherein, through lexical craftsmanship, we can explain much in a few words.

Self estimation: I am an introvert and conscious individual living for others, but unable to express myself, and endeavoring to understand life.

Editor's assessment: In the verses of Shubha Shrestha, a poet who believed in creation rather than in destruction, one can trace a bias in favor of life. Her poems reflect images of the finite riddles of life, emerging out of the womb of time in comradeship with nature.

●

Shubha Shrestha

The Blue Firmament above My Roof

●

The blue firmament above my roof
is looking down, silently
at the face of the earth, suffocated by fog;
the earth is breaking into fragments,
the cloudlets are floating all around.
The blue firmament above my roof
is screened by the blinds of cloud,
the fumed face of the earth
gets torn into patches, all around
the sky is looking continuously on,
hunger has triggered a dead silence
the present startles
when the past shakes it up
a beggar stands there
signaling abject poverty,
silence rules everywhere.

The blue firmament above my roof
is mute,
the earth is mute too
and so is rage
hunger is silent
the past is speechless
and the present has no words too.
The blue firmament above my roof is quiet
belief is quiet
and faith quiet too
culture is silent
and is vacantly staring with its eyes
the iris in the eyes are still
and so are the eyebrows,
silent are the teardrops.
The blue firmament above my roof is silent too
I am mute,
my faith and beliefs are mute too
my horizons and my fields
too are silent
the blue firmament above my roof is silent.
●

On the Canvas

●
I am living a life of illusion
why do sweet dreams
keep sleeping inside the eye?
Why do shameless nights
slither dubiously inside the eye?
The sun spills the bright warmth
all over the courtyard,
the night grows skeptical again
it doesn't like to befriend light.
Darkness seeks darkness
and whenever light comes
night recedes with tears
I don't know
what sense does its crying make
nor do I know
the meaning of the day's smile

but
crying and laughing
have their own meanings
different experiences have
different gushes too!

I don't like nights either
the entire sky looks dark
inside the dark night
man's destiny looks dark too
yes, inside the dark night!
But, why are the bearings of life
are separate roads
and different aims
different pictures on separate canvases?
Why do they articulate
their own sorrows
opening the door-panes of darkness?
Why
the most modern pictures on the canvases
keep presenting the pictures of their vision
putting color upon color...?



About the poet

Literary name: Jas Yonjan Pyasi
Name: Dr. Jas Yonjan
Date of birth/place: 1949, Darjeeling
Phone: 0091-9832366694
Email: rujasyonle@rediffmail.com
Literary debut: 1963
First publication: in *Himalaya Sandesh* (1966)
At national level: *Festival* (in *The Statesman*, 1994)



Works: *Chithi* (Novelette, 1978), *Pyasika* (1983), *Euta Deshko Khojma* (Collection of poems, 1985), *Parasmani Pradhan: Kehi Kriti Keiran* (1987), *Buddhadev Basu* (Biography, 1992), *Naya Suryako Pratikshyama* (Play, 1992), *Shanti Sandeha* (Collection of poems, 2002)

Awards/honors: Diyalo Award (1973), Srashta Award (1987), Aakashvani Playwriting Award (1989), Arugi Award (1990), Bhanubhakta Award (1998), Madan Memorial Narrative Honor (1996), Kamal Award (1999), Sahitya Academy Award (2008), Ramlal Adhikari Award (2007)

About his poetics

On poetry: Sometimes, certain things of the world generate certain feelings in the heart. The artistic expression of those feelings in words with imagination and consciousness is what poetry is.

Self estimation: I am pyasi (thirsty), and am thirsty even now. Perhaps life will end before this thirst quenches. But I am not frustrated with life. I take struggle as a method to live life.

Editor's assessment: Jas Yonjan Pyasi is a popular name in Nepali letters. His poems are simple, and flow with easy expressiveness. The content of his poesy is woven in the emotional surge of experimental structure. Well familiar with the power of words, Pyasi arranges novel images with typical words and lovely images in his beautified writings, and keeps poetic originality perennially intact. In it a powerful echo of the poet's spiritual expression can be discerned.

●

Jas Yonjan Pyasi

In Search of a Nation

●

When the self ousts the self
and the self exiles the self
in search of a vast sky
in search of a nation not discovered hitherto
running away all alone, aimless and hapless
moving alone, crying alone, helpless, and almost dead
I came to that fort, battered by war
where, facing the daggers of the foes
a single piece of ancestor's khukri too
had rusted to soil.

This has made me more and more confident
that no past of mine is alive in any tale
and no future shall be archived as history
merely carrying the pains of a worthless present
getting smothered and infected in the cancerous sun, though
terrorized, losing the way when the chamar swallows the moon, though
losing the track, and getting frightened at a foggy time, though
I have to invent a clod of earth
that may not have received even a bird's shit
I need to discovered an island, tiny though
and need to procure a nation
and making a conjecture of its eastern horizon
I need to wait for a new morning, as done by Mod-fu-San.

And lo, conceiving the zygote of a thought to create a new morning
I started dreaming colorful dreams inside a fictitious night
standing on the legs of Vasco-de-Gama
I am ruling the empire of Robinson Crusoe
where I, spotless like white milk
am standing under the white flag of my nation
singing the long national anthem of cosmic vacuity and silence.
When the anthem finishes, I see
a man comes from far away, with a thorny crown
and sweats of blood all over
carrying a cross upon the shoulders,
smiles and says, "Allow me to sow
the seeds of religion in your new nation."
I can see –
a man with shaven head and in saffron robes
lands from above, and stands near me
in serious moods and half-closed eyes, and says,
"Allow me to plant the seedlings of non-violence in your new nation."

I can see –
an old man from below
screening the wounds on the breast with Gita
comes up, walking with a stick
sits near me; smiles and says,
"Allow me to cultivate truth and peace in your new nation."

White pigeons from east and west, from north and south,
come flying with letters of congratulation in their beaks
and fly, dropping them in my front.
Some letters are from Lincoln, Lenin or Ho-Chi-Minh,
some are from Devkota, Rembrandt and Saris,
some from Romeo, Majnu and Omar Khayyam,
and some from those who die on hill, vales and streets.
At that moment, giving myself the smiles of utter satisfaction,
I yell, "Eureka! Eureka!" for myself
and scream the voice of invention for myself
and in effect, the dream-walls of the fictitious night
collapse, and fall upon me,
trying to bury me
and to kill me
this way, getting defeated from my own dreams too
I know not,
in search of what kind of a victory
I landed on such a place
where, the shady cycus trees too,

eaten up by consumption
stand feebly, trembling on the ground, pleading the chilly evening wind
to bestow some more length to their life
this way, as I wondered carrying an unbelievable truth
I fancied, the blackened and inverted Himalayas too were singing
the mourning numbers of tandav with the sky.

This way, during my search for a faith amidst difficulties,
I sense a fragrance of words from flowers in the garden
fencing the frontiers with barbed wire
I feel, people have changed their faces into Bhairav's* mask
it seems, this city is advertising the peak of civilization
in maidens' naked dance known as 'striptease.'
This is not all!
Looking at the barren, infertile fields, rendered sand-like
by repeated operation with scientific tools
and repeated restoration to life by scientific tonic, tablets and powders,
I feel, every human should abandon craving for life.
Therefore, here
in spite of getting the rights to remain within,
how many more foundations can be told about –
how many hours of an exiled life like this can be colored?
I accept being exiled,
I accept being ousted,
I am ready to freeze as snow the whole night,
but have no longing to flow worthlessly as a river
I am not bent on crying, when this murky Dark Age breathes its last
rather, I would opt
to see a new sun,
rise from the new horizon of a new nation.
●

About the poet

Literary name: Man Prasad Subba
Name: Man Prasad Subba
Date of birth/place: September 3, 1950, Darjeeling
Phone: 0091-9832025465
Email: manus_darj@rediffmail.com
Literary debut: Since schooldays
First publication: *Banaunu Chha* (in **Sarita**, a school's mouthpiece)
At national level: *Pratah Dekhi Raat Samma* (in **Hamro Astitva**)



Works: *Biblyato Yugbhitra Cartoon Manchheharu, Bukhyachaharuko Deshma, Ushma, Aadim Basti, Ritu Canvasma Rekharu, Akshar-Orchestra* (Collection of poems), *Tyo Modsamma Pugeko Manchhe* (Novel)

Awards/honors: Diyalo Award (1975), Ratnashree Gold Medal (1993), Sahitya Academy Award (1998)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry primarily is an art that we create or build up for life. The first condition for art is beauty that manifests in the special expression of our feelings. But such an expression is not possible without honesty.

Self estimation: A small step striving in research and invention of poetry.

Editor's assessment: Man Prasad Subba, an active author with a progressive bias, is a renowned name in modern Nepali verse. He attains an all time poetic individuality in honestly expressing without any gaudy adjective that fundamental truth of an individual in its pure beauty, which relates to a wave of feeling, connected with being one with an observed object that attains an existential worth in the consciousness of the observer. He experiences creative ecstasy in dissolving the music of strife and motion – the two foundations of existence – in the melody, tune and beat of poetry. His poems are testimonials to his conviction that a poem, which in fact is a concrete form of latent sensibility and aesthetic consciousness of an individual constantly striving in a seamless present of perspirations and tears tirelessly swimming with the obscured pace of the pearl, attains its accomplishment in being a true poesy, and maintain the indestructible primacy of poetry.

●

Man Prasad Subba

Speech, Town and I

●

From the snout of
a speech's machinegun,
words are being fired
in the mid-square.

Sitting in the verandah of a city house,
I am watching people
walk to and fro.

A youthful pair – a boy and a girl,
are walking along,
with glowed countenances,
absorbed in talk.

A little up the street, in a shoe shop
an old woman
is buying shoes for her grandson, five or six.
Those shoes – gifts for a long trip.

The speech is boiling
in the mid-square
like water boiling with stone potatoes
inside the pot of famine.

Behold, there in the drugstore
people are thronging to buy medicines
as ever.
A similar crowd can be seen on the footpath
busy, selecting second-hand clothes.
A bus, carrying tourists,
is slowly moving towards the square.
The porters, listening to the speech until now,
rush after the bus to find work.
The hotel agents, who procure meals by procuring clients,
too have rushed into the bus!
Far away there, near a paan counter,
a young girl,
beautiful like a fresh pyrethrum blossomed this morning
is waiting for someone for a long time.
The man, who walked to the town
with a basketful of vegetables in the morning
is readying to go back, with a bag full of stuffs.

Fists are being pounded,
slogans are being aired
thundering the square.

Far away, at motor-stands and bus-stands,
the hopes of 'see you'
are beautifully waving in every hand
like on all other days.
And, how gracefully
the ear-rings of that lady
hastily rushing home from office
are swaying!
And how delightfully, like a wave,
are the locks of a little girl
skipping on the roof of a building
swinging back and forth !

Now, I enter the house.
I read *Meghdoot* once again.
I write a letter too.
I write the sighs of love
lighting the lamp of belief.
Thawing with beliefs alone,
I have treated all wounds of betrayal.
No, I am never done with
listening to stories of love!

●

My Word (?)

●

I found a letter in the pollens of flowers
a piece of stone, and a pinch of soil
changed into letters, coming into my hands;
kneading these letters with a sweat-drop and a teardrop,
I molded them into a word
then, I blew my breathe in,
and released it with the wave of my voice!

After escaping from me, the word became a wanderer.
It belonged to where it went, to whomever it stayed with
but it could settle nowhere.
These days, if we ever come across,
it alone knows me, but I do not.
It calls me sometimes
but its voice has changed / it keeps changing.

Once I asked it,
"Why do you loaf around this way, my word?"
It replied straightaway,
"Holy Mo! Why don't you ever want to change?
Do you think you are a god, immune to changes?
There is pleasure in changing
There is motion, and there is life in it.
Did you get me?"

●

About the poet

Literary name: Pawan Chamling 'Kiran'
Name: Pawan Kumar Chamling
Date of birth/place: September, 1950, Sikkim
Phone: 0091-359-2202304
Literary debut: from schooldays
First publication: *Veerko Parichaya* (1967)
At national level: "



Works: *Prarambhik Kavitaharu*, *Antaheen Sapana: Mero Bipana, Ma Ko Hoon*, *Perennial Dream* (Collection of poetry), *Damthang: Hijo ra Aaja* (Collection of archival studies), Editing of *Nirman*

Awards/honors: Chintan Award for poetry (Sikkim Sahitya Parishad, 1987), Bharat Siromani Rashtriya Award (1997), Man of the Year Award International Award by American Biographical Institute

About his poetics

On poetry: The voice of much of my poetry extends from people to people. As my subject, I chose a person and the conditions in which he is living; the geography that he interacts with, the culture wherein he expresses himself, for a lifeless individual bears no worth. Literature (poetry) is an artful expression of the melody, wailings and heartbeat of life. In that literature (poem), humanity finds completely secured.

Self estimation: I am an outright patron of Nepal and Nepalese, longing to show to the world that the Nepalese have an outstanding identity in the world as I look at them as one, united by the string of nationality and language.

Editor's assessment: The poems of Pawan Chamling 'Kiran', an untiring patron of Nepali language and literature are the reflections of Indian Nepalese society. The relevant exclusiveness of migration, time and feelings form the heart of his poesy, and the melody and cries of life are its heartbeat while humanity is the subalternized voice of his poems. His poems testify that he is worthy of being recognized as a skilled organizer of words because of the rare talent he exhibits in arranging prosodic images.

●

Pawan Chamling 'Kiran'

The Situation within Us

●
These puny nights have nothing in them
save the dreams of hope and belief.
These too—
are as false and vicious as the night itself.
In frail nights that beget dreams alone,
many realities have been
heartlessly slaughtered, in fact.
Harboring frail youths,
the days have turned into a ruin of realities.

●

A Reflection within at Brahmaputra and Kamakhya

●
Along the bank of the Brahmaputra,
I saw the dead bodies of my living people being drifted
Is it because they cannot swim, along with the river swirl
or because, they cannot row the boats
that my people keep drowning in the sea!
Upon the bodies of my people,
drowned and dead in the Brahmaputra,
the neighboring hawks, wild cats and jackals
share, amid wrangling, and hold banquets.
And these days,
erecting the backbones of my people on the bank,
people raise barrages across the Brahmaputra.

Is it due to a spell of a god's sin
or a curse, inherited from a former birth
that the tales of my people went on
being scribed in tears
and their broken pains went on
getting exchanged for wages of sweats?

My people cannot claim
even a harvest nurtured by the manure of their sweats and blood
as theirs;
they cannot live as human
even in their own homes and courtyards
God knows why!
In a world of such sins and curses
the realities of my people have become dreams!
This is not a fairytale
nor is it a fictitious story;
This is a sad tale of millions of unfortunate people;
this is a page from the dead history
of people doomed to live a dead man's life.
Did not my father, grandfather, and great grandfather
rinse the sins and curses due upon us,
by bathing themselves in the Brahmaputra water?
Did not my mother and grandmother
pray with their heads upon the feet of Kamakhya Mai
for the happiness and peace of their children
and of those who rendered devotion and service?

It has been generations
that my people have been offering
incense, holy grains and flowers
to the deities there;
centuries have elapsed since
they started offering the first harvest
of their labor!

Where are my people today
in the settlement areas where
they founded villages
fighting with tigers and elephants?
Where are they
in the pages of history
written by their sacrifice
in drops and drops of their own blood?

Even the waves of the Brahmaputra
wash the houses of my people away,
the flood everywhere
deluges and carries away the crops of my people.
Landslide, however small it might be,
wears away the chests of my people.
Is it because the deities here are annoyed
or because, my people lack the blessings of Kamakhya and
Brahmaputra?
After all, the deities should have
blessed everyone equally!
Brahmaputra and Kamakhya Mai
should have ensured everyone's security!
- Do we have a different deity to worship?
- Do we have a different world to explore here?

●

About the poet

Literary name: Manju Kanchuli

Name: Manju Tiwari

Date of birth/place: January, 1951, Kathmandu

Literary debut: At the age of 7/8

First publication: *Dharti ra Aakash* (in **Ratna Shree**, 1967)

At national level: *Rookh* (**Madhupark**, around 1967/68)



Works: *Kiranka Chhalharu*, *Mero Jeevan Mero Jagat*, *Two Sisters*, *Aatmapratiti*, *Palakbhitra Palakbahira* (Collections of poems), *Kehi Maya Kehi Paridhi*, *Manju Kanchulika Katha*, *Vishwamitrako Suhagraat* (Collection of stories), *Aakash Bibhajit Chha* (Novel, co-authored), *Hamro Sawal Daidaiko Jawaf* (Conversation), *Tiwari Natyasahityako Vishlesanatmak Adhyayan* (Co-edited)

Awards/honors: Laxmi Medal (1960), Ratnashree Gold Medal (1979), Vyathit Poetic Award (1993), Guruwacharya Prize for Stories (1974), Lady of the Month (Women's Forum, 1993), Best Litterateur, Theatre (1995), Deepa Janmat Award, Mahendra Singh Karki Award, Gopal Prasad Rimal Honor

About her poetics

On poetry: Poet is the consciousness and its expression that arises from the interaction between the external and the internal world. You x I (External World x Internal World) = Infinite Poetry.

Self estimation: I am a citizen of a nation, devoid of human rights to some extent, struggling very hard but completely self-reliant. A responsible, middle-class woman, working for change and awareness through social, literary and academic activities against the country's social, economic, political and cultural scenario.

Editor's assessment: In the realm of contemporary Nepali poesy, Manju Kanchuli is an influence woman signature. The artistic skill that characterize this ardent advocate of women's sensibilities is the expression of the tune of heart in a new and lucid image of the society's entirety. The luster of philosophical depth in her message marks the personal identity of the poet. In totality, her poems are beautiful intellectual documentations.

●

Manju Kanchuli

The Voice of Stones

●

When the mind abandons attraction with life and things
you no longer remain mine, nor I yours.

The bonds of emotions, lust and goals recede
an egalitarian intellect shall move, ascending the stairs
on a peepal tree, from boughs to boughs,
when easy steps move ahead
leaving the soil and the trails
no other sign save that of life's liberation
remains on the soil.

Resolutions, small tremors and water currents
die out; the surface appears tranquil
silent is the air, and no cloud appears
without desires, without distaste
away from the contemplation of joy and sorrow
a sleeping demeanor fills.

I don't regard joys and sorrows
nor do I concede to your powers
when I am not engulfed by excessive desires engendered by sensuality

The garden is adorned
with the fragrance of a liberated mind
that has steps of the divine climax
renouncing all material longings
scars of joys and sorrows, the series of fears
and the question of truth and falsehood
the tranquil sea is still as ever
a soft fragrance comes from the soil

I am a minute form, a totality, a nucleus
an expansion sans cares
a complete form; a distinct EXISTENCE

Nature, love, Being or
science, truth, eternity or anything else
why do you ask me?
Why do you nurture abortive wishes?
I don't even know all these worldly plots.

Comprehending the minds of a few fellow beings
I am speaking their opinion; I am not sad for that

I have an internal vision
a motion lives on, inside atoms and molecules
I have seen the external world
in a state devoid of deception
and have born your manners
with my external form

Like a sky, devoid of ravenosity and stigma
I freely rove around with a pure mind
revolving round and round
I have observed, albeit from a distance
the water fringe in your desirous, autumn pond

I have seen in it
the pale pages of my own mind
this firmament, this bliss
a pure salvation
a liberation from senses, though from a distance

Seated on an option-less position
like a stone, devoid of demeanor
a form, placid and resolute, a unified heart
near your autumn pond
a little away from your water of attachment
standing on a handful of soil
of my own frontier
of my own thoughts
I have voiced the words of liberation
with the voice of little pebbles

These stones (and their voices)
must have struck that water somewhere
but I don't have its information!

●

The Portrait of Mona Lisa

●

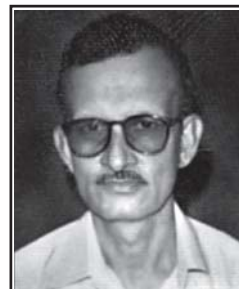
Smiling though in an eye I am,
I am weeping in the other
Half of my mind is fed, though
in half I am starving

Varnishing these tattered hopes
with partially dry water of the eye,
turning this mind back
from the illusive water of the vast ocean
I am losing half of my countenance in silence
with offerings of a helplessness
hung on the wall
and half
I am losing it
in a partly bright, and partly dark tunnel of the surges of feelings
In this endless waiting on walled canvas
I am looking for my own painter.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bhavilal Lamichhane
Name: Bhavilal Lamichhane
Date of birth/place: March, 1951, Assam, India
Phone: 0091-9957020679
Literary debut: 1969
First publication: *Basantako Shubhagaman* (in *Aama*, 1963)
At national level: "



Works: *Anagat* (1983), *Shabda Hun Yee Mera* (1996), *Asamapta Pailaharu* (Collection of poems, 2001), *Sirshakheen* (Collection of muktaks [short poems], 2006), *Bhabilal Lamichhaneka Dui Wota Nazm/Kehi Ghazalharu* (2007), *Hashiye Ke Pal* (Hindi, 1998), *Baadalpariko Desh* (Collection of poems for children, 2006), *Kaska Laagi?* (Collection of stories, 2000); Co-editing of *Kopilo*, *Aankuro*, *Haribhakta Katuwalko Smriti Grantha*, and Editing of *Sahityappravaha*, *Samakalin Nepali Sahitya, Sanskriti*, and *Aaphnai Srijanabhitra Gurubhakta Dhital*

Awards/honors: Haribhakta Katwal Memorial Award (1993), Pushpalal Upadhyaya Memorial Award (2004), Baba Ambedkar Sahityaratna Award (2006)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a genre that connects man's daily struggles and the problems around him with the nation, the society and the age. This is highly emotive and sensible, and capable of generating awareness. It does not merely cater mental happiness. It also urges one to think and act. Poetry is like the flow of a river that soaks a dry land and makes it cool.

Self estimation: I am a pitiable, simple man who wants to live more in less time, who wants to express himself to his satisfaction, who writes when unable to speak, and tries to wire his feelings to the oppressed ones.

Editor's assessment: Author Bhavilal Lamichhane is a poet conscious to the power of words and their beauty. His poems are beautiful archives of people's sighs, sorrows, pains and oppressions. Remain away from any -ism and prejudice, he attains his poetic distinction in making the past aware in the eyes of the present, aided by simple and lucid organization of praiseworthy images. It is his authorial charisma to induce vibrations in hearts and minds simultaneously. His poems anthologized here are capable of establishing his existential worth.

●

Bhavilal Lamichhane

The Upcoming

●

The man you have seen – is not taller than me
the taller than me – is within me.

A time that withstood a macabre pain
tearing the faces of the hills off
is sleeping within me in entirety,
and sleeping without in entirety.

The dream you dreamt of is not taller than this
a dream taller than this / is within you.

How many years have elapsed since
the roots of the peepal and the banyan
got fixed underground
and stone thoughts
rising out of the brain / escaping from the feet
moved and got rooted underground?

Answer - ?

Answer - ?

Answer - ?

I shall go; you will be mute like the peepal and the banyan,
the alert man of your history is growing comatose
and you shall grow quiet like stones and logs.

**Your insights have been enslaved / and are always entangled
seeking freedom
a conscious man of this age is getting numbed.**

**I am asking the sun coming with a load of fossil,
if it has my fossil too.
Let it be a fossil though –
a realization of existence is welcoming.
The sun is a fossil too;
a fossil of fire
for this, I can hear fire crackling
in the smoke rising from behind the hill.**

**All the people have turned fossils
so they are mute even on being whipped;
they do not talk when bodies are smoldered;
they do not talk to see eyes staring straight at them.**

**You have been failing to trace the footsteps of the sky
perhaps a sky is coming / and is bringing
steps one after another, processions one after another
people after people, histories one after another
words one after another, slogans one after another**

**Wait for a while, the sky is coming to meet you
the sky you have met is not taller than you
a sky taller than you, is within you
a sky taller than me, is within me
a sky taller than us, is within us.**

**It is imminent that a Prophet
is coming, mounted on a hawk-like bird
and time is changing into a bird,
a thousand hands of the sun
are rising out of the horizon to control the rein
opening the two fists out is enough
it is almost imminent
that people hungry and thirsty for light
are waking up.**

**We are waiting for the fists
you are waiting for the fists
and everyone is waiting for the fists too
opening of just two fists is enough**

it has become imminent
that, light is spreading out from a certain direction.

The oppressed and the deprived people have turned
arid like the barren soil
no music resonates in any corner of the heart
when, after a thousand years, music shall be borne in some country
and life develops in the fossils among rocks
and when, with a blast, a man shall come out of the cracked earth,
that man alone shall be like the man within me.

The man you saw today – is not taller than you
a man taller than you is within you
and a man taller than me is within me
a man taller than us is within us.

This flock of desires in line, are waiting for something
the coming of a new age has become almost certain.

●

Fall of the Curtain

●

The makers of history always are concealed after history

The living form of convention, art and culture – the Taj Mahal
was erected upon the tomb of Mumtaz as a memorial.

Tourists are told – Shah Jahan constructed it.

And applause rings, powerful enough to thunder the sky for centuries!
The hands of the artisans get amputated/and they are named slaves
in history.

The makers of history always are concealed after history.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Avinash Shrestha
Name: Ram Krishna Shrestha
Date of birth/place: May 14, 1955, Guwahati, Assam
Phone: 977-9841578075
Email: ashrestha23@yahoo.com
Literary debut: While in the sixth grade
First publication: *Baadhi* (in **Tarun**, a handwritten magazine, 1969)
At national level: *Contrast* (in **Diyalo**, 1974)



मोक्ष १४

Works: *Parewa: Seta-Kala, Samvedana/O Samvedana!, Anubhooti Yatrama...*, *Karodaun Suryaharuko Andhakhar* (Collection of poems); *Samaya, Samaya and Samaya, Ashwatthama Hatohata* (Plays); *Tanya, Indrakamal ra Andhakhar* (Collection of stories), Editing of *Kavita, Samakalin Sahitya, Samakalin Nepali Kavita, Aadhunika Bharatiya Nepali Katha*

Awards/honors: Yuva Barsha Moti Award, Ratnashree Gold Medal, Dhaulagiri Literary Award, Lokendra Literary Award, Best Playwriting Award (Nepal Academy), Nepal Motion Picture Award

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry perhaps is something in which we cover in words things like life, dream, reality, fantasy, desire, mystery etc. after stirring them within.

Self estimation: I do not care what others see, think or say. I know for sure, I am an incomplete man pursuing completion. I do not regret for what I am.

Editor's assessment: Known also as a successful storywriter and playwright, Avinash Shrestha is a prominent member of the community of experimental poets. His poems are inspiring collages of images and symbols, where one can detect intellectual pressure and waves of pangs of human consciousness. He accomplishes his poetic vocations by accommodating life's contradictions, rebellion and the othered beauties within the sharp flow of feelings, and announces a poetic victory in this satisfaction. In summation, he is a brilliant and ultimate discovery in modern Nepali poetry, with an antique thirst.

●

Avinash Shrestha

To the Heroine, Standing with a Black Flower!

●

- One -

You were the other name of amorous intoxication, Heroine!
Promises, like a river, would lull in your eyes
in every beach, on every bank
like a weary night, reclining in a bougainvillea grove.

Your existence is an ocean's existence
the potent waves/tides of my manliness
would surge upon you
on the water of blue sensualities
the ephemeral froth-filled flowers of satiety would float.

Your existence should have been the valley's existence
it should have been the warm sun on the vale
or the sky, capable of occupying
the mysteries of the horizons, unlimited and dynamic.

Adorning, in the enrapturing music of your flesh,
the dreamlike songs sung by your virginity
my ears and eyes would simultaneously listen
sitting inside the narrow, dark closet of your hysteric youth.

Touching you was getting blessed
I was the first explorer
of your inaccessible, uncharted aspect and organs
numerous flowers of sensuousness, secret desires and tender pains
had started developing on your body vine
firmly twined up along the support of my body.

Whenever I caressed the river of your body
flocks of cranes would fly in the tranquil sky of ecstasy within me
after every cohabitation with you
the pious experiences of a pilgrimage
would ardently evolve within me.

Inside the antique, blue ponds of your eyes
whenever I saw my own reflection by mistake
I would repeatedly reckon a new incarnate within me.

There was a time, you would come
floating and flying your locks in the air
carrying clouds on the shoulders, like a heroine in myth
roving through innumerable skies.
The minutest caesurae of your every step
would be left behind in my mind for explanation
after your departure.

The cantos in the book of your intoxication
and the pages after each canto, went furling over with time
and waning went your beauty
in my memory, like a silhouette in the fog.

- Two -

Many years later / I suddenly came across you
on the bank of the same river / you stood in the same way
in restless gaits / and you had in your hands, a black flower.

A black flower: time had bequeathed in your hands
a serious duty of retaliation, boycott, opposition and revolt.

Yes, the flower was as dark as the night
black like darkness / and probably
as black as the deep, unquenched lust and lack within you.

I don't remember your hands
ever holding placards and banners in favor or against any clamor
scarcity, or dissatisfaction prevalent on earth.
But today, for an unknown reason

**the black flower in your hand makes me think
that your hands shall grow potent, and one day
challenging every exploitation,
the same hands shall arouse
big struggles / movements and peaceful agitations.**

**Against every exploitation,
you should be able to hold the black flower in hand, o heroine!
Only then can the voluminous files of big revolutions
be governed with the power of your faith and inspiration
in the processions of protest.
Out of your perseverant womb, one day,
the leader of the dalits, the oppressed, the tortured and the terrorized
shall be born.**

**O heroine, boldly standing
with a black flower in hand,
you were an unsuccessful lover
but you must become a successful mother.**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Padam Chhetry
Name: Padam Chhetry
Date of birth/place: June, 1951, Meghalaya (India)
Phone: 0091-9832046518
Email: pdm_chhetry@yahoo.co.in
Literary debut: *Aashanka* (1967)
First publication: *Sunko Talcha*
At national level: *Mirage* (Translation) [in **Samakalin Bharatiya Sahitya**]



Works: *Aadim Sadak* (Collection of poems), *Turaka Nepaliharu* (Research essays)

Awards/honors: Aasharani Nirmaan Award, Honored by Nirmaan Publications, Namchi, South Sikkim

About his poetics

On poetry: I do not believe that conversing with reality is the ultimate goal of poetry. Poetry should be the index of mental expansion; it should be able to register a necessary interference in the process of comprehensive humanness, I believe. I not only try to expand meanings in my poems; I also try to communicate my sensitiveness. Words and sentences in poems should not be merely for meanings, but also for generating special effects. Experiences have no language. Therefore, by the time a poem reaches language, it loses much of its essence. Everytime I finish writing a poem, I feel that much of my feeling stirring inside has remained unexpressed; has been left out of the poem. No poems can surpass the feelings that have been left out, and left unaccommodated in the poem. This is my conviction.

Self estimation: Wandering in the space within, in search of an unknown planet.

Editor's assessment: Author Padam Chhetry, who believes poetry to be an inexplicable, wordless prayer, is a meritorious poet, who rejoices in the rear silence of words. His poems prove festive in the art of expression and beautiful, artistic explication. The subject of his poems that extends through human truth appears committed in favor of a beautiful life. In a way, his poems are especially fragrant vocations that leave their footmarks to the farthest. This forms the panoramic poetic culture of poet Chhetry.

●

Padam Chhetry

The Antique Road

●

I,
my innumerable plans
and designs
and this, antique road

The voluminous diary of destiny
collected in it,
my upcoming travelogues
a pair of my tired feet
heading towards my goal
and uncountable, indelible footprints of history
and, this antique road

Oomph!
Thick darkness / uncertainty
sharp grits / of calamities
poisoned air / of negligence
and the black shadow / of doubt
and, this antique road

Ah!
a warm lap
tika all over the forehead
and blessings of love, all over the head

Juvenile hands
a garland of marigold
and eyes full of reverence / of faith
blossomed youth
an armful of company
youthful pining kissed by beauty
and every spec, a pollen / of love

The main pillar devoured by termites
the tender shoulders to offer 'me' a shift
promising foundations / of the upcoming

The prickly bushes of pain
and cool shades of joy
extended ocean / of the past
innumerable tides / of memories
and my potent interests in life
constantly proceeding towards mysteries
and, this antique road

Oomph, gruesome!
The weathered and fallen mimosas and sweet basil of hope
stories of the past, buried under the grave
pages of history, flickering and burning
the *charu* of flesh, offered to the divine fire of eternity!

And,
fathomless ocean / and limitless sky
an unknown goal
cloaked by clouds
and
and a pair of my tired feet
heading incessantly towards my goal
and, this antique road,
built by destiny!

●

An Attachment

●

**We are still at this shore / yes, at this shore
standing with our trivial achievement
of worldly attainments, clenched under the armpits**

**And a boundless ocean stand in our front / inaccessible and extensive
ocean
and, on the other shore is an another world, covered completely by
clouds
- an obscure reality -**

**Leaving our footprints on the sandy shore,
we ought to jump into the ocean
leaving our possessions on the bank / our lifelong earnings
rather than by the prospects of relief
at the bequeathal of the brownbag of our possession
we are tinged by our attachments to them at the moment/
a worthless attachment -**

**And, we are sad at present / and dejected too
we are embodying a dilemma
and are enduring an uncertainty, at this shore**

**The old time has folded its hand-pairs to us in valediction
chanting the best wishes of a happy trip
and, alarmed are we at the moment / to walk into the ocean / and to
get absorbed**

**We have love for our existences / a love for our footsteps
left behind on the sandy shore...**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Jiwan Namdung
Name: Jiwan Namdung
Date of birth/place: September 8, 1951, Darjeeling
Phone: 0091-9474389531
Email: jiwan.namdung@gmail.com
Literary debut: 1968
First publication: in *Suskerā*
At national level: "



Works: *Jiwan Namdungka Kavītaharu*, *Samaya Chupchhap Bolchha*, *Vaisakh* (Collection of poems), *Mahamanav* (Short epic), *Samakalin Nepali Samalochana*, *Haribhakta Katuwalka* (Monogram), *Paryavekshan*, *Agam Singh Girika Kavīta Adhyayan*, *ra Aadhar*, *Nepali Sahitya Bhoupwaharu* (Criticism), *Jayadev*, *Jaya Shankar Prasad* (Translation), Editing of *Gabriel Ranaka Kathaharu*, *Hari Prasad Gorkha Raika Kathaharu*, *Sukhanamka Kathaharu*, *Jaagaran*, *Doors Aawaj*, *Deva*, *Suyog*, and *Diyalo*

Awards/honors: Ratnashree Gold Medal, Sahitya Academy Award (India)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry, the most powerful, accessible and popular genre in literature introduces the taste, fragrance and color of life in their originality. It continues to thrive even after the material and visible worlds cease to exist. In fact, it is the creation of creation, and the beginning of the beginning. Those who recede away from life might loathe poesy, but those who are near to eat, love it. This is human nature and trait.

Self estimation: Caressing tender palms of childhood
and the coarse palms of life
I am living my adversities

Editor's assessment: Jiwan Namdung, a translator, editor and critic, is a forceful poet of the post-experimental era in Nepali poetry. His poems open out in life-oriented tune, with a beautiful orientation of local and simple images, and symbols. His poems are capable of preserving the grave worth of the fine and sensitive aspects of human life, and its emotive, artistic touch. In this context, the poetic transcendence of poet Namdung can be considered a meaningful incident.

●

Jiwan Namdung

There is no Time for Suicide

●

When we have no time
for death rightfully granted,
the question of finding time
for suicide is ruled out
my poor coat and pants
are worn-out today,
fatigued by trips to and fro to the office
let them rest for a day,
for tomorrow shall resume
the second name of continuity
though they lived all life in my service
during the tedious days of retirement
their eyes in a hanger, like those of a crucified martyr
are still teasing me.

If they were the World War jersey
they would have historical worth
if they had the signature of bullets,
they would be archived in museums
the wounds of my age are
hanged as coats here, rather
many a time, a handleless sleeve
has walked to the office with the coat;
many a time, only the cuffs of my pants
have walked along, with my shoes
his hands too have gone in mortgage
he has legs too, shackled in chain though
ears he has, awaiting orders
and eyes too, always terrified
and voices exist too, caged albeit
let these poor shoes walk, free of chain
for sometimes on the poor road
let these poor coats – my synonyms
commit suicide, free from the cage
for some tedious moments of retirement.

●

Charge Sheet

●
Time has filed a charge sheet against me
for having lived my life.
It has been ages since
I wanted to quench my thirst for life
taking a handful of it
from the inexhaustible ocean of time.
It has become like an endless voyage
set out in search of the self.
At some turns and bends,
the pain of not procuring life revives,
life, caught on the horns of a stag,
keeps waiting for a hunter
time, incarnated into a hunting dog
that has been hungry for days,
pursues me,
and hands me a charge-sheet.

●

The First Projection of Love

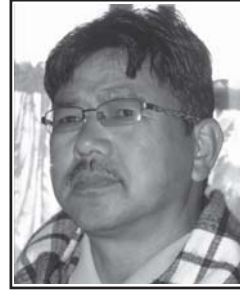
●

I asked you the definition of life
you showed me the flowing river
I asked you the definition of death
you showed me that river's bank
I asked you the essence of love
you showed me the coy buds
I kept asking questions
and you kept answering
we were satisfied in questions and answers alone
showing the buds, in the name of love
you turned yourself into a stone
showing the river in the name of life
you turned motionless and still.
But the river flowed on, as it did in the past
and the buds kept learning how to blush
the bank was deserted, as it ever was
but, that moment
neither did you have any answer
nor did I have any question
whatever was there in nature,
was the only reality existing there.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Norjang Syangden
Name: Norjyang Syangden
Date of birth/place: January, 1952, Darjeeling
Phone: 0091-9832070148
Email: norjyang@yahoo.co.in
Literary debut: Since childhood
First publication: *Phoolharusita Mero Abhivyanjana*
(in **Gunjan**, 1970)
At national level: *Ek Paila Aansu* (in **Bharatiya
Nepali Bangmaya**, 1977)
Works: **Murchhana** (1984), **Kavitajastai Kavitaru** (1989),
Raag Ranthaharu (Collection of poems, 2000)
Awards/honors: Sirjana Award (1986), Nirmaan Silver Jubilee Honor (2002)
Gopal Gaunle Construction Award (2007)



नरजंग स्यांगदेन

About his poetics

On poetry: I love poetry very much. Because of this love, I want to find it healthy, robust, beautiful, and near. Sometimes, I run away from poem when its creator presents himself or herself, and not poetry.

Self estimation: I do not consider myself a litterateur. I am just a serious writer of poetry; only of poetry.

Editor's assessment: Norjang Syangden is a poet who crafts poems when the poems themselves demand a scribbling, and seeks his rightful identity of living in the space between having and not having. His poems occupy a special place of reverence in modern Nepali poetry. The sighs and mysterious celebrations that emerge out of the conscious voyages of life form the subjective realities of his poems. In the beautiful melody of images, his poems get expressed in totality, with sweet vibrations. He has erected his authorial identity in this distinctiveness. Adorned by these subjects, contexts and relevances, the poetic firmament of Syangden is quite extensive.

●

Norjang Syangden

The Convict

●

I have seen rigorous life sentences
awarded as penalty for a serious crime
or have seen death sentence at the most.
But I want to see a new sentence,
the greatest sentence
an unprecedented sentence
announced, not to anyone, but to me.
Rigorous life imprisonment is not enough for me.
Any kind of death sentence too is insufficient.
I want a penalty that deletes all chances of my existence again
after getting killed once, or after dying for once.
A crime, that does not leave even an ounce of me, after its enactment.
They say, the soul is immune to cuts and fire,
by any sword, or any flame
I have heard, no water or wind
can ever sweep or mop a soul up.
Let me not shelter in such a soul again!
Let not the assurance of a rebirth,
like the one Krishna gave to Arjuna, be there either
I need no clemency – earthly, or divine.
Let there be no novelty,
let there be no **being**
after getting killed once in a death sentence.

Or, after getting killed in this sentence once
 let there be no obligation
 to keep existing there,
 keep living there.
 Let no feeling be left in the heart
 once it breaks in the firing squad.
 Once the head is crushed under elephant's feet
 let there be no wisdom in it.
 Let there be no getting together,
 once the thighs are severed under a guillotine
 once the nerves break under the rope,
 let, no yet another trap for life, be left there.
 Yes, I want a punishment here
 the greatest punishment
 an unprecedented penalty!
 I want to see that
 the shackles of this soul that bars me from being non-existent
 are breaking
 I utterly want not to exist.
 Doesn't your penal code have the provision of such a sentence?
 Do your deities have it?
 Do your gods have any?
 Not after death,
 I want the penalty when living am I,
 I want complete freedom!
 ●

The Wounded Flower: A Few Fallen Leaves

(On the occasion of the International Disableds' Year)

●
"The marvelous richness of human experience would lose something of its rewarding joy if there were no limitations to overcome. No dark valleys to traverse." – **Helen Keller**

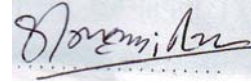
We don't walk without crutches,
 and crutches do not walk without us.
 That is why, we have no colors.
 We extend handless embraces
 but, handless embraces are not embraces.
 And so, we have no class.
 In an island of sympathy and goodwill,

we are lonely humans
we shed the same tears!
There is no one to touch and feel
whether life cried, or the eyes wept!
The ways we trod are gritty like the brail letters.
These hills and horizons holding the rainbows are ever screened.
We the ones deprived of vision
may be asked, how beautiful and lively
the great creations on these canvases and galleries are,
along which, we trod on foot, everyday.
We, deprived of voices, may be asked
how deep can songs, their resonances, and symphony of the world
go into our hearts?
We, the ones deprived of touches,
may be asked, how soft ur own fingers are!
Or, how much love can be housed within the bound of hugs?
We, the ones humiliated by words, may be asked
how much does one want, in lucid words, to congratulate
those who win a speech contest?
In fact, we may be asked
how much does this life ache
on the palms full of blisters that rise
during walks aided by crutches!
We don't walk without perspiring,
sweats do not walk without us.
Therefore, our life and yours can have no border between.
Even the sigh, escaping out of our acute pain,
is cool like a river breeze!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bina Hangkhim
Name: Bina Subba
Date of birth/place: February 14, 1952, Darjeeling
Phone: 0091-9733172696, (0354) 2270217
Email: binahangkhim@yahoo.com
Literary debut: From schooldays
First publication: *Malai Yestai Laagchha* (in **Diyalo**)



At national level: *Krishna Arjun ra Samaya* and *Samayantar*

Works: **Bhavanubhav** (Collection of poems), **Antar Samayantar** (Collection of poems, 2008)

Awards/honors: Fourth Bhaichandra Pradhan Prize, 2007 (Kalimpong), Srashtha Puraskar, 2009 (Sikkim), Kevalpure Janmat Honor (2010, Bhaktapur)

About her poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a beautiful expression of a poet's internal world. It is a valuable gift by God. It is the best creation of a poet's heart made of a bouquet of feelings. When currents of the mind ripple, they make poetry. Poetry can emerge only from the depth of experiences.

Self estimation: Though a long time has elapsed in life, in literature I find myself just in the position of a baby, learning to walk.

Editor's assessment: Bina Hangkhim's poems are lucid and beautiful exuberance of the gravity of thoughts that surge from the depth of experiences. Her poetic journey moves from simplicity to complexity whose destination is nothing but the comprehensive extension of philosophy. For this, the ripples of her poems are dear to the readers. Her extreme love for poetry can be precisely detected in her poems.



Bina Hangkhim

Possibilities

●

Under the shade of the nation
when mites of doubt rise
the foundations of the mind shake every moment
like a dog, struck with by a thunderbolt.

If blood and tears of our relatives
flow in rivers

weapons will be born in fields
in place of rice.

When the glorious seeds of goodness, sown in the past
are bartered at present with suicide and pelf
these bunches of goodwill
might blast out, sometime!

●

Youth

●

The mind travels and scales long distances

it has no bridles

at times, it mixed the joyous ones

when, the mortal body was learning to crawl like a snake

the mind was all bent of crossing every barrier like Alexander

today, when the same body

walks uphill, crossing the vales of life

the mind, unable to slide down

from the blue vale of youth

ready to descend

like the forlorn setting sun on the western mountain

happened to grow adept in befriending the ground fog

●

The River Banks

●

In every rainy season
these meek banks
are battered by the forceful gushes of rain
these banks, unbiased hitherto
have grown adept to soak with the gravity of wounds
whatever may the number of barrages be
whatever walls might be erected
a land, once shaken by landslide
is venerable like the heart
these weak and perplexed banks
ardently wait of tender touch of the sunrays
after all, it is the heart
that embalms the wounds
Just –
these trained banks
have been proficient in filling the wears
with faith of love as the balm!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Navaraj Karki
Name: Navaraj Karki
Date of birth/place: May 12, 1952, Myagdi
Phone: 977-1- 4352869
Email: navraj_karki@hotmail.com
Literary debut: Since 1967



First publication: In Pokhara-based periodicals

At national level: *Yas Saharma Haalkhabar* (in **Madhupark**, 1973)

Works: *Silsila* (1983), *Man Bhitraako Aandhi* (1996), *Ek Danak* (Collection of poems, 2059)

Awards/honors: Poetry Festival Medal (2037), First Prize in Gai Jatra Festival (1980, 1981, 1982), Ratnashree Gold Medal (2039), Ratna Shrestha Award (2041), Vyathit Poetic Award (2002)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the best expression of language, feeling and thought. For me poetry is a perennial source of bliss, a happiness of dedication. It is my work and my identity.

Self estimation: Writing about myself, I am a simple, peaceful and honest person. I am a proud Nepalese innovating, celebrating and following the path of truth.

Editor's assessment: Poet Navaraj Karki, who claims to be a proud Nepalese innovating, celebrating and following the path of truth, expresses his gratefulness to life. Karki, who believes in all time and universal pervasiveness of poetry with a commitment to life, writes verses wherein there is a conspicuous disgust for the decadence of human values, and a beautiful, artistic expression of a belief in love and humanity.



Navaraj Karki

The Dreams of Bright Future

●

I asked a lad standing at the quadrivial with a gloomy face,
'Who snatched the copy and pen from your hands?'

Mum, he stared at me.

I asked again,

'Who placed that stone in your hands?'

He uttered no word, and turned the other way

he had a large matchbox inside his pocket

I was startled; he had a khukri in the girdle, and a knife inside his stockings.

At midday, at this busy cross-road,

at this age, and in that mood,

I was startled, thinking of his future

startled, thinking of my nation's circumstances

startled, thinking that my adolescence was not as dodgy as his

my schooldays were not so sore

the lad was no one to me

but was everything to me

we were not relatives by blood, and yet

he was my age,

my future,

and in fact, my nation.

I said, 'Honey, turn; look at me
and answer my question;
to whichever home you throw that stone,
it shall unsettle people like us
whomever it hurts,
blood like ours will spill.'
He said, 'I don't hear, I hear nothing
I can see alone.
See, how filthy is this place, all around?'
I said, 'We shall clean it.'
He said, 'See, it is coal dark, all around.'
I replied, 'We shall light the lamps.
Scarcity is there, we shall wipe,
there is pain, we shall share,
pray, throw it away!
A stone does not befit those tender hands
throw the khukri from the girdle,
throw the knife, and the matchbox!'

He kept standing still,
staring at me
and muttered, vehemently swaying his head,
'Do not dictate me such babbles,
I don't want to hear a word,
I am fed up of listening
I want to hear nothing, and I know not, who you are.'
I was startled again; what a paradox!
My own age doesn't know me,
my own future doesn't recognize me,
alas! my nation doesn't know me.
I want to weep at my own misfortune
I know not how
I can dream of a bright future.

●

The Storm

●

**Storm, that has been named a terrorist,
storm, that has been libeled a destroyer
has dismantled, they say, a lot of houses
has whirled the dust, and toppled trees.
Sometimes, tempest slashes the heart,
and sometimes, it storms the brain,
storm blows without; storm blows within
the windows get closed; doors get bolted
but the helpless human
gets dazed, failing to close the heart!**

**No one can escape
when the storm of time blows,
no one can stop
when the storm of time blows,
the vain mountains topple
and the proud seas upturn
the waves rise, gales come up, and tides surge
many dream-ships sink
and many ships of reality sink
storm batters an ocean too
storm batters the vales and the hills too,
we only need to wait!
The momentous storms shall surely come
one day, that potent storm,
does not placidly endure
like you and I
it shall blow; endlessly blow
blow as elixir
and blow as new, ever!
Blowing is its lot
one may want, or may not want,
it is storm,
and shall keep blowing!**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Badri Palikhe
Name: Badri Mohan Palikhe
Date of birth/place: June 12, 1952, Dharan
Phone: 977-25-523051
Literary debut: Since 1968
First publication: *Chakravyuha* (in **Jhutto**, 1979)
At national level: *Kavita Timi Naaau* (in **Madhuparka**, 1986)



Works: **Kaalchakra** (1993), **Manjurinama** (collection of muktaks, 1996), **Maun Anuharharu** (1996), **Shanti Stupa** (Collection of poems, 2002), **Sunsarika Pratibhaharu** (Introduction to some talents, 1996), **Manasthiti** (Collection of short stories, 2003), **Kehi Aakriti: Kehi Anubhootiharu** (2004), **Yatra Golardha** (Recollections of travel, 2005)

Awards/honors: Basu Sashik Memorial Award (2002) Mohan Regmi Memorial Honor and Award (2002), National Education Award (1980), Felicitation and Citation at Dharan Festival (2002), Navaranga Honor (2001), Poet Vimal Gurung Memorial Honor (2004), Sangam Honor (2001), Dr. Swami Prapannacharya Award (2006), Ambassador of Peace

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a light that washes darkness. It is a beautiful and artistic expression of feelings. It should move one's heart. When a reader reads a poem, he or she must find his or her own experiences expressed in it. It should be expressible.

Self estimation: Away from the capital, I am like a chick, covered by a hamper and by mother hen, and yet trying to gather grains for itself. In other words, I am smothered by the paperweight of job and situation. I am an author, deprived of opportunities and environment.

Editor's assessment: The poems of Badri Palikhe advocate in favor of the voices of crises and struggles of the life of the Nepalese. His poems are panoramic documents of the artistry of words of Nepali feelings, worthy of taking pride in, infused with nationalistic feelings.

●

Badri Palikhe

Silent!

●

Wait!

The baby is sleeping.

Silent! Do not make a noise.

**By telling fairytales, ghost-stories and folktales,
patting / singing songs**

showing the club and grisly threats,

I have, with difficulty, managed

to make it sleep.

Wrapped in the diaper, it is sleeping cozily.

swinging the cradle, singing lullabies

I have lulled it to sleep.

Let it sleep;

do not make a noise, silent!

It shall cry, if it wakes up / and trouble.

I have not been to the well yet

need to borrow rice for meal.

Dishes lie in the sink

unwashed; I haven't had time

have not been to work for wages

to procure meals.

A lot of work is still undone

need to sponge the floor / mop the kitchen

a lot of domestic work has to be done.

Wait!

the baby has just gone to sleep.

Do not make a noise, silent!

●

Self-Esteem

●

A hillock
is taller than the plain.
A hillock cannot outgrow a mountain
no matter, how much it brags!
Even taller than the mountain
is Sagarmatha.
A mountain cannot outgrow it,
for a thousand swanks it makes.
Sagarmatha is still taller.
Taller even than Sagarmatha
is a man,
and self-esteem
taller than man.
Self-esteem is a sky
projected upward from the ground.
The ground and the sky
meet at the horizon.

●

My Poesy is on Strike

●

1. My poesy
got arrested
while distributing pamphlets and pasting posters.
2. My poesy
got critically injured
in police lathicharge
while raising slogans in the procession
with placards in hand.
3. My poesy
got arrested
while delivering a speech at Chhatachowk.
4. My poesy
got banned
while reciting poems at Bhanuchowk.
5. My poesy
ultimately got liberated / released
from a long exile and a rigorous imprisonment.

6. **My poesy**
is a movement / a procession
a revolution in herself.
7. **My poesy**
is a revolt / a scream/ a cry for freedom
against captivity / servitude / and slavery.
8. **My poesy**
is not a pretension / not an invocation
it is not service/ obsequiousness / or bogus sycophancy
not at all an applause or a blind support.
9. **My poesy**
resides in the flames of hunger/ in the cart of the cart-puller
inside the bag of a street child / in the slums of the landless
in pains, sighs, sufferings and wailings.
10. **My poesy**
lives in crowds / in clamors
walks in processions / sleeps on the street / and lives in huts
roams around in fairs / roves around in the marketplace.
11. **My poesy**
is a demand / a call/ an appeal
my poesy
is not a petition / not a felicitations
.....
My poesy
is a voice against inflation and price hike / a say
It is a powerful fist against domination and atrocities / a roar
12. **At the moment, my poesy is on strike**
and her strike will continue, till her demands are granted.
●

About the poet

Literary name: Bimal Nibha
Name: Bimal Krishna Shrestha
Date of birth/place: June, 1952, Nepalgunj
Phone: 977-1-4278128
Literary debut: Since 1967
First publication: in 1967 (in a local magazine)



At national level: *Euta Majdoor aafno Itahasko Teen*
Adhyay Lekhchha (in **Rooprekha**,
1969)

Works: **Aagonira Ubhiyeko Manis**
(Collection of poems, 1983), **Euta Bahula Nabhayeko Booshirt**
(Collection of poems, 2060), **Chautho Kalam** (Collection of satirical essays),
Editing of **Lahar** (Trimonthly), **Garima** (Monthly), **Kura** (Monthly), **Himali**
Aawaj, and **Bhaniyang**

Awards/honors: Lokendra Literary Award (1993), Byathit Poetic Award,
Krishna Mani Literary Award, Sahitya Sandhya Award, Sajha Award

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is not an ethereal or tantalizing thing. It is an artistic documentation of a poet's social work. It is lovely to me more than anything, and through it, I interact with the harsh realities of life.

Self-Estimation: A man of high self-esteem, active in both poetry and life, committed to discharging his role of beautifying the earth with poetic illustrations.

Editor's assessment: A poet with Marxist, left-political insight, Bimal Nibha expresses human sensibilities against the undercurrent social decadences, disintegrations, inequalities and injustice through highly powerful and satirical poetic eminence. Nibha, who believes in the progressive motion, discharges his distinctive poetic assignments through the organization of images and symbols ordained by the glory of the hard-won history of man.

●

Bimal Nibha

Jumla

●

There is no light anywhere
dream has gone missing
have you ever been to a place
that has a treat for darkness?

Naked mountains
that have nothing to offer against hunger
are standing as criminals
whatever they have
is extending like an arid wasteland
human heart
is beating in the compassionate ribs of cattle and sheep
two cold hands are projecting
endlessly to touch
the river is flowing,
having touched the villagers
big and small stones are clanging
against one another,
but there is no sound anywhere!

Is jumla mute?
The face of bread has changed
the taste of hunger has turned bitter
and the emptiness from inside the bellies
has puked out,
the chill this year is more
sweat-drops are flowing
the body of the man
standing near the hearth
is glittering like copper.
The weather is uncertain in Jumla
in a while, the wild wind starts blowing whistles.
Have you ever seen a pine bough
swinging as the scaffold?

●

The Sun and Poetry

●

The sun is a poem

**The sun is artistic
it is meaningful
and is musical**

**I want to read every line of the sun
and write its every letter
and make one hear each of its words**

Poetry is a sun

**Poetry is bright
is full of heat
and is luminous**

**I want to bask in the warmth of poetry
I want to share the warmth
and dissipate its flow!**

**The sun is an artistic, substantial and musical poem
poetry is a bright, hot and luminous sun.**

**Friend, there is no difference between the sun and poetry
both are bitter enemies of darkness.**

●

Your Name

●

In the breathes of a bud
your name has been inscribed in fragrance
in the naps of birds,
your name is inscribed in dreams
in the opening of a morn,
your name is inscribed in dewdrops
in the voice of air
your name is inscribed in the lines of songs
in the height of a mountain
your name is inscribed in the glow of snow
in the breast of the sky
your name is inscribed in countless stars
in the journey of a river
your name is written in the passionate waves
in the yard of the earth,
your name is written in beautiful flowers
your name is inscribed everywhere
on the head of grass, in the color of soft pug
in the motion of waterfalls, in the shifting of seasons
in the signal of fire, in the ultimate edge of the forest
on the intense desires of wandering clouds
and in the thick exhaustion of the laborious village-folks
your, and your name alone, is inscribed.
O son of Nepal,
playing with the ball of the sun,
kicking it with those tiny feet;
what is your name?

●

About the poet

Literary name: Hari Adhikary
Name: Hari Adhikary
Date of birth/place: July 13, 1952, Kavre
Phone: 977-1-6540057
Email: adhikaryh@hotmail.com
Literary debut: Since 1967
First publication: *Jyotsna* (in the annual magazine of Trichandra College, 1967)
At national level: in *Rooprekha* (1967)



Handwritten signature of Hari Adhikary

Works: *Ramlalko Aakash* (Collection of stories, 21982), *Samsadma Ek Din* (Collection of poetry, 1996), *Hari Adhikaryka Kavita* (1997)

Awards/honors: Awarded in Youth Festival and Competition 1969), Awarded in Martyrs' Day Poetry Competition (1969), First Prize, (National Poetic Meet, 1970), Garima Honor (2004), Nava Kshiteez Vani Sahitya Award(1999), Dan Maya Honor (1970)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a helpful insight to look at life and the world.

Self estimation: One cannot see himself with his own eyes.

Editor's assessment: There is no adjective at my disposal for poet Hari Adhikary. This comes in the sense that compared to him, I am just at the base and from the base, it is natural to see the forerunners at the top. At the moment, I see him at the apex to my front, though people are obviously careful of the fact that away from what appears, there are other peaks, far off. Whoever walks to scale those peaks too is destined to succeed.

●

Hari Adhikary

I and My Darkness

●

I am there
and with me is my solitude
and there is my agitated heart
writhing with the pain of a sting I alone can feel!

Inside a room, silent as dead
there is a lute with snapped strings
old pictures are there, covered with dust
and there are bits of lovable dreams
there is this day's dusk
gloomy and dull as ever,
it seems as though the heartbeat of the night has come to a halt
I am stroking
and dusting myself off.
Dazzled, I am standing
on the long and worn-out highway of memories
hoping to get back my first love
robbed from me.
I have my own darkness with me
and have my defeats, as dear as the old wounds
my faint image,
stands like a naked, lonely and pathetic cottonwood
there, where the carcass of light has fallen.

●

Human Rights

●
**My murderers are articulately speaking on my mourning
I am doomed to commend those affected speeches.**

**Placing my corpse at the center
people are shouting
inside the grand auditorium in Geneva,
(there is no right to murder humanity this way)
there, in the dark villages of Kigali and Mogadishu,
suicides are going on.**

**Experts are writing banner reports
on the pain of my inopportune wife and mothers
there, in the narrow street of Zagreb and Kosovo
my widow is being repeatedly raped.**

**Sipping blood-red wine,
the worried statesmen of the world,
gathered on the top floor of the high, UN building,
are preparing a white paper on the future of my orphans.
There on the streets of Rio and Saint Paul,
the guards are themselves chopping human kids.**

**I have become completely secured in paper kites
though, it has been an age since
I died, trampled under rubbles in Kabul.**

●

Devoid of Identity

●
What is the name of that half-dead man,
walking alone, on his own accord
talking to and squabbling with himself,
clutching a line of graceless smile
on the left edge of the lips?

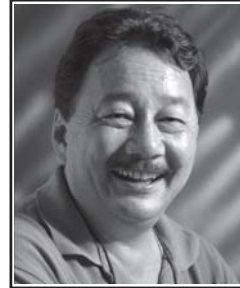
Do the mounds he left uncrossed,
the trees he could not nurture
the hut he could not build
and the *chautaris** he could not recognize
know him?

Can the huge demon
of pain and dearth
that has been following him since birth
tell the identity of that wretched?
Is he not a kinsman
of the slopes he tilled and made fertile,
of the mantles he soaked with tears,
of the rivers he blocked and tamed
or of the rocks he carved and wakened?
That unknown, unnamed, and impoverished man!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bikram Subba
Name: Dilli Bikram Ingwaba
Date of birth/place: January 3, 1953, Phidim,
Panchthar
Phone: 977-1-4783501
Email: ingwaba2005@gmail.com
Literary debut: Since 1969
First publication: *Birsan* (in school magazine, 1969)
At national level: in *Sankalpa* (1979)



Works: *Shantiko Khojima* (Short epic), *Kaviko Aankha:*
Kavitako Bhaka (Collection of poems), *Sagarmatha Nangai Dekhinchha*
(Collection of poems), *Sumnima-Paruhang* (Mundhum epic), *Bikram*
Subbaka Kavita ra Geetharu, *Concise Limbu Grammar and*
Dictionary (Co-author)

Awards/honors: All awards and honors rejected and decided to reject in future too.

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a joint procession of blood and puss that assimilates itself in the movement for toppling the draconic wound off the horseback.

Self estimation: As I started writing poetry
I found myself in opposition to
all conservatism

Editor's assessment: First of all, the poems of Bikram Subba, a poet aspiring to live with beautiful verses in the heart, are sublime touchstones of modern Nepali poetry. He is a poet of progressive insight, making verses of satirical tint for a better life from the opposition bench against conservatism. It is not known, what makes life living its course between life and death, more intricate. Poet Subba has established his brilliant individual identity and a different height in his dear, poetic inscriptions that appear like an all-encompassing, salient painting with highly interesting collages and beautiful images, carrying his personal, original contemplations.

●

Bikram Subba

Who are You? What are You?

●

When I first saw you
I felt, I retrieved my lost sun and moon
but you said,
'These are my eyes...'

I had lost a dream too.
Upon examination, I seemed to find it in you too
but again, you said,
'This is my body....
and my own expansion...'

I had lost my music
and one day, all of a sudden
I felt, I located it in your heartbeat
but you said with evidences,
'This is my heart speaking.'

In the same way
my happiness too had gone missing.
In the course of my search for it,
I found it caught among your lips
but once again, you said,
'That is my smile.'

What should I say now?
What should I think further?
Are you a heap of my invaluable riches?
Or a small hut in my small country?
Tell... tell...
who are you
what are you?

●

My Story

●
On the handkerchief of my love
someone knitted a flower of her interest;
breaking my unregimented heart
she made a flute to blow her tune out;
peeling the wool strands off my dreams
she made a warm sweater for herself;
covering the length of my honor
she made the turban of her pride;
holding my pen that carved verses
she sketched the prison that locks up my smiles.
Cold mist, mounting up from the floor, grasping the walls
is touching our picture, taken together and hung at a difficult time.

Taking the cadence of my heart out
she made the motor that gave tick-tock to her clock;
robbing my hearty and honest feathers
she made the horse of her interest superfast;
taking the breast of my patience out
she made the pillow to give her black head a rest;
baking in the smithy of my belief
she turned her brazen heart gold;
she turned the song erupted out of my ruptured sighs
into polish to burnish her personality
and, an invisible rust slowly
started eating up the frame of our picture.
Rowing the boat of my heart
she fished good fishes for herself;
plucking saplings off the nursery of my eyes,
she sowed darkness in the vale of relation;
on charge of retaining her as my own heart
she ripped me, and took herself out.
A weird tear of blood got blotched on the face of time.

Slowly, this story got dispersed in the air
the faded human map kept on fluttering steadily.

●

My Nation

●

A *deurali* was there
where people offered florets of sweats,
a chautari too was there
where an exhausted mind could recline to rest,
a small hamlet stood
for people to share joy and distress.
They are these days
vacantly staring with eyes
neither living, nor dead.

A small firmament thrived
to showcase their moon and stars,
a faint draft of air blew
that seated in hearts as life,
a little flower was there
teaching smiles even in pain.
However, these days
they are gawking with orphans' eyes.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Purnabiram
Name: Balaram Sharma Bhattarai
Date of birth/place: 1953, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1-4412476
Literary debut: 1970
First publication: *Dui Tukra* (in **Naya Sandesh**, 1971)
At national level: "



पुर्नबिराम

Works: *Itihaska* *Killaharuma*, *Govindale Dhik Bhanyo*, *E! Mero Aadarniya Lekali Phool*, *Ladna Janmekahanule* (Collection of poems), *Aafanta*, *Panimathi Pani*, *Jhyalsangako Jhyalincha* (Collection of poems) etc.

Awards/honors: Byathit Poetic Award, Parijat Creative Award, Lokendra Shah Memorial Award, Ashwikrit Vichar Award

About his poetics

On poetry: A writing where words have to be presented with the help of images along with musical artistry in order to establish the rule of the proletariat.

Self estimation: A simple, progressive poet.

Editor's assessment: Poet Purnabiram, who has projected himself as a cord of change in favor of the proletariats in the reverberation of poems, believes in creations for the mass, wherein he gives an echo to a practical, dismaying disgust engendered by the villainy within men. This poet, who locates authorial death in the hands of the readers, far away from physical demise, is not as artistic as objective he is, according to poet Sarubhakta. However, an artistic organization of images, along with a musicality, gives him his personal distinctiveness as a poet.

●

Purnabiram

Time Aches from Here

●

This is a time one has to walk through
enduring the pain and observing the wounds
of a leopard's scratches.

It's time to read in pain
history of the regressing sun
with naked eyes.

Today too, you hid inside my eyes
spilling the wind alone
the day too screened itself
and you hid too.

This times aches from here.
Remembering a bed a little farther
when hunger has declined to recede
in spite of repeated dusting off
this time
aches from here too.

A time that has failed
to give a cozy rest to the wings,
a time incapable of placing
beliefs in people's pockets,
a time unable to place a flower
into the locks entitled for fond caresses,
aches; this time aches
from here too.

Together with me,
a time is coming as ever
to cater fresh wounds
how many suns set
from the hands of an old watch
gifted by someone?
This time aches,
on remembering
the failure to cater warmth.

When the blue people
are observing time,
this time aches from here too.
Looking at the road
sleepind with blood strewned around for sale,
the road inflicts pain and time aches
seeing that dust has been accumulated
merely for sleeps.
That time aches;
this time aches too from here.
Inside this time,
aches fire;
that burns so feebly that
even a light drizzle can put it off.
The spring aches
remembering itself
heading for a foreign land
with passport in its hand
and with it, time aches too.

Clawing with my nails
I can not tear
the rags off the statues in town;
time aches from within a hapless cage
I cannot ward a hawk and its countless chicks off
blowing out the wind from inside the mouth.
I can not, for, time aches!

The empty stomach aches
and from here, along with the stomach
time aches too.

When time stings,
if ever I cannot hear
the wings cry,

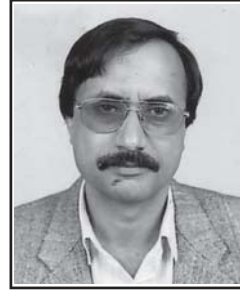
if my eyes cannot see
the histories of handcuffs and fetters,
if I cannot manage
first aid for that man standing next to me
about to attain martyrdom,
do not say anything to me.
Let no one say anything,
I have said,
I have already said that time aches,
time aches from there too.

At a time when,
a flock of hawks
is chasing a man,
I can have possibly forgotten
to scratch myself
and can have been bearing
an eye that merely looks at atrocities
and can be looking at them at present.
If ever,
I can not set up
a refugee camp on my lap
concealing that exhausted man
inside my tattered shawl,
let no one tell me anything.
I too will not say, as I do now
for, time aches
time aches from here too!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bishnubibhu Ghimire
Name: Bishnu Prasad Ghimire
Date of birth/place: August 26, 1953, Ilam
Phone: 977-1-4108547
Literary debut: 1970
First publication: *Jyamirgadhi* (in **Suryadaya**, 1972)
At national level: In **Rooprekha** (1978)



Bishnu Prasad Ghimire

Works: **Kathgharama Ubhiyera**, **Kanda-kandama Tekera** (Collection of poems), **Janaiko Sancho Sahayatra** (Telefilm), Editing of **Garima**, **Ahile**, and **Bimochan**

Awards/honors: Pratibha Award, Moti Award, National Talent Award, Manshree Award, Jayces Honor, Literary Journalism Award, Byathit Poetic Award, Basu Shashi Memorial Award, and many more honors from many other organizations

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the companion of my heart. I don't know it as much as it knows me. Yet, it loves me very much. Perhaps I write poems to express this conviction.

Self estimation: A man, who always stands at the zebra cross and thinks.

Editor's assessment: Ever standing in favor of a beautiful life, creative poet Ghimire is a powerful exponent of modern Nepali poetry. In poetry, he advocates in favor of social justice, even from the midst of a decadent crowd by making an artistic publicity of the hard realities of life as a minstrel of ethnic identity, nationalism, human values and primacy marked by natural and aesthetic consciousness. Simplicity and attractive, stylistic dedication are his poetic distinctions.

●

Bishnubibhu Ghimire

The Flute of Life Played a Different Tune!

●

1. What a solace it would be
if troubles were
beautiful!
They would all
sell in the market;
a bright glow would be there
in the eyes then,
spring would always bloom
on lips
then
the obligations of my servitude wouldn't weep
then
the flute of life would play a different tune!

But when
troubles become beautiful
will any of them stay with me?
My troubles would
become others'
and none of them
would remain with me.
Someone else would grow richer
by keeping troubles on sale.

2. What a solace it would be
if dreams were
real!
All sweet dreams of the present
would sell in the market.
Then,
neither would my time coarse me
nor would my obligations enslave me.
Then,
neither would my boss be God,
nor would my office a temple.
Then,
how modestly would
those who cherish realities against dream
stand with folded hands
in front of beautiful dreams!

But,
the moment
dreams become reality,
they would slip off the hands.
Would then dreams
smile with me anymore?
Buying every bit of them,
someone else would get honored!

3. What a solace it would be
if imaginations were
real!
All waves of imaginations
that exist at present
would sell in the marketplace.
Then,
to my children
I would become an ideal father

to my wife
I would ever be the apple of eyes,
in fact,
I would be counted a promising child
in the eyes of my parents!
Then,
how many songs of praise
the vain, sandy hearts of reality,
and synthetic, formal minds of actuality
would sing, to please my imaginations!
How much they would pray!

But the moment
imaginations become real
no imagination would stay with me!
Would, any of it,
keep its company with me?
All beautiful musings
of the present
would go to someone else
and probably
someone would become their master,
placing them on sale!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Hira Aakash
Name: Hira Parajuli
Date of birth/place: February 21, 1954, Jhapa
Phone: 977-23-521076
Literary debut: Around 1971/72
First publication: *Tukra Kavitaru* (in **Yug Gyan**, around 1973/73)
At national level: In **Garima** or **Madhuparka** (around 1986/87)



Works: **Aagoka Swarharoo** (Collection of poems, 1999), Editing of **Bhanu**, **Dubo** and **Varun**

Awards/honors: Third in the National level competitive poetic meet organized by Parag Samuha, Katunje (1987), first in the Poetic Meet organized by Indreni Pariwar, Bhadrapur (1986), Shrastha Award (1955), Mahananda Award (1988)

About his poetics

On poetry: At times, poetry has become a procession of 'long live' and 'down with' on the street, descending from the stair of poetry itself. For this, poetry is the voice of time against despotism.

Self estimation: There is a burning sun in your front, bequeathed by dusk. I am that exiled sun, and am learning from rivers how to whistle, and from hills and mountains how to live life.

Editor's assessment: Basically, Hira Aakash is a rebellious poet. At times, he descends the down stairs of poesy and translates into a procession against despotism, and at times, examines and evaluates the time that has slipped away. In his adventure within the limits of poetry, the tales of water and the story of a mountain of sand echo in a liberated voice, and get enacted in the light of images. In totality, poet Akash is a creative urge, and a poetic pursuit against dark time and its dark shadow.

●

Hira Aakash

Letters

●

**My letter
is a blue wale,
on a slave's body
whipped by his master.**

**My letter
is a tenant
robbed by the forged debenture
of a landlord!**

**My letter is a Sikkimese subject
who loses sovereignty
in spite of
getting everything.**

**My letter is a Palestinian refugee
fighting for years
in search of a nation,
for freedom.**

**From the top of Swayambhu hill
or from Sagarmatha, higher than that
I shall cry out,
"Live, and let live!"**

**My letter
is a pair of wild pigeons!**

●

Free Voice

●
No matter
how much you throw your bombs
in towns and cities
from roofs to roofs;
no matter how much
you fire your guns
on chests from chests
or, crush bodies under your feet
till they are rendered flat;
has our voice ever died out (?)
We are the same
undying and free voice
resounding
everywhere, all the time!
●

At This Moment

●
At this moment,
the clock has struck twelve;
two of its hands are superimposed,
and human shadows have stunted.

At this moment,
the environment is calm
and the atmosphere silent;
the surge of water cannot come so high,
the edge is still dry;
a hot wind is blowing
and the germs of contagious diseases
are flying unimpeded,
simultaneously dehydrating
the entire environment.

At this moment
time has struck twelve,
and is acting recklessly.
The standing ones are forced to sit,
the sitting ones to stand,

and to those who refuse
to sit or stand
it is briskly battering.
Obsequious supporters abound everywhere;
it is whirling them, around itself
round and round!

It is dark now,
for the sun has set;
a black shadow is invisible in the dark,
the black people
cannot be figured out in the dark either.
Dear ones,
against the black shadow of this black time,
come, let's erect a different time,
and save our shadows
from getting stunted.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Dilman Rai 'Chot'
Name: Dilman Rai
Date of birth/place: February, 1955, Jalpaigudi
Phone: 0091-9850321710
Email: dilman_rai@rediffmail.com
Literary debut: 1977
First publication: in ***Salam*** (around 1980)
At national level: *Keto ra Neempatti: Jindagiko Chourastama* (in ***Madhuparka***, 1987)
Works: ***Kasaiko Pratikshyama*** (Collection of poems, 2004 AD), ***Sheetbindu*** (Musical epic, 2005)
Awards/honors: Srashta Award (2005)



A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Dilman Rai'.

About his poetics

On poetry: Many people can live and cry even without poetry. In reality, they too live and smile in poetry, and cry in it, though they are not known to the artistic and eternal form of poetry, perhaps. The few that have known it cannot for sure live without poetry.

Self estimation: A lonely boatman, struggling with hope of reaching the bank.

Editor's assessment: Poet Dilman Rai 'Chot', who can bloom in thorns and smile in pain, is an influential poetic talent in modern Nepali verses. An ecstatic organization of life, time and aesthetic awareness of life in powerful poems make up his poetic distinction. We feel that the poems presented herewith are competent enough to vindicate this claim. This epical sublimity, in my opinion, is the skill of poet 'Chot'.



Dilman Rai 'Chot'

The Boy and the Neem: At the Crossroads of Life

●

Once again, the windstorm rocked,
blowing many dry leaves away
somewhere, the construction of a beginning,
somewhere, the destruction of calamities.
Standing at the crossroads of life,
the neem tree
is displaying mild smiles!

It is spring: the season for new shoots to come up.
Alas! the season ushers in a drought,
a wildfire devours
the dream of rising substantially high!

The sun backs the earth to its limits
the black soil cracks in the scorching heat
scared by the desiccated babul tree
everyone therefore, gathers under the neem
to enjoy the sights, to take pleasure, and to doze!

Cutting through the stillness of a graveyard,
a young, naked boy
comes there to hold his night
after his daylong loafing.
The child is maddened by hunger to his bone,
and so, he is muttering
words of jealousy to the stray dog
that sits near with a full stomach.

A procession passes stepping upon him;
he cannot tell if
they are collecting funds for Saraswati puja
or, are tying to procure tickets for elections

With flowers blooming from top to toe
with fruits falling on carpets and benches,
somewhere, harsher than tobacco,
and somewhere stronger than a statue,
the year 'eighty-five' passes
crossing the watermark of joys and sorrows.

The 'Delhi Set' hanging on the wall
played, till it was fairly hot;
there were quavers in the news – tremors,
the present sharply cracked,
in squabbling and tugging.

That year,
when youths' year had been announced,
that young, black and naked boy
in invisible darkness
was crying
in pain of sickness, and hunger.

A marked splendor has spilled
on the bosom of the neem today,
a shopkeeper has printed
the calendar of eighty-six,
parents are telling:
we need to start a healthy life
along with the daybreak
in new dresses
and with pure hearts.

This is not an occasion
To target chests,
rather, it is one of making them meet.
It is not a year of revolution
but of peace
but –
every time,
when the empty stomach of the boy whirls,
a movement takes birth,

filling each of his fists
with grenades of mysterious power
and –
as soon as a bosom-full of storm blows,
the neem boughs start frantically swaying
standing on the crossroad of life.

●

The Echo of Words

●

At the trickling sound of words,
two teardrops of vacuity
fall from the eyes!

Amidst a thousand clamors
everyone's ears have deafened,
except those of a deaf boy.

Whose question to listen to
and whose not?
The answer is perplexed,
failing to decode the chirps of the mynahs.

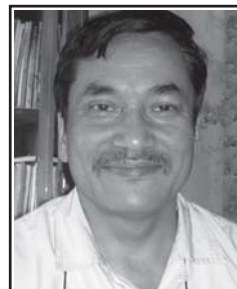
The moon envies the sun
the fireflies glow in moonlight
with borrowed illumination.

Forged theatre, false enactments!
A second post-mortem is conducted
on the corpse buried for months.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Kalu Singh Ranapahenli
Name: Kalu Singh Ranapahenli
Date of birth/place: April, 1955, Kharsang
Phone: 0091-9534410646
Literary debut: Around 1967/68
First publication: *Khudkilo* (in *Khudkilo*)
At national level: *Sahar Banidhaichha* (in *Bhanu*)



Works: *Mulyan-Awamulyan* (Short epic, 1994), *Yugmak* (Collection of couplets, 1998), *Banchnuko Kram* (Collection of poems, 2004), *Kathakutir* (Collection of short stories, 2004), *Yatharthabodh* (Collection of stories, 2005), *Pheri Arko Meghadoot* (Short epic, 2007)

Awards/honors: Srashta Award (1985), Aakashvani Annual Award (1990), Roopak Paryavaran Pariwar Award (1994 and 2005), Second prize in Birat Nepali Literary Meet (1973), Uttarbanga Natyajagat Award, and felicitation from a number of organizations

About his poetics

On poetry: For me poetry is a portrait of life that can be adorned within an artistic frame.

Self estimation: A devotee of literature harboring a desire to write.

Editor's assessment: Kalu Singh Ranapahenli is an experimental writer who initiated the tradition of two-line poems (couplets) in Nepali literature with a claim that this genre is capable of expressing the pure, and conflicting experiences of life in an easy, yet profound style. Recognized as an influential signature in modern Nepali poetic realm, poet Ranapahenli believes in pragmatics, dedicated to inaugurating the unfathomable beauty of life. The content of his poesy appears to be manifested in the highest and original poetic craftsmanship. This is where the claim of his poetic originality is vindicated.

●

Kalu Singh Ranapahenli

If Tears could Flow Upward

●

What a pleasure it would be
if tears could flow upward!
The flowing tears would soak
not the chest alone
but the brain too!

If only the tears could flow upward
the hard, arid lands of man's rationality
would become tender, soft and loose.

If tears could flow upward,
no bomb would drop on Hiroshima,
and Nagasaki would not be blown.
Godse and John Booth
would shun their pistols
and embrace Gandhi and Lincoln.
Claude Litherly would drop flowers from the sky.
Liverpool would take Somalian kids on marine trips.

If tears could flow upward,
no prison would be erected in people's countries
on the top of the prisons rather,
people would sit on benches for fresh air.

If tears could flow upward,
people would not be skies of stones
nor would they be iron grills,
people would become brooks
and would fly, hugging waves.

But alas, tears have not been able to flow upward!
Alas, tears have not been able to flow upward!!

●

With Narcissus

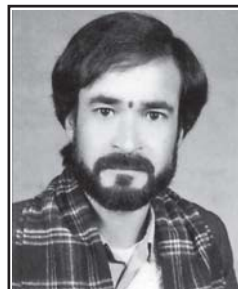
●

1. The vanity of beauty
tattered by the wind of time
is hanging from the face-tree
showing the ribs of wrinkles.
Narcissus,
I too have in my hand
a broken mirror.
2. The flower vases
mirrors of every corolla,
time – a stone sling
brevity!
I close my eyes –
and hear a sharp 'splash'.
Narcissus,
I too have in my hand
a broken mirror.
3. Beautiful flowers of youth
are incessantly swaying on the track of age,
the feet of a storm are coming to sight,
running, rushing hither!
Narcissus,
I too have in my hand
a broken mirror.
4. Lo, how low is that age
bending at the girdle?
A mirror of youth
broke there.
Narcissus,
I too have in my hand
a broken mirror.

5. Clouds,
rising from deep down there,
are lo! engulfing the village
and circumscribing the houses!
A cloud is nearing, step by step,
to splinter into pieces and pour down in torrents!
Narcissus,
I too have in my hand
a broken mirror.
6. The ever-flowing stream of time
the bubble florets
blooming on the river-tree,
ever rising,
and instantly breaking!
discharging
a beautiful foam.
Oh!
The glass of life
breaks on the face of water
and reduces to pieces.
Narcissus,
I too have in my hand
a broken mirror.
●

About the poet

Literary name: Kanad Maharshi
Name: Kanad Bahadur Mishra
Date of birth/place: May 10, 1954, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1-4486615
Email: pramada.mishra@gmail.com
Literary debut: Around 1965/66
First publication: *Khai Hamro Daura Surwal* (in *Madhurya*)
At national level: "



Works: *Gupha* (1974), *Pagleka Lavaharoo* (1986), *Bhater ra Aankhaharoo* (1993), *Ghauma Haribhakta Katuwal* (Collection of poems, 2001); Editing of *Lalima* (Collection of poems), and *Anima* (Collection of stories)

Awards/honors: Lokendra Literary Award (1997), Deergha Seva Medal (1998)

About his poetics

On Poetry: I hold the conviction that my poetic creation is the true, complete and holistic presence of my prosodic viewpoints. Through poems, I attempt to give a lucid expression to mercy, anger, satire, revolt etc., that spring up when touched, get stirred by various colors that rise up when happiness elevates, injustice attacks, the wounds of the heart are jabbed, dejection besieges, pain soaks, and social awareness warns.

Self estimation: A sufferer, tortured for being honest and outspoken.

Editor's assessment: Away from partisan fragmentation and debates of doctrines, poet Kanad Maharshi engages himself in literary creation where he appears ardent in seeking and establishing human values with musical contemplations, while collecting aesthetic experiences of the fine sentiments of life. Fundamentally, the echoes of decadence and existential crises form the core of his poetry.

●

Kanad Maharshi

Cotton Mattresses are Bristly too!

●

I don't want the twinkling
of an army of stars covering the sky
I don't need flowers from the garden
weeded by gardeners as soft as flowers.
Nor do I need the taste of flowers
from various, famous gardens.
The two-fold note of the cuckoo too
has turned tedious now!
Gloom has started flowing
in the whistles of cascades, air and water.
The faint voice of a dry leaf,
that softly falls in the woods too
sounds like a bullet, fired in the midst of a clamor
the mind that cherishes
walking alone in the moonlit night
had died out.
The youthful cravings
to join the crowds of carnivals and fiestas,
have receded too
the thick mattresses,
made from the soft, thread-yielding cotton
feel bristly too.
A sumptuous meal with a variety of items
tastes bitter.
The only thing of solace is that
I came to know
all the people are fine,
and no one is hungry anywhere –
I got innumerable satisfactions
and an untold peace!

●

At the Onset of a Journey

●
Reading just begins, and an accursed history comes forth,
seeing just starts, and a village screened by countless frontiers pops
us,
comprehension starts, and a cloudy present bubbles up.
- How fuzzy!
- How devilish!
- How stinky!

The brain is looking for a different sky here,
the palms are seeking a different earth
and the feet are trodding a different trail.

Prostrating before the purity of raspberry and bay berry
mopping the unexpressed cart screened by a haystack,
keeping the hungry soul and the solid nation as witness,
the history stacked up by crimes may be torn
the brain scattered from table to table may be wiped,
the feet that cherish the blacktopped tracks alone, may be lynched,
.....

How, if this song is sown on the inauguration of the road?
How, if this aspect is carved on the onset of the journey?

●

Blue Flowers and Pale Leaves

●

I love the sky, and the sea I love
I like them, for
I can fly in minds; can dive into minds.

How pleasant it is, when the heart sinks in the blue deep
how thrilling it is, when the heart flies in the blue sky
I like the sea, I like the sky
for they are both blue, and I like blue.

Whatever I like, I name it 'flower'
I like the blue flowers.

Flowers on the head –
the favorite flowers of the mind in the mind's god,
I like the mind's god, for
it has no idol, and no form
it is therefore a sky, and the sky, I love –
it is therefore blue, and the blue, I like.
Blue – my favorite color – I dedicate to this land,
the god of my mind – to this land,
the mind's sky, and mind's deep – to this land,
the flower of my mind – to this land
it is blue, and it is my mind.

What can the body do? A corpse too has one;
a dry, pale leaf has one too
whatever is done, the mind does
the mind is always young
the youth of my mind - to this land!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Purushottam Subedi
Name: Purushottam Subedi
Date of birth/Place: July 07, 1954, Terhathum
Phone: 977-1-4275427
Email: subedipurushottam@gmail.com
Literary debut: Since 1973
First publication: Kathmandu (in *Madhubindu*, 1975)
At national level: Noonko Haar: Mancheko Mulya (in *Sheelanyas*, 1979)
Works: *Aatanka Gandha* (1983), *Eklo Bijeta* (Collection of poems, 1997)
Awards/honors: —



About his poetics

On poetry: A beautiful expression of dedication and practice.

Self estimation: A simple person.

Editor's assessment: A man bent on carving his identity with difficult and concrete language against the practice of transparent and fluid language in vogue, Subedi is a renowned signature of modern Nepali poetic tradition. A believer of progressive spirit, Subedi is a striver trying to ensure a known trip by penetrating the unknown truth oriented towards future. He wants to ensure the liberation of the nation from poverty, and the intrigue of time is not acceptable to him. In the creative light of his poetry, he wants to give salvation to the truth experienced by his acute poetic faculty. We can experience his creative accomplishment at that point.

●

Purushottam Subedi

Mutiny: Standing on a Piece of Land

●

I am standing alone, beneath the horizon
stepping on a piece of land
far way, on the top of the hills
the restless horizon stands like me
with the load of solitude
like a drunkard, just released by the booze spell!

The land I am standing on, is quivering
to vent the erupting fury within me out
in the form of flames;
a man – all alone,
peeps, to the farthest limits of his ken
covering harsh wailings of time's awareness
as bitter as the industrial smoke to the eyes,
amid clamor, mutiny, and respiration.

This evening, betrayed by relatives,
wife has petitioned for divorce, as though
an unstable pain of a bitter future is taking birth
I am forgetting myself
there is a man, extending over imaginary hearts,
with mechanical legs to cross all stops,
that stagger on a footpath, before reaching the road,
I, impatient to avenge with tightened fists
am looking mildly at cruelty.
Is it not trying to melt the earth at radioactive pace?

The aimless waves, engendered by sudden decisions
extend over the snow-clad peaks, slopes, deserts and seas,
when these extensive mortalities come together,
a desire to see the suicide of this earth
like a murder by hewing the throat comes up!
Just a piece of land is enough
to take aims for mutiny
coming up of the stars, in place of the sun, would suffice
consciousness of life — the tranquility of dusk
realization of solitude — what a shrouded helplessness?

When sunlight arrives to become a table-lamp,
darkness, and mere darkness rules the sky
mutiny — sacrifice, mutiny—like *hara-kiri**
a lifelong faith –
should I fold it round on the hilltop to preserve its lights?
When a slave falls all alone in the market,
I walk, carrying the same humanness –meek, helpless and coward
I need chilly wind, warm rays and beliefs
to wage assaults on defeats, even at distances.

The red sky I watched is clearing off the clouds fast,
like the veil of a newly wedded bride,
happiness could not vanquish loneliness —
I gave up the idea
I gently feel my shoulders, moving slowly ahead
alone with a restless and insensitive past
my steps shall have fallen on many fragments of earth,
incessantly I keep going, looking at the horizon
mutiny is spreading within; a blast is sprouting soon...

●

In Favor of War

●
The passion that exists
inside the bright frame of dreams
is not something transformed from sleep;
rather, it is life trickled from life
for which, we all fought
the continuation of the battle of light.

Sometimes, rainbow appeared in sunbathed drizzle,
and sometimes colorful rays
under the open sky
but we kept fighting on our own accords,
in the fronts of the battle of faith.

Sometimes, minute drives
of the opponents of war came forth
to disperse us
but, we did not give in
rather, thousand more hands joined us
to save the continuity of life
from the hands of the murderers.

We ourselves are our goals,
we ourselves are our dreams,
we shall fight against everyone
who comes against goals and dreams.

In this war of continuity
and that of faith,
a pair of eyes are glowing.
For their safety,
we go for war.
And we shall fight a relentless battle
with accused dreams placed in our eyes.

●

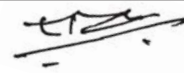
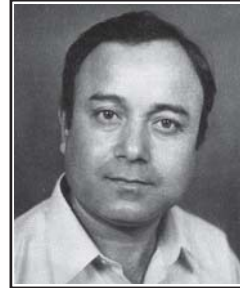
About the poet

Literary name: Rajab
Name: Janardan Pudasaini
Date of birth/place: October 31, 1954, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1-4650121
Email: rajav_pudasaini@yahoo.com

Literary debut: Since 1971
First publication: *Budho* (in ***Bibhed***, 1973)
At national level: *Budho* (in ***Bibhed***, 1973)

Works: ***Samayapeeda***, ***Itarjillavasi***,
Kangan Khitka (Collections of poem), ***Lochan***
Vanshako Sakchhya ra anya Natak (Collection
of plays), ***Mananiya Banot*** (Collection of satirical
essays), ***Asamartha Shlok***, ***Kroorko Saundarya Prem***
(Collection of poems), ***Ekkaisaun Shatabdeeka Bhasharoo ra***
Bisaun Shatabdeeko Hangover (Collection of poems in series)

Awards/honors: Mainali Award for Stories (1995), Gopal Prasad Rimal
Honor (1994), Devkota Honor (2002)



About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is exclusively a genre of seeking something new. It does not comply with any system, form, area or philosophy. It tries to present itself in a new existential worth dismantling every form, beauty and system of speech. Based on its speed and flow, poetry is sometimes peaceful and sometimes gusty. In whatever pace it flows, poetry is never devoid of heartbeat. My poetry is inspired by this very conviction.

Self estimation: I am fair-skinned. Am I that color alone? I am five feet, four inches. Am I that tall alone? Self-examination exposes you to many of such questions – internal and external. Perhaps, such color, form and height make me a man of pious heart, beautiful thoughts and lofty contemplations. These attributes have made me logical and sensitive. If logical contemplations had not infused into my sensitivity, I would have become just an emotional man.

Editor's assessment: Though divided into many labels as a story writer, playwright, or essayist, Rajab's identity as a poet is clearly established. His poems are conscious rebellion against paradoxes, and are expressions of struggle and acute desire to live. Taking the gruesome destiny imposed upon the mass as his first condition for writing, Rajab executes sharp satirical shots against gaudiness. Let alone what doctrine his writing compasses, Rajab's fundamental concern is human liberty, and beliefs in a skillful, rational and intellectual expression.

●

Rajab

A Tyrant's Love for Beauty

●

Even the hawk is enraptured,
this morning

With its claws
jabbed into the boughs
it is deriving
an enchantment
in the chilly wind
blowing across the crevices
under its plumage

It is not active for prey at the moment
rather, is it still, ecstatic
on the boughs of the *uttis**

Hence,
the birds are fearlessly flying
at the moment

They have no information
about the hawk sitting nearby
who, like a curious tourist from a distant land
is absorbed in the sight of the half-risen sun,
behind the green hill

As soon as
the juvenile beauty of this moon recedes,
it shall spring upon the birds,
once again

In fact,
a tyrant's love for beauty
is ephemeral!

●

After Getting Home

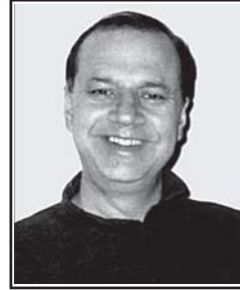
●
Others have lost hope
but he believes
he will live
he lies, half senseless
in his sick bed
inside the intensive care unit of the hospital
without losing
hopes of recovery
but the doctors say
within a few days
he will be declared dead.
His kinsmen, therefore
are trying to adapt
for the painful vacuum without him
but he is thinking, albeit in his subconscious state
I will go home
and mend life as a good man
he is thinking at times
I will correct
all soured relations
and collect
plentiful visions of love
tend the old dog at home
with my own hands
and start raising a new pup
and make prolonged attempts
to comprehend love of the animals
connected with people
he is thinking
as soon as I enter home
before anything else
I shall wipe the dust
off the books
and place them on the rack

mopping each of them
with a clean cloth
I shall place
specially the books of stories, essays
poems and memoirs
on the side wherefore
I can procure them at my wish
I shall add
new and selected books too
and try not to eclipse any of them
from my sight
he is thinking
after getting home from this bed
I shall enjoy every single taste
of the nature of morning and evening
and touch the buds of the morn
and the young flowers of the dusk,
make trips to the cascade-bearing mountains
with snow and frozen rivers
shall call on hills, plains and peaks
he is thinking
after getting home
I shall keep listening to the songs
woven and sung by the heart
with beautiful melodies and words,
and constantly take
the taste of being alive!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bhim Dahal
Name: Bhim Dahal
Date of birth/place: November 29, 1954, Sikkim
Phone: 0091-9733092337
Literary debut: Since 1969
First publication: *Kanchan Satya Sikauchha* (in *Kanchanjunga*, 1969)
At national level: "



Works: *Samriddha Vyatha, Kankaal Abhivyakti, Ragatko Hastakshyar* (Collections of poems); *Abhistako Khoj, Droha, Bidroha* (Novels); *Mero Manko Saino Timro Manlai* (Collection of stories); *Vichar, Kranti ra Parivartan* (Outline Histories)
Awards/honors: —

About his poetics

On poetry: I never tried to write by duping myself. I wrote whatever I wanted, for my desire is what I actually possess. This body can relegate to the rank of the past any moment. No one needs an almighty to understand this reality. Time may leave and pass, but I am sure, poetry will never desert time.

Self estimation: I am a man deserted by time on the mid way. I have taken a cruel oath of a new road.

Editor's assessment: Though novelist, storywriter and poet Bhim Dahal is informed more by existential philosophies, he appears more inspired by socialist realism in poetry. Beyond individualism, his verses are dedicated to envisioning a tranquil human society. Powerful and artistic organization of words informed by these socialist, progressive content characterize his poetic personality. His poems testify that he is more bent on social justice than on his personal musings.

●

Bhim Dahal

O, Mother of This Age

●

The memories of our trip
to the Maibeni Fair
in an inaccessible crowd –
you, tying me to the fringe of your chador,
appear at your backdoor,
like the fume of your rebellious eyes.
O, mother of this age!

Your sorrows must have returned from many porches
failing to procure happiness in loan,
many courtyards smell in your body,
you must have sifted grains at many landlords',
for, grits still fall from your girdle cloth.
O, mother of this age!

The faint lines of your desires
aborted many a time,
stand out below your eyes
from the quivers of your broken lips
you are ready to raise the voice of mutiny.
O, mother of this age!

You must have suckled a lot of white blood
to the yearly born kids,
from the innumerable, unknown pains of your body
many diligent ones must have taken birth.
O, mother of this age!

You are gazing distant afar,
still you must be harboring some dreams
aren't you waiting for a new age
gazing with dreamlike, painful eyes?
O, mother of this age!

●

The Accursed Minstrel

●

If people got redemption from their pains in his song,
they would not name the minstrel 'accursed'
if the harmony of notes solved problems
that Tansen would not be doomed to face disregards
he kept singing songs of victory
for ages and ages –
wedding notes, christening songs, and first-feeding numbers
with the highest of his throat,
he sang his songs on and on,
and received neglects on and on.
One thing, however, he could not do
he could not pen his own songs
and give them words and tunes anon
he couldn't harp on his sarangi, his discordant life
the minstrel sang on others' songs
while getting himself abandoned.
Inside him, the tale of his generations,
and the annals of his accursed lot
to be a savage minstrel of a refined society
kept prickling like cane spines.
He had not been able to pull out
a thorn struck in his heart
for generations.
He kept selling his melancholy throat
in others' songs and tales.
Kept on carrying life, like a heavy load, uphill
and went on harping the strings of his sarangi.
People kept thronging around him,
children, pulling snot in, awaited comic feats,
the minstrel, with sunken eyes fixed on the distant horizons
kept singing on one side,
and on the other, his distress kept wailing
that personal distress
which he could not sing out, life after life!

●

Is it a Compulsion or an Irony, Dear?

●
Inside a knotted quilt
whenever you drew heat from me,
I would bequeath you the entire quilt
myself partly exposed to chill, and partly to the cold wind
you did not weigh me against iron then,
nor did you weigh against brass and bronze,
you want me to weigh
against gold and silver today,
is it a compulsion or an irony, dear?

When a money changer
denied me an exchange for a pair of karnaphool*
you labeled my cost in chains and necklaces
when I can be mortgaged for a *sirbindi*,
you want to sell me for a braided *bulaki*,
is it a compulsion or an irony, dear?

●

The Tenant Farmer

●
One distressful night
in a faint, flickering lamplight
I tended your corpse.
You did not talk in lifetime
even as I wait, I reckon
guised as a ghoul, you would announce
that you would not pay my levy
at all cost.
You would wake
out of a loaned shroud.
O tenant,
do not die with such ease!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Gyanendra Khatiwada
Name: Gyanendra Khatiwada
Date of birth/place: December, 1954, Darjeeling
Phone: 0091-9832534489
Literary debut: Since the seventies
First publication: *Devkota* (in **Saugat**)
At national level: —
Works: **Khasnai Laageko**
Ujyaloma (Collection of poems)
Awards/honors: —



गुणेश्वर खतिवडा

About his poetics

On poetry: What not is poetry; ask those who want to see the society prosper. Ask people, who want to live as humans, what is not poetry. Ask the suppressed voices of the downtrodden what is not poetry. Poetry is an ally of truth, and the edge of a sword to falsehood. For this, poetry is a civilized move.

Self estimation: I do not look like myself inside the mirror. When I listen to my voice in record, it sounds different. I have lived almost half of my life; yet, I have not been able to meet myself anywhere, any day.

Editor's assessment: Author Gyanendra Khatiwada is a poetic talent that believes in the highest order of life's beauty. His poems are powerful documentations of the pervasive pain of the Nepalese, the concurrent inconveniences of humanity in crisis, and the eternal sorrows of life. Echoing expectations of life through the deliberation of pains is his poetic specificity, and the beautiful expression of the content in highly skillful stylistic excellence is his epical distinction.

●

Gyanendra Khatiwada

The Fading Face of the Head

●
A head, that arose
holding the finger of
a developing civilization
is once again, descending
at this moment.

It is lifting up
and pasting on its frontal wall
an old face, that hardly resembled a face
thrown away at the very outset.

Falling it is –
jumping off the horse of civilization

Yes, Darwin's Ram Bahadurs
and Hari Oms
have chosen to walk on four feet

The shoulders,
accustomed to procuring meals
with the invocation of George Bush
are always descending,
further downhill
accusing their fates!

Civilization is skating downhill
at this moment
how amazingly the head
with a painted face,
is managing to slide down
towards the feet!

The head is not at all ashamed
at this moment.

With the face confused,
many a time,
it was spotted among the herds
of tails and horns.

In fact,
how amazingly the head
with a painted face,
is managing to slide down
towards the feet!

In fact,
how amazingly the head
with a painted face,
is managing to fall
towards the tail!

●

I have Become Homeless

●

Cutting the height of my body off
I have given it to the hills and mounts of this country
for this,
its hills and mounts are high
while I stand stout!

I have cut the glory of my nose – my honor
to enrich the honor and dignity of this nation
so, I am pug-nosed.

With my eyesight
I have brightened the glory of this nation.
I am therefore narrow-eyed.

I have cut the width of my forehead
to extend the map of my country further
and so, I am ill-fated.

I have placed my whole body
as boulders along my country's border
and so, I have become homeless.

●

Wow, Butterfly!

●

With a load of
hatred, denigration and abhorrence,
on its back,
carried from such a low height
how high can a caterpillar
rise / fly!

If man had had to rise
from such a low height!

Wow, butterfly!

●

About the poet

Literary Name: Naresh Chandra Khati
Name: Naresh Chandra Khati
Date of birth/place: December 22, 1954, Darjeeling
Phone: 0091-9832049058
Email: nckhati@yahoo.com
Literary debut: Around 1964/65



First publication: *Usko Samjhana* (in **Diyalo**)

At national level: *Sabha Bhairahachha* (in **Prachee**)

Works: *Hastakshyar* (Short epic, 1974), *Pareli-Parelima Bhijera* (1984), *Leela: Rekhaharuka* (Collection of poems, 2001); *Bhawabhooti* (Translation, 1990), **Adhyayan: Nepali Samalochana** (2007), **Adhyayan: Nepali Nibandhaka** (Criticism, 2007)

Awards/honors: Felicitations from many organizations

About his poetics

On poetry: In my opinion, literature has no subject other than life. The various experiences, incidents, thoughts, and expressions have always become creative stimuli for mind in poetry. Art and literature develops from life in faith, strength, intellect, heart and love of humanity. Prosody itself entails the aesthetic experiences of human life. I don't stand for didactic instructions on what literature should and should not be. It is an art, and is free, independent and absolute, in a way like life. This upholds the creative esteem of making poetry.

Self estimation: In my own estimation, I am a man with intellect in the first place, and a heart next. After that, I am a character characterized into different forms, classes, castes, ethnicities and other relations. I am the traveler in an uncertain direction – a fragmented, broken and splintered personality. I am therefore a big, unanswered question in my own eyes.

Editor's assessment: With a conviction that poesy impinges from within rather than from anywhere in the exterior, poet Naresh Chandra Khati is a rare talent that can relate the absolute prophesy in poetry, taking into account the factuality of existence in conditions imposed and dimensions acknowledged. His poems surge from the highest orders of prosodic craftsmanship and the sublimity of ideas. His poems rejuvenate in beautiful organization of exceptionally lucid, sweet and melodious images of nature.



Naresh Chandra Khati

Drenched on Every Eyelash

●

The untimed life comes to sudden halt
the creation grows vulnerable
when the hands of apocalypse untimely touch
people on the earth decay.

Drenched on every eyelash
people are enraged with the land on earth
enmity has fumed with the soil,
people have many grudges with the earth.

What a heavy girth!
How amazing earthy days with a face washed in light!
A symptom of a fresh conception
you should not allow anyone to cultivate a vanity henceforth
creation awfully stinks here
this fragmented life helplessly waits
in one edge of this town
but no one agrees to drag it away
it is wise to abandon it there
and let it grow with the stink of some narrow lanes,
so that it can tear in its very front,
the unfitting map of the present.
It may be chased / forced to run away from the grave of faith
so that it can live like Robinson Crusoe
making you and me laugh in this compact area,
but it stands still on its feet
life is not parallel,
it bends, fragments, falls, breaks, slides and stands
life cannot be parallel.

Drenched on every eyelash
the untimed life comes to sudden halt
the creation grows vulnerable
when the hands of apocalypse untimely touch
people on the earth decay.

●

Assimilation

●
Transform me inside you,
transform me
into your words / your language
your brain and your heart.

Wrapping all material drives,
all dissatisfactions / all unnaturalness,
inside rare leaves
I have to rise out of the unbearable pain of the world.

Before closing my narrow eyes,
I have a craving for
a short rest in your wide, vast and extended
body of love / body of beauty

I am heading towards you
with these worn-out longings / this mortal body
let your bosoms open out,
if the heart is just, tears are acceptable too
human heart is living
with a life shorter than a flower's
if you come and step upon this feeble heart,
it will be acceptable.
Let apocalypse come
with a new beginning – yours and mine!
With an assimilation – yours and mine!

●

Just a Day

●

**One day
a star falls
and the moon lives
in the glow of the sun.**

**One day
the mind spills
and in flowers' fragrance
life smiles.**

**One day
the dews fall
and songs spring
in the drifts of love**

**One day
the customs tangle
and victory gets vanquished
in the luster of the past.**

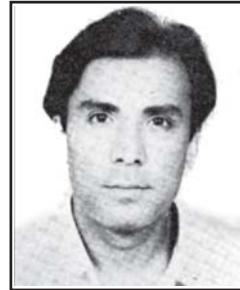
**One day
a hand breaks
and the leaves fall
in the gleam of company.**

**One day
the night spreads
and poetry dies
in the allurements of life.**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Min Bahadur Bista
Name: Min Bahadur Bista
Date of birth/place: March 07, 1955, Pyuthan
Literary debut: Around 1974
First publication: *Sahar Mero Sahar* (in **Vedana**, 1976)
At national level: *Yo Naya Sadak* (in **Rooprekha**, 1977)
Works: **Min Bahadur Bistaka Kavita** (Collection of poems, 2004), **Sikshyako Siddhanta**
Awards/honors: Mahendra Vidya Bhusan, Krishna Chandra Regmi Award



About his poetics

On poetry: For me, poetry is a powerful medium to understand contextual life, its intricacies and decadences. The society caters me with the inspiration, energy and subjects to write poems. I derive poems from the society and dedicate them back to the society itself. But this procuring and dedicating is not an easy task. After I acquire the theme and before I give it a poetic form, a gale besieges by heart. I revolt and agitate. I look for words, hurl them, connect them and ultimately when the theme acquires the form of a poem, I am contented.

Self estimation: I should have been an ocean, at the least
a song, albeit short in a journey
...a soft wind, strong enough to toss the tender boughs.
But to my misfortune,
I became a static Nagarjun
as though, a deep sleep has been enticing me
or else, I am a patient administered with slow poison

Editor's assessment: Min Bahadur Bista, a poet renowned and popular among Nepali readership asserts an honorable and aesthetically poignant presence as a contemporary poet of acute poetic consciousness. His poems are decent satires at social follies, deformations, decadences and inequalities. Through rustic images, he gives powerful and aesthetically sublime expressions to many of life's minute and pertinent hardships, and at places to impertinent and villainous pains and sorrows. It is in this artistry that he attains his poetic distinction. His poems make a powerful exposition of the difficulties surrounding human values and existence, the gaudy game in the name of nationalism, and the slow corrosion of civilization.

●

Min Bahadur Bista

The Village School

●

Wandering, when I reached a village school one day
I saw some walls
standing with difficulty.
Hung against the walls
were pictures of the country, of the world and of heroes
all eaten up by mites; perforated all over.

Wandering, when I reached a village school one day
I saw cattle, goats and cowherds,
busy in silent reading, inside the school
in their bid to shelter from the scorching sun
and saw students and teachers
grazing under the tree shade outside
unable to stay in.

Wandering, when I reached a village school one day
I saw teachers
seated on chairs with broken legs
taking nap, and muttering in sleep.
I also saw
young, skinny and thin pupils
singing lullaby at their teachers' order.

When I was returning
someone asked,
'How is the village school operating?'
I said,
'As is this nation!'

●

Silent, Silent, Dead Silent!

●

There was a country on the globe
there was a town too on the map
a temple was there at the square
and a church was there
and a mosque too
the Geeta was there; the Bible and the Koran too were there.

There was science, and culture
upon them lay a corpse
the corpse of a dead mother
mounted upon the corpse,
a living baby
was sucking the breasts of its dead mother.

History was there; history book was there too,
but it was not certain why the mother died.
It too was unclear how the mother died.
Observing the corpse, it could be claimed
the death was death of a mother
the death was that of a creation
the death, that of a life
may or may not history record,
the death of that mother
had been engendered by rape by an unlawful father.
It was not a natural death;
she had not died of hunger, either
a murderer, who assaulted creation,
had slain her.
What if the news does not broadcast this!

There was a country, and upon a chest, there was a village
there was a clock tower, and time was there too
inside it was a dead body, that of a mother
there was a chest too
and inside it was a mother's love, affection was there
faith was there, and there was belief
dead love, dead affection
dead faith, dead belief
mounted upon the corpse,
a living baby
was sucking the breasts of its dead mother.

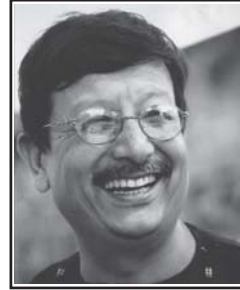
There certainly was a town, but no civilization
there were humans, but no humanity
there were luxury dens, and no refuge
stores were there, but no food
Ayatollah, the symbol of Allah was there too
Gautam Buddha, the peace-apostle too was there
and there too was Gandhi, the icon of non-violence
there was the Geeta, the Bible and the Koran
culture was there, and there was science
and there was a shameless nation
that repeatedly blew the siren of oppression
upon its citizens.

Geography was there, and inside it a country
upon the chest of the country was a mother's dead body
and upon it, an orphan child
there was a school, a court and an orphanage
silent, silent
dead silent!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Ashesh Malla
Name: Ashesh Malla
Date of birth/place: April 3, 1955, Dhankuta
Phone: 977-1-4419686
Email: info@sarwanam.org
Literary debut: At the age of 7/8
First publication: *Jhalak (Muktak)*, 1972
At national level: in *Rooprekha*, around 1973/74



Works: *Agyat Pradeshharooma*,
Nirantar-Nirantar, *Eklo Ekanta* (Collection of poems),
Tuwanlole Dhakeko Basti, *Black Sky*, *Sadakdekhi*
Sadaksamma, *Anadi Kram* (Plays), *Teshro Aayam*:
Saidhantik Chintan ra Vivechana, *Sadak Naatak*:
Siddhanta, *Sirjana ra Prastuti*, *Sadak Natak* (Theory), *Dayaveer*
Singh Kansakar (Biography), *Samakaleen Nepali Naatak* (Edited)

Awards/honors: Sajha Award, Yuva Varsha Moti Award, Musyachu Award, Gopinath Aryal Award, Manshree Award, Sirjansheel Award, Best Dramatist Award, and Best Director Award

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is life. When flood deluges and sweeps the barrage of the heart away, poetry takes shape, away from the border, away from any ism and theory.

Self estimation: This life, a beautiful creation of God!
Constant application to work, perhaps can take us
to the destination, and meanings of life unfold.
I am a traveler, endlessly walking along that route.

Editor's assessment: Author Ashesh Malla, who believes that literature should not be limited to any theory and doctrine is a highly honored, multidimensional, and talented signature. He is capable of resonating the melody of life with temporal contextuality from the limits of aesthetic consciousness. His poems are artistic and captivating orientations of the human consciousness of nature and life. Though he is experimental in his writing, one can discern a melodious simplicity, which in fact, is the poetic soul of his writing. For this reason, he has established a high position in the heart of the readers with poetic dignity and grandeur.

●

Ashesh Malla

The Anonymous Highland Lass

●

A mountain of grass hangs on her back,
the sun is all about to set
she is mounting uphill.

On asking what her name is
she says, she doesn't know
who could she be,
with identity lost

living a worthless life
away from herself?

Before the juvenile morn
flaps its wings from its pen,
Her father has descended towards the plain
to look for a bridegroom
for her, who has just crossed twelve
and who comes out of her closet
and mops as a broom
on the yard.

She is walking uphill.

Who could she be
who has forgotten to blossom
playing with the spines in the woods?

Reading the letters of cauldron, pitcher, grass and firewood
in the school of hearth, woods, springs and cowsheds,
diving into the test of life
and failing in every attempt

who could she be,
walking on an endless journey
forgetting her own identity
and not knowing even her name?

●

A Musing for Liberty

●

Severe the wings of a bird
and say
come on, fly to the sky!
And say,
you are free
to fly with clouds as a cloud
in the sky;
pluck a bird's plumage off
and say
no arrow from any bow
shall jab your breast anymore
nor shall you be hunted
in some lonely spot anymore.
Severe the wings
of a bird, and imagine
the free flights
soaring skyward in the blue.
Pluck the plumage of a bird
and imagine
liberty!

●

Face

●

**Waking up early in the morning
I looked into the mirror,
it was cracked.**

**But I could not tell
whether it was the glass
or my face
that had cracked.**

**Why does
the face, or the mirror
crack this way
all of a sudden?**

**Either I am out of mind
or the glass is.**

**Else, why does
only the face crack
all at once in the morning?**

**Possibly
the face breaks like a glass
after weaving sins
all nightlong!**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bimal Koirala
Name: Bimal Prasad Koirala
Date of birth/place: April 19, 1955, Bhojpur
Phone: 977-1-4433489
Email: koiralabimal@hotmail.com
Literary debut: 1971
First publication: *Desh Prem* (in **Matribhoomi** weekly)
At national level: "



Bimal Koirala

Works: **Mauna Shivirbata** (Collection of poems, 1986), **Utsav Manaune Taiyarima** (Collection of poems, 1998), **Bimal Koiralaka Kavita ra Bartaharu** (2003), **Bimal Koiralaka Kavita ra Geethaur** (2007)

Awards/honors: National Talent Award (1986), Laxmi Prasad Devkota National Talent Award (2001), Tanneri Felicitation

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a means of expression that can unearth life and world.

Self estimation: I could never test myself.

Editor's assessment: The poems of Koirala who believes that it is rather difficult to live with a positive attitude at this difficult time, are documents scribed during experiential innovation of the real life. Placing human primacy at the top, poet Koirala colors his poems with hues of existence. The artistic and festive organization of words coded in favor of truth characterizes the poetic distinction of the poet.

●

Bimal Koirala

In This Town

●

In this town
there is a delusion that
I, a noncitizen, have entered.
Here, terrifying trails,
built by hewing rocks,
to accommodate only the feet
are not seen!
Bountiful cascades and brooks,
that catch the eyes,
too are not visible here.
No nettle groves are seen
Nor are those clad in *bakkhu* are spotted
only the high buildings shooting upward,
only the paved roads, black and smooth
I could not see our kind here.
Rather I saw a mass,
sleeping on flower beds
and yet another group
writhing in hunger on roadsides.
I had not seen in the past
the ones sleeping on flower beds
but the one, writhing in hunger
happened to be my own brothers
who had gone missing, when very young they were
though, I had not seen them too.
With no one known around
and no one ever seen in the past,
like a beast bought by a butcher.
I feel,
I, an unauthorized noncitizen
have entered this town.

●

Rest of the Time I shall Be with You

●

In the sweet hours of amenities,
you live on your own,
live your happiness for your own sake.
The rest of the time
which is troublesome and painful
where every moment pricks
the footprints of sleep
where cold feet
step upon the snug pillow in the cold winter,
remember me; I shall be with you.
Spend your lovely moments
swimming in the puddles of ecstasy,
second by second, minute by minute, unimpeded/incessantly
remember that this world is a world of flowers
and the feet of the flowers are softly deployed
waking up in the beautiful world of youth
when you see the remote and inaccessible edges of a tough life
you will feel – you need someone's company
right at that moment, remember me
I will be with you.

Destroying the sprouts of verdant thoughts,
killing the shoots of developing ideals
converting life into age, and age into years/months
or in days and in hours
when life starts translating into uncountable minutes
you might feel – if the heartbeat breaks down now
the cravings of a luxurious life
start this way, get spent and die out
but if time ever pricks sometime,
or if the life of comfort starts aching,

or if sweet hours ever pinch fatally,
remember me, accepting all errors of life
wherever I am – be in warfronts
or absorbed in a moral battle
I shall be with you,
I shall, at all cost, be with you.

●

The Sun

●

I like
very much
the juvenile sun of the morning,
when I see it,
hot-bright-red, and many more memories come together
even in the hot, scorching summer days.

Cutting through the terrible writhing
of a dreadful, long night
when the sun, through the windows
steals into my room,
I am enraptured
as though an anonymous friend
has covered my eyes from the back.
I recite the names I can remember, but mere laughter follows.
The sun too plays hide-and-seek with me in the same way
between naps, I repeatedly open my eyes
to see if it has come
and when I see the sun
my face glows
like the face of my wife
when she sees me first
after the terrible writhing of childbirth
Light! very, very light!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Krishna Pradhan
Name: Krishna Pradhan
Date of birth/place: May 18, 1955, Panchthar
Phone: 977-1-4770033
Email: pradhankrishna@rediffmail.com
Literary debut: Since 2025
First publication: *Ek Tukra* (in **Yuggyan**, 1972)
At national level: *Naya Varsha* (in **Rooprekha**, 197



Works: *Maun Pahad*, *Suryasnan*, *Ma Bhagnawasesh Budho*; *Bhimsen Thapako Darwar* (Collection of poems); *Aatmavad* (Compleative epic), *Panika Jalkrida* (Poems in series), *Samakaleen Samalochana* (Criticism), *Hanoi Dekhi Ho-Chi-Minh City Samma*, *Sadhe Saat Dekhi Adhaiyako Shanisamma* (Travelogue); *Nepalma Vanijya Banking* (Economics), *Development Finanace and Nepal Rashtra Bank*, *Nepalma Gramin Banking Bittiya Pranalee* (Co-authored)

Awards/honors: National Talent Award (2000), First in National Poetry Festival, Srashta Honor, Sikkim

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the best experience of life; a powerful medium of expression. Poetry is the best and the most effective genre of literature.

Self estimation: Let my creation be useful to the nation in some way; that's all!

Editor's assessment: Free from the classical, intricate codes of poetry writing, Krishna Pradhan is a successful poet of the modern times. His poems are capable to carrying the reader's consciousness to the limits of the beauty of meaning. Whenever the syntactical organization in poems keep binding the reader, the ignited consciousness of the reader approaches its limit. Ultimately, the poet's poetic self attains its victory in an artistic organization. The silence and the pleasure that follows is the emotional attainment, and that marks a poet's ultimate success.

●

Krishna Pradhan

Thoughts

●

I am the light;
do not measure my days
against heat
I am the sky;
do not look for my extension
on the earth
I am a conscience
do not feel for me
inside a hamper.

I am motion;
do not stop my feet
in exhaustion
I am speed in speeds;
do not sprinkle mud
in my taking off
I am the creation;
do not cage
my work.

The sky has no limit;
do not measure my visions
with the horizon.
I am a thought;
do not enclose it
within walls.
I am a storm
in storms
and speed in speeds.

●

The Pace of Life

●

**I am looking for life
into the mirror.
Why, in vain
are you jabbing
glass pieces
into the heart?**

**I am looking
for my face
on flowers.
Why do you in vain
uproot the plants
from the soil?**

**I am looking
for my pace
in water.
Why do you snatch
dreams
by covering them with waves
to no avail?**

**Life is not so cheap.
Why do you move
away from yourself
fruitlessly?**

**I am
looking for the pace of life;
do not place in vain
thorns along my way.**

●

In the Forbidden Hemisphere

●

We were moving forward;
a river barred us.
There was no bridge across,
and the river had been flooded.
We waited
till the water level shrunk
and we crossed.

We did not like to hold there
and so, we moved on
the place now saw a terrible snowfall
the mountains turned white
the snow made our limbs imbecile
we waited;
the next year rang in
the snow melted
and we proceeded.

We did not want
to stop there, either
and so we marched on
but our motion further
would end with a fall downward
we could not move on
like an ant
confused on reaching
the edge of a table.
Since that day
we have always been confused!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Pratisara Saymi
Name: Pratisara Manandhar
Date of birth/Place: June 30, 1955, Bhaktapur
Phone: 977-1-4242011, 4263769
Email: pratisara@hotmail.com
Literary debut: in 1971



First publication: *Hisyaipint* (in **Hasana**)

At national level: *Dukha Pokhiyela Bhanera* (in **Kavita**)

Works: *Ji Chhku Nalis Bhoun*, *Soma Hah*
Wa Memegu Bakhamta, *Tikinangu-Mi*, *Unaiko Yadma* (CD), *Tiki-Nuga:ya Lasay* (CD)

Awards/honors: National Talent, Moti Laxmi Sirapa, Deep Janamat Award, Sheera Naikap Yen Pashchim Laga Hana Pou, Nepal Bhasha FM Nyammi Trust Honor

About her poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a language that thaws with pain, when the heart is pinned. It is a timeless, delicious taste that has an admixture of the sap of pain. A poet relentlessly weaves the history of feelings in the generative pain of poesy, and poetry gets immortalized.

Self estimation: Just a simple person. Nothing more!

Editor's assessment: Poet Pratisara, who expresses revolt — the positive and progressive aspect of human life — in the color of her faith, manifests herself as the fundamental expressions of the internal woes of sorrows. The sensitivities of the most tender experiences of feminine destiny are the distinctive identifications of her verses. Her poetic faculty, moved by the plight of the feminine, attains its wholeness in eternal human suffering.

●

Pratisara Saymi

In the Shade of Rice Bunch

●

Near the trail I reached,
nimble and green bunches of rice
stood playfully pushing one another
as soon as the wind blew
displaying playful laughter
like fresh virgins
with youth blossomed!

'Haps a week later,
the coy bunches blushing and tossing
looked like a new bride with a golden flower
worn on the head
awaiting to enter someone's home.

After some time –
how low were the rice-bunches bending!
like trees, pulled low by flowers
like a pregnant bride!

Today, I saw the bunches once again
Lain on the field
as dry hay.
Like a wife, just released
from the pain of childbirth.

With a pale face,
like a patient, broken down by jaundice.

●

The Edge Receding away from Goal

●

The moments of life
are secretly drying out,
before any substantial ascent
how long should we boil in vain,
with a life tattered by dejection
when we cannot throw the loads off our heads
even by burning ourselves, or smoldering painfully?

Likewise
a cloth that couldn't make a red flag
is fit to mop someone's table today.
Is absorbing
all dust and stains
of someone's seat
upon one's own body
a life?

Someone –
a typist –
is typing his time
but at office hours,
he himself gets typed instead
like incorrect letters.
And typing as he goes,
his dreams abruptly tear
like an old carbon paper
that has run out of ink.

Someone –
pushes his cart
with ropes of life twined around the wheels
along the rough, muddy track
even in this space-age
the beast-like cart-pullers toil
with a mountain on their top.
Their blood and sweat trickle
down on someone's ounce of food
in the scorching fire of the sun
but, where are the tales of those sacrifices?
Where are their marks in history?
Here, rather are stories of trees and flowers
grown without touching the soil!
The newspapers
that at all cost
maintain the quandary of their faces
carry the stories of such people
and others get wiped out.
In fact,
those who drop blood and sweat
have no power to write in indelible ink.
For that,
their desired goal
is pushed off by reality, beyond their reach.
A sick Duini woman,
walks uphill,
carrying dreams in a perforated hamper.
After every rest,
dreams trickle down like red soil,
with them falls her child wilted like withered leaves.

All these flames
heat me up, and make me boil
but I merely dry out as vapor,
tired of boiling;
life is bubbling out and flying away
in a truth, resistant to bending like iron foils.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Usha Sherchan
Name: Usha Sherchan (Bhattachan)
Date of birth/place: August 22, 1955, Pokhara
Phone: 977-9851000471
Email: ushadb55@hotmail.com
Literary debut: —
First publication: *Jindagi* (in **Gorkhapatra**, 1978)
At national level: "



Usha Sherchan

Works: *Najanmeka Aastaharoo* (1991), *Sarvakaleen Peeda ra Jagritiko Sankhaghosh* (Collection of poems, 2005), *Akshyarharuka Shivirbata* (Collection of muktaks, 1999)

Awards/honors: Byathit Literary Award (1986), Lokpriya Award (2000), Parijaat National Talent Award (2000), Ratnashree Gold Medal (1983), Kavita Mahotsav Medal (1988), Birendara-Aishwarya Service Medal (2001)

About her poetics

On poetry: Word-art, capable of touching the readers' heart and mind.

Self estimation: Not wishing ill of others, at the least, if unable to do anything good to them. Loving to live as a person of high esteem, though not of high office.

Editor's assessment: Usha Shrechan, a prominent woman signature in contemporary Nepali poetry, brushes all cares of life aside, and expresses herself in ease and lucidity from the innocence of the very heart, away from any kind of artificiality. It is her poetic finality to cater artistic sublimity to words, pregnant with the consciousness of a woman's claim for equal role and equal participatory right and duty. Her self-confidence to this effect defines the most serious poetic excellence she exhibits.

●

Usha Sherchan

Dreams and the Ruin

●

With the mark of
incurable wounds on the foreheads,
with the gifts of
indelible curses in the hearts,
we are doomed to wander around
for ages, like Ashwatthama.*

The committed waves
of a committed love
have come today
not with blessings,
but with maledictions.

After relentless waits,
when we suddenly came across
one another in the bends of life,
we could neither hold in warm bosoms,
nor kiss with a tender touch!
Even as love dripped from the hearts,
we could not collect it in our palms
even as countless pearl beads flowed down the eyes,
we could not gather with our fingers.

Alas ! we could neither speak out our hearts.
Alas! nor could we unbosom the pangs of our heart.

Instead of beaming life flames
on suddenly getting together today,
we froze more and more like snow
banging the hearts upon the rocks
we kept looking with bleeding hearts

With stored pains in every nook
inside the camp of wounded reminiscence,
inside the camps of our dignities
- our imbecile feelings
- our fragmented desires

Even when the age has dwindled,
we could neither walk together,
nor could we fly together;
we could not live together, either.

In spite of our cravings for one another
from unfathomable depth of the inner heart
we could neither carve a cute world of love
nor could we break the shackles of hatred.

Dream, after all, is a ruined house,
where we can neither live as home
nor can we forget it as anything else.

●

Desires Articulated in Reply

●

**You advise me to raise hood like the Everest,
the hood Hitler raised
invite the World War
and terrorized the whole world
I don't want that the hood I raise
shall force humanity to wither and fall!**

**You tell me to learn to deepen like the sea,
Buddha's peace messages
have not been able to rinse violence yet,
have not wiped devilry yet,
I don't want that the peace I cultivate
should invite impotency.**

**You counsel me to be a figure in history
no new morn
makes the age I am born in
new days do not exist too
I don't want, that the repeated history
perplexes the future generation!**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Sarubhakta
Name: Bhakta Shrestha
Date of birth/place: August (Teej), 1955, Pokhara
Phone: 977-61-521855
Email: sarubhakta2000@yahoo.com
Literary debut: 1967
First publication: *Malai Euta Surya Deu* (in **Aahwan** weekly, 1977)
At national level: *Teen Muktak* (in **Rooprekha**, 1977)



Works: **Banda Khaambhitra** (Collection of muktak), **Boksiko Aahwan ra Ghosanapatra, Kavi, Premi ra Paagal** (Collection of poems), **Prayogshalabhitra, Shishirka Antim Dinharoo, Ithar, Yuddha: Uhee Gas Chamberbhitra, Nimaviya, Paagal Basti, Taruni Kheti, Samaya Trasadi**, and some more plays; the total numbering to more than three dozens

Awards/honors: Madan Award, Moti Award, Lokendra Literary Award, Ganki-Basundhara Award, Rangamanch Award, Ratnashree Gold Medal, Parbat Literary Honor, Aarohan Honor etc.

About his poetics

On Poetry: In my opinion, poetry is an art of addressing the creation and life. It is a serious art of serious experiences, and a minute art of minute experiences.

Self estimation: Possibly, I am a meandering road
Sometimes, I meet and attain meaning
While at others, I break and lose it

Editor's assessment: Endeavoring to break lose from the intricacies of experimentalism, the poems of poet Sarubhakta are direct addresses and interactions with time and life. The beauty and the trauma of time and life, reflected at direct interaction with them, form the main decors of his verses. Crafted with folk symbols and images, his verses echo the rigid and grave experiences of life comparable with the sporadic hurl like those of rocks.

●

Sarubhakta
The Rocks

- 1. The rocks make the mountain, if they grow,
the rocks make the hills, if they grow,
if the rocks deepen,
they form the seas of life,
form rivers of life.
But rocks do not weather,
for all battering by the seas of life.
The rocks do not get hewed,
for all hewing by the rivers of life.

2. The rocks compose
the verses of seas on their breasts
the rocks weave
the poesy of rivers on their breasts
when they compose the verses of seas
the rocks wear out a little,
when they weave the rivers' songs,
the rocks hew out a little,
but the rocks do not count
their weathering as weathering,
but the rocks do not count,
their hewing as hewing.
3. In the sacrifice of their life
the rocks weather with the seas
and become ocean,
when they give their lives up,
the rocks hew out with rivers
and become rivers,
for, without the rocks
the ocean has no form, no shape
for, without the rocks
the rivers have no color, no flow
the seas and rivers of life
need the love of rocks
and need the sacrifice of rocks
to become seas and rivers
but the rocks
continue to be rocks
and nothing else,
no matter how much they weather
out of their love
but the rocks
remain as rocks ever
and nothing else
no matter how much they get hewed
out of their sacrifice!
-

The Lassies

●

The lassies,
are reading
someone's love letter
with their heads thronged together
making low whispers
low giggles,
and flirty gesture
knuckling one other.
Some are saying, 'Keep quiet, will you?'
and others are saying, 'A goo-goo lass!'
After having read the letter,
some are fuming out their wrath,
'What a mug!'

And in that fake anger,
they are rumpling the love letter
and are hitting one another with it
reaching a safe corner,
they are unfolding the letter again...

The lassies
with their heads thronged together
are reading someone's life-death letter,
and are pricing someone's worth!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Jeevan Thing
Name: Jeevan Thing
Date of birth/place: December, 1955, Sikkim
Death: July 4, 1978
Literary debut: Since schooldays
First publication: *Kashi Jalirahos* (in *Diyalo*, 1973)
At national level: "
Works: *Narcissus* (Short epic), *Ma Bethlehem Saharko Hippopotamus* (Collection of poems); Editing of *Navajyoti* and *Sudha*
Awards/honors: Ratnashree Gold Medal



About his poetics

On poetry: Nepali poetry has entered the territory of images, leaving the symbols behind. Since a Sikkim-based poet needs to take into account this entire earth to represent his/her little ocean, literary experiments cannot be severed with minuteness. What I mean to say is that these days, within the vast extension of literary writing, we need to put ourselves to double work. (Courtesy: *Sahityakar Parichaya ra Abhivyakti*)

Self estimation: Standing against the bars of the eve
I rigorously touch myself
There is a sky in my eyes
A yellow sky
.....
Possibly, you can escape and run away
But I failed to do so

So, I am doomed to remain, housing the yellow sky
in the eyes
On the bank of the wounded sea,
Watching the sinking sun.

Editor's assessment: Thing, a poet from Sikkim, is a highly emotional and exceptionally talented poet. His verses carry the echoes of the beautiful hills, mountains, cascades and waterfalls of Sikkim, the land of his love. A quest for existential worth in words that he cultivates in the delinquent consciousness of life's deplorability, form both the content as well as the inference of his poetry. Like a superb organization of colors, or an enrapturing reverberation of a melody, his verses bloom in images pregnant with serious philosophical brilliance. This is where young poet Thing attains his poetic pinnacle and success.

●

Jeevan Thing

I, a Hippopotamus of Bethlehem City

●

This is the tale of a time after
cutting the hands off, and giving them away
a tale of the time of transposing into a tree
standing on a hill after having rummaged heart and soul,
looking at the receding sun,
and shedding a pair of tears.

I have become a statue,
with a corolla of orchid, sucked dry by caterpillars
the dead lights from the eyes of Buddha in meditative pose,
is my lofty sky at present
it is a wind, that has conveyed to my heart,
a dream guised as *deurali**
to impede my rise with raised shoulders and palms.

Do not you remind me of life anymore
I am scared with life
because I have seen
not just one, but innumerable of its definitions
stripped in eyes like eucalyptus.

Like the history of a panoramic rice paddy,
my eyes shiver in cold like *Minotsa*
I am these days, enflamed by my promise
taken back, when failing to settle myself
in the drive of these gusty feelings
I set out to borrow some light from Buddha's eyes
and saw Kanchenjunga
prostrating like me in front of him, crying.
These promises ache as wounds sometimes,
yet, this is the story
of returning, after reaching the threshold!
Story of time, when I asked

Standing on the palms that developed in the sky
like the violin of Nero hung in museum,
with personal oldness crushed to dust,
and woven on heads of suspicion
dangling down from a nail,
once again after crying all the tears out
beside the wounds that peel off and ache,
this is the tale of a perishing life!

Amid dreams sizzled in gas chambers,
I have a nation –
a nation of dreams.

I declare and drink the tale of my nation
there is a boundary of mountains,
beside the gathering of salamanders,
and apart from the attempts of crabs
there are 'bars' on roadsides
and one thing – the bars have red eyes.
With thick cloud on those red eyes,
with the drops of sweats mounted on the bruised foreheads
and with shrouds of feelings wailing in this stillness
we walk to and fro.

Morning comes here
singing on leaves the song of tears
at midday, over the bends,
the winds wail frenzied and stirred –
throughout the evening, the bending junipers
hold their heads low
every night the stars

await the morning, carrying their own corpses,
this is a scarecrow's history
the city of the scarecrows / a country of disgrace!

The decree of a life-sentence
the impediment along a flowing river
the hippopotamuses of Bethlehem city
my boiled story, my *Mehrunissah*,
my country!

Taking my ancestor's form,
I consume
the vacant dreams of misfortune,
the metamorphosed caterpillars
twinkling like the galaxy
and the descending impediments.

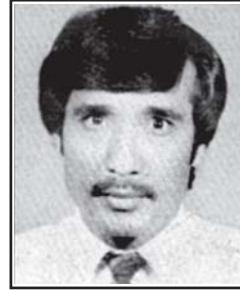
Standing on the bank,
my breathing country is looking
at the gleaming wind
that washes with frost and dews
the ravenous lips of sand
the diligent hands of the juvenile sun
in my room's morning, tired of group copulation,
the fingers that knock heaven
and the fingers that knock hell
with bodies that wake up, enmeshed and feeble.

This is the tale of a time after
cutting the hands off, and giving them away
a tale of the time of transposing into a tree
standing on a hill after having rummaged heart and soul,
looking at the receding sun,
and shedding a pair of tears.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Binaya Rawal
Name: Binaya Singh Rawal
Date of birth/place: 1956, Birgunj
Death: May, 2005
Literary debut: Since boyhood
First publication: *Hidna Deu* (in **Abhinav**, 1974)
At national level: "



Works: *Malai Timi Aaphujastai Banau* (Collection of poems, 1992), *Thuldideeko Desh* (Travelogues), Editing of *Shreeja, Mukut* (Bimonthly), *Abhinav* (Collection of contemporary essays) etc

Awards/honors: Manshree Honor (2001), Bhoopi Sherchan National Talent Award (2000), Garima Poetry Award (1999), National Award by Birgunj Sub-municipal Council (2001)

About his poetics

On poetry: For me, life and poetry are one and the same thing. ...I believe that poetry can support life in totality if this can purely be developed on human grounds. (Courtesy: **Sahityakar Parichaya ra Abhivyakti**)

Self estimation: 'He' thinks of the nation
and scribes poesy
this way,
'he' has been living.
(Courtesy: **Malai Timi Aaphujastai Banau**)

Editor's assessment: Rawal, a prominent name in the array of contemporary Nepali verses, is one of the pioneers of the movement that advocates fluidity in verses with a claim on existential worth, cutting across the decadent pages of nature, time and delinquent life. He gives expressions of revolt in his poems, along with a beautiful juxtaposition of study, experiences and imaginations. Beautiful arrangement of symbols and images gives Rawal his poetic distinction.

●

Binaya Rawal

You Make Me Like Yourself

●

Witnessing decadence
has become a destiny here
living amid adverse news
has become a tradition here
repressing anger inside the heart
has become an obligation here.

O God!

Why do I need eyes?

Why do I need ears?

Why do I need a mouth?

**Have pity on me,
you make me like yourself!**

●

The Berlin Wall

●

'When a wall is erected
many things remain out'
and above anything else,
people
people get screened from people's eyes.
Erecting walls means
discrediting people
and not allowing people to remain people
whether it is Berlin Wall
or Chow-Ches-Ku's wall of communism
every wall owns the same destiny.
And yet,
why does man erect long walls?

Has the erection of walls
wiped the human race?
Has the building of walls
stopped the human thought?

By erecting a wall,
you may scare someone for some days,
and force anyone to be alone
but a wall in itself is a paradox
it can never be immortal.

●

My Own Tale

●

In winter—
without a strand of cloth on,
without an ounce of food in the belly,
and without a single closet for shelter
a woman
with a child bundled up in her lap
would always shed torrents of tears from her eyes
and sometimes,
whenever the child wailed
she would gently beat him too.
The child,
failing to know why it happened,
would stare for a while.

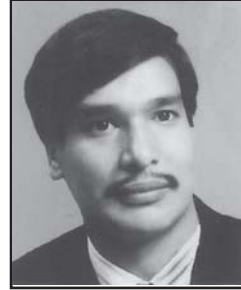
Today, step by step
he is comprehending everything
and remembering the past
crying out, aloud.
You might be thinking as well
who that child is
and who that woman.

Telling the truth,
it is my own tale
and that woman
is my own mother.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bishwobimohan Shrestha
Name: Bishowbimohan Shrestha
Date of birth/Place: April 28, 1956, Terhathum
Phone: 977-1-4274433
Email: apecnepal@hotmail.com
Literary debut: 1967
First publication: *Dui Muktak* (in *Teenjure*, 1970)
At national level: *Jindagi* (in *Gorkhapatra*, 1975)



Works: *Vishwa Bimohanka Kehi Kavitaharoo* (1987), *Angarka Dhamila Dharsaharoo* (2005), *Euta Gantavyako Khojima* (Collection of poems), *The Hazy Line of the Coal* (Translation, 2005), Editing of *Teenjure*, *Spandan*, *Sopan*, *Sirjana*, *Navaratna* etc

Awards/honors: Vasu Sashi Memorial Award (2005), Vyathit Poetic Award (1997), Yuva Varsha Moti Award (1987), Ratna Shree Gold Medal (1987), Poetry Meet Silver Medal (1975), Coronation Medal, Birendra-Aishwarya Service Medal, felicitations by various organizations

About his poetics

On poetry: Had there been no poetry, the grandeur of the world and life would not have expressed itself, at least in this form, with its melodious lay, sprouting in the core of the heart like the brilliant hue of the rising sun with infinite hopes. Therefore, poetry is the refined energy of a civilized society that engenders the tides of creativity in every living and non-living component of the creation at once.

Self estimation: Scattered dreams, but intoxicated pace
no crowd, no party and yet, a trait to stand out
an urge, always to do something
but the same uphill, the same downhill
encountered along every trip
neither pain, nor attainments; always a mediocre, an
optimist
an endeared and simple life, though apparently stubborn
I, Vishwobimohan

Editor's assessment: Bishwobimohan, a renowned name in the arena of contemporary Nepali poetry, stands in favor of the eternal values of life, taking contemporary urges of the time. With a faith in struggle, and conscious to the establishment of human worth, Bishwobimohan is ardently committed to giving permanence even to the beauty of expression, in spite of the pain involved. This defines his poetic craftsmanship.



Bishwobimohan Shrestha

Buddha: Three Dimensions

●

1. You observe
the dreamlike eyes of Buddha!
You will find in them
the divine sermon of peace.
The martyrs
who died and became immortal
while building the country up
or while defending it
need a country
that loves them.

2. The country
has projected on the head as Sagarmatha
it is expanding
with countless tales of Mahabharata
on its breast
and with countless surges of Koshi
at its end
but Gautam Buddha,
failing to find an accommodation
in anyone's heartbeat
is getting adorned on 'portraits'
on the walls of
'drawing rooms.'
3. This Nepal, founded by my ancestors!
Its every layer gleams
with the glory of Buddha,
how many Mahabharatas were created here,
and how many Mahabharatas fought
and yet, at the core of this country,
the tale of peace resides
be it in the wounds of the heart
that aches in acute pains of revolution,
or in the smiles
that bloom at the festivity of victory.
'Buddha' abounds everywhere
Buddha
is at the porch of my house
Buddha
is at the square of my street
and above all these,
Buddha is
on the top of Sagarmatha
the glory of my country.
●

The Cliffs

●

O, how much
do you hew this cliff?
After all,
what comes out of all that hewing
are stones,
mere stones.

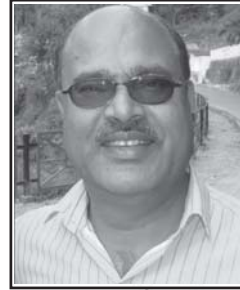
The same stones
the craftsmen carved
into idols and adorned in temples
the devotees worshipped
and made them gods
and lifted on their heads
the funeral processors,
joined them and raised the graves.
The brave ones
erected them as emblems of victory
others made *pati-pauwa*
and guest houses,
planted peepal and banyan around
and made *chautaris*.
Sitting on the same chautari
at the moment
I am observing
stepping upon it,
the innumerable feet
reducing the lofty cliff
to a dusty road.

Along this road
one can reach far off
there, where
another cliff
stands erect.
When is that going to be hewed?

●

About the poet

Literary name: Rajendra Bhandari
Name: Dr. Rajendra Bhandari
Date of birth/place: October 31, 1956, Kalimpong
Phone: 0091-9434153312
Email: dr.rajendra@yahoo.co.in
Literary debut: Since schooldays
First publication: *Manavtako Ke Saar* (in **Prakash**, 1963)
At national level: *Purva-Paschim* (in **Madhuparka**, 2033)



Works: *Hiunde Yee Chisa Raatka Pardaharooma* (1979), *Yee Shabdaharoo: Yee Harafharoo* (1986), *Kshyar-Akshyar* (Collection of poems, 1998), Editing of *Pratimaan* (Collection of critical essays)

Awards/honors: Diyalo Award (1982), Dr. Sobhakanti Thegim Memorial Award (1999), Shiva Kumar Rai Memorial Award (2000), Guman Singh Chamling Memorial Award (2007)

About his poetics

On poetry: Many impressions strike our conscious or unconscious mind ever since we start experiencing the world. An outlook of life and the world too starts developing. I look for these expressions in poetry. For this, poetry to me is as dear, near and inevitable as respiration is. I sense poesy in moments of both writing as well as not writing.

Self estimation: An unskilled traveler in the jungle of life and the world, uninformed and confused; an ignorant man, looking for succor of life in the art of poetry.

Editor's assessment: Rajendra Bhandari is a skilful portrayer of collective, progressive materiality of man. He is capable of catering artistic density to his poetry through the power of words, and a controlled writing within his limits. Bhandari—, who believes that poetry steered by special human consciousness, should be just and legal — generates a world of simple, lucid and timeless rustic images in his poetry. A piece of wood attains musical liveliness when molded into a violin. In the same way, an orchestra of the present time evolves when his internal, literal exuberance translates into poetry, and the poet — a guard of the time— becomes an ardent listener of the orchestra. Fighting alone with the intoxicating darkness, the poet attains enlightenment in poetry. In it, Bhandari experiences the attainment of his poetic bliss.

●

Rajendra Bhandari

The Poems That Lift My Hearse

●

My published poems
turned out to be spoilt sons in bad companies.
They went away, leaving me in destitute.
Some of them just laughed off from a distance, and left
and became ungrateful strangers, not sending even letters.
But the unwritten poem that has ever remained within me,
shall come to lift my hearse;
my own, intimate poem
that has been tending me for years.
I could do nothing for it.
Perhaps, I was unjust to leave it unwritten.
Had I written, though
it would have been like its brothers.
I calmed it down: wait, wait!
All day long, on different stages
I become a hero, a villain or a clown.
And after each play,
forgetting all the dialogues, and getting all the robes off,
I sleep with it, at night.
But I could give nothing to it.
Not even a clean, white paper.
Still, it shall be the one to give me water
in my deathbed
and lift my hearse at the end.
It is the blossomed, sweet-scented lotus
I watered with blood inside me
it is the fragrance a musk bore on its navel.
The company of my odd times,
my unwritten poem.

It shall lift my hearse one day.

●

A Latent Grudge

●

This forest
begins right in my brain
and ends in you.

We do not know,
how many tigers and bears of suspicion
live there.

We do not know,
how many jackals of treachery
live there.

The lions of disbelief roar around
we do not know

where their dens are.

How many larks of love
and peacocks of bliss
are there,

and how many lophophoruses
and monal pheasants of intimacy are there,
we do not know.

You and I became a forest
knotted and perplexed in ourselves.

We came as close as things that ought to be forgotten,
and fell as apart as that.

Inside the woods of our relations
sweet berries, malias, guavas and pears
must have ripen somewhere.

Somewhere, drooping low,
ripen bunches of the pomegranates, grapes and raspberries
of mutuality could be there too.

But we do not know.

We only know
that, a lion shall always roar
between you and I.

But we have no idea
why it roars.

●

An Intermittent Blankness

●
Fog, cloud, smoke,
lightning, moon, stars
none of these belongs to the sky.
The sky is a lonesome air-dome.

The violins of pains,
the sarangis of sighs,
and beatings of frenzy,
none of these belong to the heart.
The heart is an empty glass
today a little wine
and tomorrow a little squash and water.

The heart is a blank sky.
And yet,
why does blankness
always seek to get filled up?
Why does silence keep writhing alone?
Why do a handful of bones and flesh
some heartbeats and some tears,
always erupt as a song?

The track has robbed the feet away.
Desires have bought life.
Time has sucked the blush out of the cheeks.
Everything, and everything has been spent.
Yet, on a vacant road
a vacant man is looking for something.
There is nothing to be bought.
Yet, why does a coin cling to the pocket of the coat?
The sky has no color of its own.
And yet, why does its blueness keep reviving?

●

About the poet

Literary name: Mahesh Prasain
Name: Mahesh Prasain
Date of birth/place: October 6, 1956, Manipur, India
Phone: 977-9741136362
Literary debut: Since 1970
First publication: *Varsha* (in **Peepal**, 1972)
At national level: *Kehi Kavitaru* (in **Samikshya**, 1973)



Works: *Bhoomikapachhi* (Collection of muktaks, 1976), *Agniko Pragbhoomima* (1985), *Kehi Chakmak ra Shikhaharoo* (1994), *Nishrit Samudra ra Kalo Tirkha* (1995), *Pratyanchako Baadal* (Collection of poems, 1997), *Shabda Sarathi* (in 2000)

Awards/honors: Pratibha Award, Yuva Varsha Moti Award, National Talent Award, Vyathit Poetic Award, Dharani Honor, Kameshwar Poddar Memorial Honor (India)

About his poetics

On poetry: The generic language of poetry is poetry itself. For this reason, poetry cannot be interpreted. The continuous explication of poetry too is poetry itself. No voice other than itself can be traced to substitute poetry. Whatever I bear, I imbibe and present myself for expression after due contemplation. Abstract philosophy is my cherished subject. I find wholeness in parts, and discover the pace of life. In it lies my living portrait. The reverberation of the heartbeat of life, poetry ought to be musical and artistically lucid. And in sum, it should lead to joy. Lie exists, and the creation exists too. There is beauty, and for all these reasons, there is poetry.

Self estimation: I am a person that writes poetry. There is a lot I need to write yet. I am a very simple man. But I have an ardent passion for poetry. I cannot live without writing poetry. It therefore appears more natural for you, the society and the readers to evaluate a poet in the attire of a simple man. One thing I need to assert to myself — I am highly simple, but yes, quite cooperative.

Editor's assessment: A poet of the experimental cult, Mahesh Prasain has been able to assert his distinct identity among his contemporaries because of a pervasive exercise of his poetic faculty with a myriad of skill, style, symbols, myths and images. A traveler on the circumference of the existence with an aesthetic appreciation of life, Prasain wants to see the celebration of human values, and hoist the flag of universal fraternity. In spite of facing many allegations of linguistic complexity, Prasain derives joy and contentment in this risk.



Mahesh Prasain

One Such Morning

●

Every morning, land slides here;
every afternoon, a mourning song of innumerable innocents
fatally breaks down here
what then, if land slides?

Let it slide.

What if, blows have struck your innocence!

Let them strike.

But do not ever sing mourning songs;
no one cares for anyone here,
this is the trait of a human village
everyday man gets into trouble here.

And everyday a weak tremor of bad monition occurs too.

How could it be named an earthquake
when it scares only the weak!

Everyday, here –

on plane, fallow-land of a juvenile age
parades are staged with despotic boots.

Doubtlessly, in the orchard of innocent minds
a blow is charged with impish, stone-thoughts every day.
At this time, when bells ring in temples,
when hymns are chanted in worships,
o tender warriors,
the talks of your justice cannot be true;
where intrigues happen at the backdrop, justice is ruled out.
The chief judicator comes and goes,
but he can neither sing, nor make others sing
the dialogues of your infantile heart.

●

A Short Stride in the Pace of Light

●

I will take a short stride in the pace of light.

With some pacific, tranquil melody
warding off some steps of darkness
I will walk in light's pace even in the midst of clamor
with some touch of light; and touch of a votive jar
with some gleam of the moon; and gleam of spring,
tipping off the darkness spilled by some nights,
I shall walk in the pace of heartbeat even in a corpse.
Sometimes, with smiles – I shall live, stirring silence
and sometimes with cries – I shall walk, beating out the incorporeal.
As with the pain of living, I shall barter expressions.
This after all, is a salience of the world;
I shall name the bit of living 'fair'.

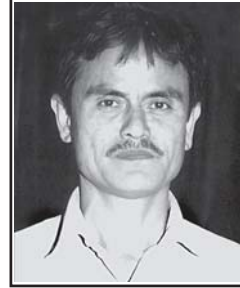
Standing in the depth of a little darkness,
I shall feign talking, though mute I stand
with a broken heart, for some more moments.
Why shouldn't I write
the pain of a handful of blood pressure?
Why shouldn't I see the nap of a self-intrigue?
Sometimes shuffling tiny lines of revolt,
burning, writhing with the organs of the very existence of frailty
I will highly inebriate, though untouched even by the slightest silence
as stillness changes into town.
Scraping and breaking the base wherefrom

hapless days have been plucked off
repeatedly shaking up, and waking
the mute gods of an exiled life
and walking in small steps of small hearts,
I will walk, as much as a little light does.
It is a truth that inside dark, murky caves
the narrowsky too shall crack, sometime.
It is indubitable that in the sunlit trip / trips of the upcoming
someday, even the aged sun can brilliantly shine
because, inside innumerable hearts
do not say that there is no blaze of being fire.
Their strength has come up, divided in groups
and their awareness has sprung in terms of thousands
like, enthralling innumerable nights, right in my front
the deity of every Nepalese had been exploited
like, offering the devaluation of their blood and sweat,
alas! They had been made little pioneers of bliss, some hour!
I shall now speak out, what had not been said in solitude
like, I shall walk out in the touch of light, everywhere.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Krishna Sen 'Ichchhuk'
Name: Krishna Sen
Date of birth/place: October, 1956, Dehradun, India
Death: May 27, 2002
Phone: —
Email: —
Literary debut: Around 1970/71
First publication: *Bholiprati* (in ***Maatribhoomi***, around 1975)
At national level: "



Works: ***Itihasko Yas Ghadeema*** (1999), ***Shokanjali*** (1985), ***Bandi ra Chandragiri*** (1999), ***Bandi Aawaz***, ***Krishna Sen 'Ichchhuk'ka Rachanawali***

Awards/honors: Krishna Mani Award, Sahitya Sandhya Award

About his poetics

On poetry: My poems are prose poems. I want to give the musicality of metrical verses even in my prose poems. Musicality is a special trait of poetry. It is this musicality that differentiates poetry from pure prose, and saves poetry from relegating to the rank of flatness.

Self estimation: If my pen is snatched off my hands, and I am handcuffed instead, we shall once again be meeting somewhere on the way with pour pens raised. Though I am a journalist by profession, I consider myself a cultural activist basically. (Courtesy: *Astha ra Nishthaka Satisal Krishna Sen Ichchhuk*)

Editor's assessment: Ichchhuk, a poet with the credit of ensuring an artistic, literary renderings to the great tales of mass struggle to people's war is archived among the frontlining poets in Nepali literature. His verses chronicle the story of the wounds and betrayals of class struggle. With minute, heart-rending sensibilities of such struggles, coordinated with an unparallel juxtaposition of words and meanings, poet Ichchhuk exposes pictorial excellence of natural and beautiful artistry. This he accomplishes in the hue of revolt and revolutionary faith, carrying along aesthetic ideals with them.

●

Krishna Sen Ichchhuk

Aaitee!

●

I don't say
that, inside your eyes with soaked lashes,
there is no acute pain
nor do I say
that, inside your heart whelmed with sorrow
there is no intolerable grief.
Aaitee! Your heart is dripping like the downpour.
You are crying / shedding tears
the vermilion from your head has been mopped up today,
your cravings have been snatched / your happiness has been robbed.
Aaitee! You are alone like rubbish in an unattended garden
the mate of your youth has been seized today!

I don't say
that no calamity has befallen
your life, like a lonesome flower in a cliff
nor do I say,
that the blow of bereavement
has not struck your grief-stricken heart.
Today, I am stunned as though
it is not merely you, but my life in entirety that has been devastated
Aaitee! You tell it yourself
what will wailing bring about?
I don't say,
that the storms of inflictions, and counter-inflictions
have not battered your despondent breast
that has burnt like desires blazed to ashes,
nor do I say
that, a gale of dejection
has not hammered your perturbed, grief-stricken, and fresh youth.
Today I am desolate too, as though I have been deprived
of my entire world, and not merely of you.
Aaitee! What does lamenting avail?

This year,
you had blocked beloved's way
by binding with tears,
you had cuddled with the thread of your arms
the husband stirred by the landlord's blow.
You had made him a thousand pleadings
with a heart, all bruised and shattered
but the lord of your head
had darted, like a free bird scaling the blues
to join the army
snapping the net
with the wound of compulsion and the pride of manliness
the being of your intimacy
had flown afar, like a heartless one.

Look at the innumerable children
robbed off their parents quite early
look at the thousand of widows
doomed to a cursed life in youth
look at the old parents
deserted by their children,
before their earning flowed in.
What did they all, like you
get from their soldier sons
save the torrential flows of tears!
What do they have too, like you
save untold misery, pain and sorrow
save the load of pangs and worries.
Aaitee!

This way,
those who go as troops
to foreign lands and drench sweats
if their sweats watered
a strip of land at home in drought
how much would it avail?
Those who fight for strangers
and give their lives up in vain
if their blood irrigated
the waste, arid and dry land at home
how much could the nation gain?
Aaitee, speak out something now
instead of dying for the strangers' pelf
if we learn to die in mother's lap
what a worth it might confer?

●

At This Moment in History

●

At this moment, some weary, bending heads
are offering humble effusions
I am craving to see your high head
held still higher
some feeble fists at this hour
have unclenched, and joined in folds,
I am longing to see your rigid fist
get tighter and stiffer
at this hour, some weary feet
are pleading for shelter at midway
my yearning is to see your indomitable feet
march on and on
some rough, quivering voices at the moment
are singing anthems to praise someone
I want to see the bugle of the age
in your daring voice.

You, always concerned
with the worries of a wounded nation
and by the sorrow and sighs of the wretched people
o young captain of my age!
It makes no sense at the moment
whether or not I write poems
but your stormy voyage should not halt
at this transitional hour of history
wiping blood-drops out of his forehead
the decent man is serving
venomous food for the zealous consciousness
of empty bellies.
You should not however be befuddled.
When have the rhododendron
blossomed at the hill-base?
You should not at all be baffled at the base.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Kishore Pahadi
Name: Kishore Man Shrestha
Date of birth/place: December 09, 1956, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-9841229796
Email: kishorepahadi@hotmail.com
Literary debut: Around 1971/72
First publication: *Nava Bhanu Timi Nepali Nawa Navaka* (in **Pratibha**, 1977)
At national level: *Bindu* (in **Videha**, 1977)



किशोर पहाडी

Works: **Ghar-Khandahar** (1980), **Banchnu ra Banchekaharu** (1980), **Bishudai** (1988), **Sarvagya ra Sex** (Collection of stories, 1998), **Kathakon** (Joint collection of stories, 1986), **Adhyaya** (1990), **Kimbadanti** (Collection of short stories, 1996), **Saharma Batti Nibheko Bela** (Collection of poems, 1996), **Ekaisaath Hasau** (1998), **Maalik** (Anthology of translated stories, 2002), **Lamlanti Dam** (2000), **Tyo Talako Aa-aaphno Bhag** (Collection of stories for children, 2003)

Awards/honors: First in poetry competition (1971), GAA Shield (1983), Sajha Award (1988), Yuva Varsha Moti Award (1991, rejected), PEN Nepal Award (1991), Bal Krishna Sama National Talent Award (2002), Pahal Man Singh Swar Memorial Literary Talent Award (2004), Maninali Award for Stories (2006)

About his poetics

On poetry: For poets, I consider poetry to be a flight. Poetry for poets is like wings to birds flying in the sky. We can fly with it, freely roving about in the air.

Self estimation: A muddleheaded, a fool, good for nothing... but always taking pride in things unknown. I know where Kishore Pahadi has gone wrong in life, and what he lacks. Therefore he is worthless in reality.

Editor's assessment: A prominent author of the present era, Pahadi is basically a poet, though his poetry is capable of asserting its own rightful existence. Executing poetic assignments even in narratives makes him stand out among his contemporaries. With a sharp satirical sense, he looks for light in the inferences of pain validated by human consciousness. For this reason, his poems are timeless, far beyond the horizon flanked by contexts and relevance.

●

Kishore Pahadi

Democracy for My Country

●

The sky has stars,
why doesn't the earth have any?
If it had,
we could walk home
from office
with a pocketful of them
and give away
one each to the small kids,
and say, "This is democracy,
take, and enjoy it."

What would the children do with those stars?
What would the children do with democracy?
Would they place on their locks
taking them for flowers?
Or, would they place on fingers and play
taking them for marbles?
Or hurl them into their mouths and passionately bite
taking them for delicious chocolates?
Or else kick to lash it out
taking it for an inflated football?

I am in the garret
and they in the courtyard, below.
Else, I would tell them,
"Come on, children!
Do not do that.
Rather, gather all of your stars
in one place.
That can at least
brighten our home."
●

My Son has Become Powerful Too!

●
One of my sons —
a youth of twenty-four
fair-skinned
with a tiny scar on the chin
rather thin
a non-smoker
and a teetotaler
unmarried
studying IA, BA or something like that
at the college near *Ghantaghar*
rather tall,
and highly shrewd.
I don't know
where in Kathmandu he lives.
I have come to look for him.

I, his father
have come from the village
to look for him
all alone / wandering
searching this way / searching that way.
My son —
utterly innocent
and utterly honest,
highly bright in oration,
always offering to lead,
rather fiery in temper,
of mischievous nature
a great reader / a great writer

rather emotional,
where in Kathmandu, does my son
rent a room?
I, his father
have come to look for him.

I am his father!
I have carried some rice for him,
(he might cook and eat)
have carried some *gundruk* too,
(might make some pickle)
have brought for him some money
selling even the rugged farm at my disposal
(he may not be stirred by scarcity)
I have carried some pears
his mother grew in the yard
(he might make his snacks)
I have come to hand him over
all these bundles of love and goodwill.
Where, in this city
does my son live?

But, alas!
With a garland of procession
the entire Nepal had seen him
crawling through the flames of fire
his friends had seen him
receiving bullets on fearless bosom
and groaning a little amid smiles....
everyone far and near
had seen him
suffocating / writhing
inside a pool of blood
and, at present
I am looking at his grand countenance
pasted on the notice board of the theatre.
Bravo! My son has become powerful too.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Hemanta Shrestha
Name: Hemanta Shrestha
Date of birth/place: November 29, 1957, Myanglung, Terhathum
Phone: 2025773897 (in the US)
Email: shresthahemanta@hotmail.com
Literary debut: 1972
First publication: *Naya Barsha* (**Madhuganga**, 1973)
At national level: —



Works: *Desh Bhokaharooko Rotee Hoina* (1998), *Geet Ma Kasari Gaun* (1998)

Awards/honors: Gold Medal (Theater festival, 1977), Bronze Medal (Poetry Meet, 1979), Silver Medal (Poetry Meet, 1983), Gold Medal (Poetry Meet, 1984)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is an artistic expression of a person's heart. A poem expressible and easily comprehensible by everyone is dearer and more durable. Poetry is one such weapon that can thaw even hearts, and win even battles. Modern poetry is not contented merely with its flight among clouds of imagination and swinging in the rainbow. Nor does it limit itself to portraying the moon inside a pond, set to commit suicide. Therefore, committing to unveil eternal truth about nature, life and society is the motif of modern poetry.

Self estimation: A plain white paper; a patron of poetry, more than a poet, a man doomed to live a hybrid life with a hybrid heart along frontiers

Editor's assessment: Hemanta, who takes doctrinism and groupism as propagandas to force one's viewpoints on others, writes poems in favor of ensuring a progressive movement of life. He harbors the conviction that a nation's glory should not come under question. His poems satirize the negativity of human doom and obligations, and make tender announcement of love and peace.

●

Hemanta Shrestha

Identity

●

While filling an application form,
one day
I wrote 'the sky' as my father's name
and wrote 'the earth' as my mother's name.
'Human' I wrote as my relative
and 'road' my address.

I don't know whose son I am
I don't know too, whose grandson
perhaps having no purpose
or seeing no worth at all,
no one accepted fatherhood,
and none claimed motherhood.
When I was born,
I had first seen the sky
and kissed the earth.
I have been wandering
all my life on the road
with a human mask.

How long should I reiterate
the glitzy names?
Life has always been
facing defeats
and, I have lost
my true identity
while filling application forms.

●

How could I Sing Songs?

●

There is the sea nearby
and in it are endless waves
and with them, endless music.
How can I enjoy water's song
as the thirsty shore of the edge?
How could I sing songs
with a heart full of thirst?

It's spring that I long for
but not even the buttercups bloomed,
rosiness did not mount
on the crimson faces of rhododendrons,
stepping over the spines of dearth,
how could I decide
the end of my trip
amid the interminable goals of desires?

There is the language, but words entrapped,
there is music, but the notes paralyzed.
How can I see without sight?
How can I sing without voice?

I could not become a *sarangi*,
that generates music, though hollow it is
I could not live as a chopping block
that silently bears every blow,
I have a heart
and a body that aches with it,
could not boom at someone's beat,
could not dance to a khukri's feat,
what, if we bloomed in the same garden?

How can I, a fern, love a rose?
Always crushed down by the load of inferiority,
how could I sing a song?

I cried in life, many a time
and crying, I named is what life is,
but wailings did not change into songs
the tears did not to pearls change,
how could broken lips
display pleasing smiles?
How could beaming adorn the cheeks
smoldered by pain and grief?
How could I procure
golden rays from an eclipsed sun?
With a heart, pounded by woes
how could I sing a song?

●

About the poet

Literary name: Rajeshwor Karki
Name: Rajeshwor Karki
Date of birth/place: December 11, 1957, Khalanga, Jajarkot
Phone: 977-9851034016
Email: info@mountdigit.com
Literary debut: 1972
First publication: *Nawaratna*, (Nepalgunj, 1976)
At national level: *Dipayal* (in *Kavita*, 1986)



Works: *Mero Kavitako Antim Pristha* (Collection of poems, 2005, also English translation published in 2010, trans. Mahesh Paudyal Prarambha), Editing of www.nepalikalasahitya.com (Purely literary web page), *Sagarmathako Nrityamagna Aatma* (Selected Modern Nepali Poems, Editing Advisor), and Editing of *Sirjana*, *Kushe* (Literary magazines)

Awards/honors: Educational Award (1987)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the most beautiful and artistic illusion of words. This illusion gives me untold pleasure. Perhaps, I will be dejected when disillusioned, because that moment the world shall be dead dark and dreadful.

Self estimation: A component of a crowd, apparently rejoicing an illusionary intoxication by some means, while pursuing some kind of a truth in the journey of life.

Editor's assessment: Poet Rajeshwor Karki is able to keep his poetic drive intact with time, along with a powerful, effective structural style. His poems can resonate in the pace of existence, reverberating in the eternal, discordant sorrows. In poetry, his words fall as the tears of natural cry. The voices of those sorrows develop into music and echo in their own melody with the beauty of thought, artistry and satirical bent. Here, his poetic self assumes a unique assertion.

●

Rajeshwor Karki

My Village

●

Seated on the basal laps of a tranquil topography,
like a lass, dissipating here austere beauty
all over the juvenile morning sun,
and like her first
love-laden touch
my village –
like the dream of a youthful maid,
trafficked by her own kiths,
robbed off her youth,
and forced to return with AIDS
my village—
is, at present, waiting for death
at Aryaghat, in the name of liberty.

It is heard –
to claim the unclaimed bodies
of the dead ones like my village
many NGO's have been founded
in the town.

●

Thoughts, Statues and Harmony

●

When the day waned into a dark night –
they came to that antique village
and farmed thoughts

The villages ran
after the incoming thought

The day broke –
the village got the lush of that thought
and it looked cool and beautiful

The walls got filled with picturesque writing,
houses stood high in the tune of the thought,
and the village grew colorful

In mounds and vales, the wind of the thought blew,
the chautaris were fanned with the shade of the thought,
the bridges, canals and ducts in the village
were in reality, the vectors of the thought

People walked there,
where the bridge was
and they ran that way
along which the canals and the ducts ran.

Did the village prosper with the thought?

At midday –
the statue of its pioneer got erected
the people worshipped it in silence
and made this very practice
the mark of their civilization.

Once again the dusk rushed in,
the wave of yet another thought
engulfed the village all of a sudden
shingles of sands, to clods of the soil and dry leaves
all ran after the new thought
and the tussle between the two thoughts
ran across the entire village.

And in the tussle, the vanity of the two thoughts struck,
thunderbolts tempered the dreaming eyes,
the thoughts hung from every tree,
and its odor came from every slope
from hills, trees, stones, and soil in the village.

Night came darting in the village –
the first thought proved narrow,
at midnight –
the statue of its pioneer
got dismantled
and revolution engulfed the village.

With thoughts, people expanded
but the village shrunk,
there was no space for writing a new thought
for, thoughts were not written in people's heart
but on stones, soil, walls, barrages, and trees.

This night –
asking the efficacy of these thoughts,
I am awaiting a new morning...!
And waiting for the convergence of all conflicting thoughts
like a morning, into which
all darkness dissolves...!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Shyamal
Name: Harihar Adhikary
Date of birth/place: January 13, 1958, Dailekh
Phone: 977-9851018505
Email: shyamal59@hotmail.com
Literary debut: 1970
First publication: Around 1975/76
At national level: —



Works: *Tapainharoo* *Marphat*
(1988), *Laya Brahma* (Collection of poems, 2004)

Awards/honors: Lokendra Literary Award (2000), National Talent Award (1999), National Disaster Rehabilitation Medal (1994), Hridaychandra Singh Pradhan Honor (2003)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry for me is footstep of a dear one, discernible even in the dark. It is language's language. The melody a poem harbors cannot be traced anywhere else. Poetry, I salute your completeness!

Self estimation: I want to influence human contemplative system. I want to keep life tidy. Mobility is life; so I want to give motion to the motionless. As a poet, I want to mediate into life and the world with poetry in a beautiful way. The struggling life of millions of people in the world forms the subject of my poetry. This poet lives in this initiation.

Editor's assessment: Shyamal, known in the arena of modern Nepali poetry for his original, qualitative and creatively sublime poetry, is committed to giving voice to the people of lower strata of the society. His poems manifest a deep-rooted relation with the day-to-day life of the mass. Evolved from a beautiful blending of artistic and progressive consciousness, his poems that resonate around symbols and images picked up from real life appear like timeless artistry, and are in totality sweet melodies of bliss in favor of life.

●

Shyamal

The Chronicle of Brutality

●

Those, who in meditative state
can dream of rape
and ask for the blessings
of a long life
standing in front of the god in the temple
those who know – that God doesn't exist
and yet, swear
repeatedly in the name of God
on the base of whose mansion
are billions of skulls
of people converted into concrete
and those who erected a bungalow,
taking bricks off the walls
of the small houses of others,
listen to the chronicle of brutality!

400 : Dancing Soul of Mount Everest

In the hot summer days,
those who can drink cool squash,
squeezing the beauty
out of the beautiful earth,
the green meadows in the forest
high, snow-clad mountains,
the forceful rivers,
and the ripen, yellow fields.
In the cold, chilling winter
those who can screen the cold off
with warm blankets,
those who can secretly rob
people off their pupils,
and those who can sing hymns at dusk
and those who can peel out and throw
their own slough with sharp claws
you listen too
to the chronicle of brutality!

Everywhere,
everywhere – in the country and in town,
the chronicle of tyranny disperses, every hour.
It can be read on people's bodies,
it can be heard in air-currents
the radio knows
to which brute the season belongs
a thousand of brutes, preserved in cassettes
are waiting in the cupboard for a newer brute,
and the new brute emerges in a new slough,
the editor of a newspaper
the executive in an office
and others
are scribbling the chronicle
please, pay your ear to the chronicle of brutality.

The procession
heading to stop it
has been dispersed
and is still going on.
Listen to the chronicle of brutality!

●

Dashani's *Lehenga*

●
Dashani's Lehenga
flutters in the wind
like the flag
of a vanquished land.

It has withstood many bruises
much blood shed,
and many rapes.
In the barren field of the landlord,
it has irrigated many canals
in spite of all faint looks
by weathering of sun and rain,
Dashani's Lehenga
is still colorful
like a garden where thousand flowers bloom.

From its trip for dry woods,
it did not return from the forest.
Does any one know
where Dashani's Lehenga
is fluttering?

●

About the poet

Literary name: Indira Prasai
Name: Indira Prasai
Date of birth/place: February 14, 1958, Darjeeling
Phone: 977-1-4771455
Email: nai@wlink.com.np
Literary debut: Around 1969
First publication: *Timi nai Timi*, Misprint Rekharu (in **Prayog**, 1976)
At national level: *Apaang Barshako Maharathi* (in **Kavita**, 1981)



इन्दिरा प्रसाई

Works: *Baai pankhi Ghoda* (2000), *Nepalee News Dot Com* (2006), *Maaldailai Chithee* (2004), *Timee Hunuko* (2000) *E Samudra* (Long poem, 2006), *Man Saayad Ughrandaina* (1994), *Bayan* (1998), *Dosro Satta* (Collection of stories, 2005), *Vishwamitra* (1948), *Ranamaya* (2001), *Shikha* (2002), *Usko Logne ra Biralo* (novel, 2003), *The Husband and the Cat* (2005)

Awards/honors: National Talent Award, Yuva Barsha Moti Award, Mainali Award for Stories, Rashtriya Gaurav Youth Award, Bhanu Literary Honor, Prabal Gorkha Dakshinbahu, Birendra-Aishwarya Service Medal, Coronation Silver Medal

About her poetics

On poetry: I take poetry as a means to purge out suffocated feelings, and attain catharsis. It is also a beautiful garden of creation. I get untold satisfaction while writing, or reciting beautiful poems. Truly speaking, poetry for me is a means of contentment.

Self estimation: I am one of the innumerable living beings on earth. For myself, I am special among all living things.

Editor's assessment: Indira Prasai is a highly active, exceptionally creative and an honest author. A serious and artistically lovable resonance of fine human sentiments forms her poetic strength. Indira, who takes honesty as the first of human conditions, has an influential hand even in prose. Her message becomes pertinent on national interest at times, and her poetic universe becomes expressible and effective with artistic, blissful, linguistically lucid presentation. This testifies her poetic brilliance.

●

Indira Prasai

We, in Pursuit of a Nation

●

Having met, seen and caressed
inside the refugee camp,
the hearts bereaved by your loss
and breasts writhing
with intense longing for your bosoms
o nation!
I am always perturbed,
even by the faint imagination
of your absence.

For that,
if someone intrigues the nation
and betrays it,
my heart aches.
Some kept ascending upward
making the nation a ladder of their selfish drives
and underneath the ladder
the crevice of distrust deepens,
and, as they descend
their foundation stands ruined.

At the moment –
the country is wounded
with many blows,
tired / decayed / and exploited
it sprawls, colder than a statue.

If this continues further too,
the unfed and unclad crowd of people
inside the refugee camp
deprived of a nation,
all refugees transformed into you, I and we
we the refugees
having lost the nation
having devoured the nation

And at that moment
we will be seeking for our nation
with the elapsed time.

●

The Winged Stallion

●

Those trots
somewhere far away
hard to discern
they could not return either.
Ultimately, did they get lost?

That day too
my grandmother's story
sounded meaningful
truly meaningful to me
and I kept looking
with eyes wide open
without a single wink
but, the story
happened to be a mere fairy tale.

As ever, it never came back
but only kept hallucinating me
with its return.

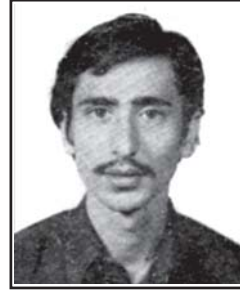
Why do I keep waiting
in spite of this bewilderment?
Why am I ready
to drink the slow poison
in spite of seeing through the truth?

The word-echoes of the inner heart
the reverberations of every hour
read the cave, and neigh
with messages on load,
though, the messages get lost.



About the poet

Literary name: Durga Dahal
Name: Durga Dahal
Date of birth/place: February 25, 1958, Terhathum
Phone: 977-9841953413
Literary debut: Since schooldays
First publication: *Chhota Kavitaru* (in **Himal**, a school magazine in 1972)
At national level: **Asiyali Aawaz** (Collection of muktaks, around 1976/77)
Works: **Tangindai Gareko Aakash** (Collection of poetry, 1986)
Awards/honors: Mahananda Award (1986)



About his poetics

On poetry: As far as I know, poets need to think a lot to give their feeling an effective presentation, though they might write quickly. I have little of such time for poetry.

Self estimation: I have always allowed a black river to flow uninterruptedly upon my body. Having failed to stop or bar it at any cost, I have taken refuge for life in the fringe of its yard.

Editor's assessment: Though reluctantly exposing these days, poet Dahal is a prominent signature among his contemporaries. He considers literature, art and culture as the true identity of a nation, and advocates in favor of life. His verses acquire activity with an effective blend of images and symbols. He is not one who would love to lie down at his level with hands as the pillow, and dream of far-off things, up above and far beyond his due. Rather, he takes the risk to acknowledge and admit the oddities surrounding his real life and position, and aspires to attain liberty from them.

●

Durga Dahal

The Human Voice

●

The stones too have
sweet, and tempting voice
like that of a cuckoo,
but why do I love human voice alone?
One day, I saluted eyes
upon a stone in a graveyard.
Who established the heartrending village?
I saw an angel inside the rock
the stones too have
sweet, and
tempting voice
like that of a cuckoo,
but why do I love human voice alone?
Cramp and abandon yourself inside a cave, once
and see what you are.
SilenceÖ. vacuity!
Ask the touch that caresses and passes!
How is the voice?
the stones too have
sweet, and
tempting voice
like that of a cuckoo,
but why do I love human voice alone?

●

A Bull

●

I have resolved not to carry a tether on the neck
I would forgo a knot, rather
I don't need any shed either
I am satisfied
you give me antique culturing,
give me the loveless feelings of your heart
I have decided to step on a nation,
I have resolved to run over a different state;
do not force me to exchange life for a tether
I cannot satiate in your forage anymore
perhaps you see the night's shackles binding my feet
but cannot see the revolt in the throbs of my hand,
I can even go along, with flames in the heart
and seek for more light from the bright dazzling sun,
I don't need any adornment in such a situation
and, I say
do not jab my heart with its venomous hands
I sometime carry songs on hearts
I sometime carry victory on hearts
do not make me exchange life for a tether
for, I cannot satiate in your forage anymore.
What I need is a bull's humps
that do not quiver
and that do not wobble
for, I need to keep my feet going
in an elephant's pace.
I need the alertness of a tortoise
and the nimbleness of a fox,
I have resolved not to stand
still as a mountain anymore
I need to travel even through a watercourse
do not make me exchange life for a tether
for, I cannot satiate in your forage anymore.
I need to collect music from the rock crevices,
and heart, frozen to snow in chill
like pussy lobes, in want of throbs
like cow-dung clod, in want of voice
the bruised road lies with stinks of death
sometime is bent in washing the goal off my trip
I have determined to seek speed in my drive
I have resolved not to hang a tether around the neck,

I would rather forgo a shed
I would rather forgo a shelter,
do not make me exchange life for a tether
I cannot satiate in your forage anymore.

●

Man on the Move

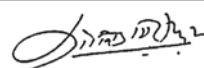
●

Human villages undertake
to scrap human faces,
human villages long
to dismantle human faces.
Which is the road
man has undertaken to walk
with the entirety of brain
lain on this street?
Illusions decree me
to halt my voyage here.
Man was been enclosed
within the walls of philosophy
since yesterday itself
man is sneaking through the holes
with the power of the thunderbolt.
Every day and night
people are stealing scenes
in the name of art.
Squads are practicing
in the name of parade
every day and night.
There is sympathy even in vacuity.
What a glory of the sky,
falling upon life, relentlessly!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Govinda Giri Prerana
Name: Govinda Giri
Date of birth/place: April 17, 1958, Makawanpur
Phone: 01 – 703-587-0795 (US)
Email: ggprerana@gmail.com
Literary debut: 1974
First publication: *Swatantrata* (in a local wall magazine, Hetauda)
At national level: *Jeevan Ek Sabdachitra* (in *Gorkhapatra*, 1980)



Works: *Swapnakatha Jaari Chha*, *Achanak Ek Din*, *Phoolharoo Kehi ta Bola*, *Rajmargaka Sundariharoo*, *Dui Dashakka Aawazharoo* (Collection of poems), *Suteko Samudra*, *Antaral Yatra: Ananta* (Collection of stories), *Phero*, *Tistako Kinarai Kinar*, *Goodbye America* (Travelogue), *Pauli Bulu* (Collection of essays), *Prajanatranko Kaaphal Pagyo Hajur* (Satire), *Telko Dhoop* (Criticism), *Utkhanan*, *Paakhandaparva*, *Antim Khaadal*, *Matra Ek Raat* (Novel).

Awards/honors: Narayani Vangmay Award (1989), Yuva Barsha Moti Award (1997), Mainali Award for Stories (2004), Shiv Prasad Unnayan Award (1996), Pratibha Yuva Honor (1999)

About his poetics

On Poetry: I take poetry for the artistic manifestation of powerful emotions. I write poetry in emotional seizure, and not with contemplation and deliberate thinking. A spark of emotion is what poetry is.

Self estimation: Exceptionally very few know what I in reality am. I am not what others know me as. I am a victim of misinterpretation.

Editor's assessment: Govinda Giri Prerana is an exceptionally devoted, creative and active writer. Equally well versed in both poetry and prose, Prerana has powerfully enforced his spirit and culturally informed creative practice in the history of Nepali poetry. In his poetry, he allows a special echo to settle with mild, satirical hues coordinated with images, symbols and myths collected from the limits of his aesthetic spirit. This generates a resonance of feelings in the innermost corners of the readers' heart. Here he attains his poetic uniqueness and its sovereign relevance.

●

Govinda Giri Prerana

Flowers, Speak Something!

●

Flowers, speak something!

**Flowers,
blooming in the garden alone is not enough
disseminating fragrance alone is not enough
giving company in solitude
amid a display of stillness alone is not enough
staying silent is not enough, henceforth.**

Flowers, speak something!

412 : Dancing Soul of Mount Everest

Your beauty has
badly mesmerized me,
your splendor,
has repeatedly pursued me,
though I have leant
the lines of your unwritten song
I am not satiated with that
I need your language
I need your words
flowers, speak something!

For ages,
silent and still
you spent your youth
silent on getting plucked as buds,
silent on getting plucked as flowers
silent on withering and falling
silent on getting carried away from garden
and adorning the living room
you have been silent for too long!
Speak something now.

Flowers, speak something!

●

A Child's Future

●

On the morn of Buddha's birth
peace-prayers are being chanted
at Swayambhu
white pigeons have been released
a powerful nuke-test has been done
in a western country in the meantime
and a child has
lain its first step on the earth
coming safely out of its mother's womb
right at this moment
I am thinking of Buddha
with a lot of uneasiness;
and I am thinking of the child's future.

●

The Lost Face

●

Inside a mirror,
into which I have been looking
my own face since childhood
I saw my own face gradually clouded
for, the glass was bleared
by the vapor in my own breath.
I found, I was myself a cause
of my clouded face.

I started stroking my face
on the glass surface
but on it was a cloud
coming out of my own mouth
there was a wall of the cloud.

I mopped it up quickly
with my sleeves
and sought for my undamaged face.
The face, lost a while ago
was inside the glass, all intact.
I smiled on repossessing myself,
and the image inside smiled back!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Radheshyam Lekali
Name: Radheshyam Gupta
Date of birth/place: July 6, 1958, Ilam
Phone: 977-1-4239307
Email: rlekali@gmail.com
Literary debut: Since 1973
First publication: *Bhanu Prati* (in **Saugat**, 1974)
At national level: 1982 (in **Sanchetana**)



Radheshyam Lekali

Works: **Vartamanko Dastabej** (1982), **Premabhivyakti** (1986), **Kathmandu ra Kathmandu** (Collection of muktaks, 1975), **Pahadharoo Jalirahechhan** (Collection of poems, 2008)

Awards/honors: Special honors from British Gorkha Study and Research Center and other organizations, including literary

About his poetics

On poetry: An instantaneous and artistic publicity of relative experience

Self estimation: A helpless man with the courage of Barbarik

Editor's assessment: Lekali is an author dedicating more to literary activities than to writing. However, his muktaks are highly powerful. With a bias in favor of human values, he infuses the collective urge of the time along with a little of minute experiences and little of contemporary paradoxes. His verses are artistic manifestation of these truths.

●

Radheshyam Lekali

The Mountains are Burning

●

The serene and beautiful mountains
enraptured by nature's distinct melody
are puking hatred, rage and pain
like volcanoes
right at the moment
the mountains, transformed into
ash, tears and bloodspots,
are burning!

Those beautiful mountains
entrenched by sun's warm bosoms
the sweet sensations of the Himalayan breeze,
the hide-and-seek of the clouds,
and the distinct dance of nature,
have turned ugly today, inside fog and smoke
owing to the cruel rainstorm
yes, at this moment
right at the moment
the mounains, transformed into
ash, tears and bloodspots,
are burning!

With rhododendrons and poinsettias on the head,
those firm mountains, absorbed
in the lush of rice, millet and mustard
are piled up as a heap of disgrace in the pious sky
enclosed by decadence and delinquencies.
Today, the birds
have started migrating from the reeking forests
right at the moment
the mountains, transformed into
ash, tears and bloodspots,
are burning!

The beauty of these mountains
look ugly, like the tormented youth of a molested girl.
The sweet songs on the lips of
those who walk for grass and wood
having struck against the mountains and echoed,
have turned into slogans and fury.
The warmth and intimacy of the mountains
have turned into the coldness of a corpse.
Sainla, awaiting rain in the field
dies in a thunderbolt.
My firm mountains that throbbed with the beat of love,
are shrieking in fury today
right at the moment
the mountains, transformed into
ash, tears and bloodspots,
are burning!

●

The Rose does not Smile When the Season Halts

●

Somewhere, away from the village
the season has halted
in some conspiracy and intrigue
and here, in the village,
no creation!
No love!
No peace!
Therefore, cultivating violence in Buddha's commandment for truth,

the roses do not smile.
Flying hawks in the sky
under a foreign canopy
cannot keep the dauntless existence intact.
Man is man alone
his own face doesn't befit
when he decors in colors beyond life.
In the village, when a man doesn't recognize his fellow
creation has no meaning!
Love has no meaning!!
Peace has no meaning too!!!

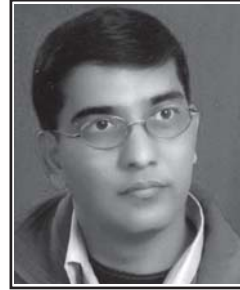
Moreover, tears of intimate pain in the eyes
and smiles in the lips
don't seem simultaneously fitting.
The color of intrigue,
on the pretext of clemency and prayers,
moves out of existence
in nature's single downpour.
Rather, allow the present
to freely tint in nature's original hue
allow a little fragrance of compromise
into the conscious beauty of revolt.

In fact, somewhere, away from the village
the season has halted
in some conspiracy and intrigue
and here, in the village,
there is no creation!
No love!!
No peace!!!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Biwash Pokharel
Name: Manohar Pokharel
Date of birth/place: September 10, 1958, Sunsari
Phone: 977-9842033493
Email: biwashpokharel@gmail.com
Literary debut: Around 1975/76
First publication: In *Naya Sandesh* (1977)
At national level: "



Works: *Anido Raat ra Battika Putaliharoo* (Collection of poems), *Samayabimba, Sneha Astra* (Collection of stories), *Karkalako Chhata* (Collection of poems for children), *Sandeko Dain* (Collection of satirical essays), Editing of *Paluwa, Naagbeli, Moti*, and *Taranga, Navakriti*

Awards/honors: National Talent Award, Awarded in National Poetry Festival, Sadanana Talent Award, PEN Nepal Story Award, Mohan Nepal Memorial Vani Award, Jesis Honor, Siromani Honor (Biratnagar), Navaranga Literary Foundation Honor (Jhapa)

About his poetics

On Poetry: Various experiences of life are perhaps poetry. I am looking for a definition of poetry in the dense forest of reality. I am in quest for the aroma of beauty, and of colors.

Self estimation: A disappointed man, hopelessly living on the busy platform of life, having lost the ticket to his destination.

Editor's assessment: A storywriter, essayist and a theatre worker, Biwash Pokharel is a poet as well. His poems are interesting archives of human paradoxes and of strong faith. He believes that praise hampers the success of a creative author. I want to give him the silent information that the ticket to his destination is not lost, but lies in poetry. Dedication to poetic art can definitely escort him to the apex of his success.

●

Biwash Pokharel

Your Client is Intoxicated Today

●

When the ravenous eyes –
start swimming
in the Mansarovar* of your youth,
at that moment,
I sense crossing a river of satiety.
Damsel! My eyes are intoxicated now.

When the inebriated hands,
bent on stealing oblique touches,
start walking in a turtle's pace
ascending the heights of passion,
that moment, I swear—
near your gentle breast
I feel as though I have discovered
a vast sky of achievement.
Damsel! my mind is intoxicated today.

Pour –
pour without clanging the bangles,
pour without moving
the nimble eyelashes
let no odor of your beauty and youth
come from the food you knead,
the tidy environment is intoxicated these days.

When drunk, we –
prattle like this
talk unconscious things like this
being pendulums in amorous eyes,
your beauty and youth are swaying
pray, do not bristle
your client is intoxicated today!

●

The Nepalese People

●
Recently a face
that has seemingly lost something,
that somewhere looks terrified with itself
apparently like the citizen
of your country
has entered the town from a village.
Do not panic!
He opposes none
the black serpent of misfortune
has stunk its tongue, thwarting its opening.
You know him, I bet.
Possibly, he is
your own image
which is still sitting in the *chautari* of belief
under an umbrella of assurance.

●

An Interrogation

●

You have an odd night,
you have a golden morn too,
I am in dilemma, which one to choose
you have happiness / you have blows,
I have
merely a few drops of dew,
and you have the sloppy arum leaves,
fragmented are longings for life
how to live?
You always have storms with you,
and you pervade
the entire sky of my faith
I can see, you have clouds / you have rain
your happiness has always been inside a paper-house
life is with you / with you is death
I am a white canvas,
upon which, you can sketch anything.
You have the colors / brush you have too
sketch a form, or a deformed portrait; your choice!
You have a skilled hand
whom should I ask
and who should I tell it to?
Time, tell it yourself
why do I always have conflict with you????

●

About the poet

Literary name: Pramod Pradhan
Name: Pramod Kumar Pradhan
Date of birth/place: October 1, 1958, Biratnagar
Phone: 977-9841240161
Email: pramodhan@yahoo.com
Literary debut: 1970
First publication: In *Naya Sandesh* (1972)
At national level: "



Works: *Raatbharika Suskeraharoo* (1975), *Bibhajit Manchhe* (1983), *Ekant Geet* (Collection of poems, 1997), *Kehi Adhyayan: Kehi Anusandhan* (Collection of critical essays, 1987), *Kaan Samat Kaan* (1996), *Kanakana Kurra* (1975), *Sadhaibhari Lukamari* (Collection of poems for children, 2005), *Nepali Baalsahityako Itihas* (2002), *Morangma Pratrakaritako Ardhasatabdi* (2004), *Nepali Baalvangmaya Parichaya Kosh* (2008), *Nepali Nibandhako Itihas* (2010)

Awards/honors: Vyathit Poetry Award, Yuva Varsha Moti Award, Nepal Bal Sahitya Samaj Children's Book Award, Sajha Children's Literature Award etc.

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is an artistic, literal experience of the impacts the various incidents, scenarios, happiness of life and the world etc. have on human mind and intellect. Its impacts are unfathomable. It is natural for the thought to have its primacy in a poem. But, the thought should not be expressed as a political school of thought.

Self-Estimation: I am a simple man with literary interests. Literary study is my hobby.

Editor's assessment: Pramod Pradhan, who firmly believes in human primacy, is a promising poet that has announced his powerful presence in the arena of modern Nepali poetry. His poetry, crafted with exceptionally artistic lucidity and magical metricality are full of modest rejection at places, colorful spectrum of nature at others, and yet, discordant and chaotic beauty of life at some other places. His poems echo the decent grudges of lacking something. It seems that his poems are the result of brilliant creative faculty that sheds down a shower of sugary realizations.

●

Pramod Pradhan

The Girl I Loved

●

She was silent;
I observed her hands –
Her hands, shaken to alertness at the first crow of the rooster!
Her hands, active till the first quarter of the night!!
The finger bases worn out by water
I caressed and saw – the palms stiff like rocks
and scars,
procured in wages for domestic and farm works!
Around the right forefinger,
she had a brass ring, bought in last year's village-fair.

Holding her cheeks in my hands,
I made her turn towards me,
and tried to read both of her eyes.
How amazingly were various tales of pain and sorrow slithering!
I drew a simile —she and sky
but her eyes didn't match the sky!
There was no resemblance!

She was standing!
I squatted, facing her
and started inspecting both of her feet –
oomph! nothing had the mark of beauty
the heels cracked all around,
slender fingers
and a doughy, raised upper part.
It was telling in a mute language
“Sweet is the wages of labor!”

I stood again –
and scanned the entire face for once
nothing was on it!
The pierced earlobes
had been healed like scabs around old wounds.
Dangling from the nose was a bastardized ring,
bought in the same fair.
I observed the lips –
they have turned black and dry,
the locks, without oil, were modest.

There was no trace
of beauty in them
like words in a lexicon
and yet, there was an enticement,
an attraction
I gradually cuddled her
and buried my head in her bosoms
and kept listening to her heartthrob...
an antique song kept resounding there
songs full of commitments
to keep relentlessly struggling for humanity...
I kept binding her up in my arms.
(stealing some beauty out of nature
her creator had made her too,
but, she was prettier than nature...)

●

Why isn't Life Like Poetry?

●

I look at flowers,
and compare life with them.
A question springs within me –
why isn't life beautiful like flowers?

The river is flowing in forceful currents,
I want to see life living like the river
a revolt speaks within me –
why isn't life agile like a river?

Numerous pains speak in people's faces
life is living haplessly like a tortured face
life, in fact, should have been a bright flame
I am debating with myself –
why isn't life as bright as a flame?

In fact,
I am asking with myself –

Why isn't life beautiful like flowers?
Why isn't life agile like a river?
Why isn't life as bright as a flare?

I am caught in a debate with myself –
why isn't life as exciting as a journey?
Why isn't life melodious like music?
Why isn't life like poetry?

●

About the poet

Literary name: Sharada Sharma
Name: Sharada Sharma
Date of birth/place: October 19, 1958, Syangja
Phone: 977-1-4721461
Email: sharma_sharada@hotmail.com
Literary debut: Around 1966
First publication: *Nahaarne Yuddhalai Mero Badhai* (in **Pooja**, 1982)
At national level: "



शारदा शर्मा

Works: *Seemanta Anubhooti, Yuddhoparant, Swarnasutra*, (Collection of poems), *Aasthako Bhagnawasesh* (Collection of stories), *B.P. Koiralaka Naaripatra: Drishtikon ra Aakangshya* (Criticism), *Agnisparsha* (Collection of free write-ups)

Awards/honors: —

About her poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a medium of expression a category of people on earth chooses to use. It is a method of devotion towards self-actualization.

Self estimation: I am simply perplexed. At times, I find myself good, while at others, everything appears orderless. Until now, I am in attempts to understand myself.

Editor's assessment: Sharada Sharma is a poet with melodious prosodic craftsmanship wherein she unveils her beauty-conscious self that has its bearings with the light and darkness of life. This unveiling establishes human values atop everything else. Taking philosophical leaps is her hobby, while an enrapturing melody aided by meaningful play of words the destination of her muse. In totality, rational emotionality and ecstatic experiences are her salient, poetic attainments.

●

Sharada Sharma

A Landed Climax

●

Time

glowed, albeit for a moment.

It seemed

that no incompleteness is left anywhere

no scarcity is left

no sky is left to dream

and above this

no height is left to be stepped upon.

This golden point of climax

should have been a heaven

until a new summit of imagination

rose up.

But it ended in distress,

I know not, why.

The climax of extreme heat,
the harsh chill of extreme coldness,
the limit of man's imagination
always remote and inaccessible
it is unknown, how the experience of stability
of a climax sounds.

Perhaps the excited man suffocates to death
perhaps, he gets stifled by motionlessness
perhaps, fervor gets blazed up
not finding a land left even for the flag of victory.
Man might become a statue
dull with grief.

The thrilling and joyous entrenchment of the peak-conquest
should have catered untold ecstasy
at least until the impediments begin.
But don't know why
it grew heavy.

Looking down from a height,
stunted, companion hills
appear below
at alarming distances
the land with the flags absorbed,
should, after all, be descended
higher the ascent,
more torturous is the way downhill.
Existence falls apart
when the balance is disturbed.

The climax is not
eternally attainable to anyone.
The tender divine flowers
that do not fit into the bosoms
the innumerable waves quivering within
shall ultimately fly off like cotton,
in spite of hundred cares
they shall break like bubbles.
The ultimate conclusion of all victories –
in one's own heights and forms
upon one's own ground,
all alone and blank
vanquished,
one is bound to reach
the pain is indubitably inevitable
happiness should have been like happiness

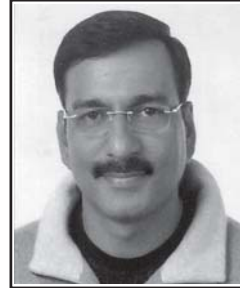
but why
man's happiness got tainted for all times
in the shadow of absurdity?

In this life
like the ocean of tragedy
the excitement of every moment
should have been immortal
victory should have been celebrated
every time the steps lift,
the bliss of these minute attainments
should have been eternal.
But why
a moment dazzled in brilliant lightning
and immediately vanished!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Rajendra Shalabh
Name: Rajendra Sharma
Date of birth/place: January 14, 1959, Bhadrapur, Jhapa
Phone: 977-9851040071
Email: rshalabh@gmail.com



Literary debut: Since thirties
First publication: *Suryodaya* (around 1970)
At national level: *Manchhe: Aaphno Jindagilai Kistama Jiunchha* (in *Madhuparka*, 1983)

Works: *Ujyaloko Sart* (Collection of poems, 2009), Editing of *Doobo*

Awards/honors: Best Actor (Royal Nepal Academy, 1985), Best Director (JAA, 1985, 1986)

About his poetics

On poetry: Perhaps, poetry smears lotions on wounds
Perhaps, poetry comes as cooling hands at hours of rage
Perhaps, poetry binds a dejected heart in its arms
Perhaps, poetry stands with robust shoulders when one wants to cry
Perhaps, poetry arrives to smile and share happiness together

Self estimation: Rajendra Shalabh cannot confine himself to one medium. He chooses scenes to express what he cannot do through words, and chooses words to express where scenes fail. But, he does express; be it by any means.

Editor's assessment: Though anthologized quite late, Shalabh has been writing for long, testifying the fact that a creation can never be eclipsed by time. Well aware of the strength, power and limitation of words, Shalabh gives his aesthetic spirit an expression through images, narrative, and satire in verses that have a tint of philosophical gravity. This is his stylistic distinction. A pursuit of light in the collective beauty of a spectrum of colors, beautifully dissecting the fine sensibilities of life in innumerable fragments, is his rational conclusion that entails a touch of the consciousness of the present time.

●

Rajendra Shalabh

Mother

●

My mother looked extremely pretty
whenever, on her forehead
she placed a red bindi, as big as the sun.
The most majestic woman on earth!
but, after my father expired
she abandoned the red bindi
Without it, her face looks shabby.

Whenever, at dusk
I look at the sky
with the red sun on its forehead,
I remember my mother.
The sky, with the red mark on,
looks beautiful
but, not as beautiful as her.

●

A Condition for Light

●

It was a new-moon night
I had just returned
lighting the lamp.
A gaudy man in white
stood in my front.
Light had been peeing
from crevices in his fist.
I asked him,
'What is there inside your fist?'
He answered, 'light!'
I asked again,
'Why have you clenched light in fists?'
He replied,
'To give you!'
Delighted, I extended my hands and asked for it,
"Give me, please!"
He smiled and said,
"On one condition!
You need to close your eyes
to get it!"
Taken aback, I stared at him and said,
'What worth does that light hold
when the eyes are closed?'

●

The Farmer

●

Two cart-men
with their empty bullock carts
returned from the direction of *Charali*
before sunset.

On empty carts,
void like empty stomachs,
they return from fields
every night
carrying the load of life.

Waking up with the sun in the morning,
they grow bountiful paddy
and at dusk,
return home with the sun
in their empty bullock carts.

●

Blood, Fire and Sensibility

●

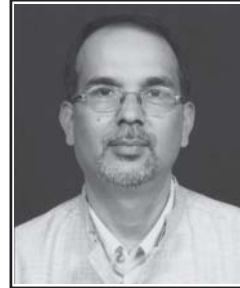
Flung off from the pages of newspapers
some blood clotted inside the heart
no water reaches the heart
to rinse blood
and no tear can rinse it either.
I know not how,
fire from the hearth
where my grandmother was cooking
leaked, and spread
all over the country.
A pitcher-full of water
cannot put the fire off.
This is the heart's volcano
that doesn't quickly settle.
There is a fear
if the volcano of the heart blasts out
and with it, the heart burns,
sensibilities shall die,
and with them shall die, all smiles.

And in the morrow's paper
in the nation of the corpses
no blood will be left;
fire and tears will not be there too!

●

About the poet

Literary Name: Phanindra Nepal
Name: Phanindra Nepal
Date of birth/place: March 04, 1959,
Sangkhuwasabha
Phone: 977-9851071051
Literary debut: At the age of ten
First publication: *Sevak Banera Bikas Garaun* (in
RSD, 1976)



At national level: in **Rooprekha**, around 1979

Works: **Phanindra Nepalka Kavita** (2045), **Kaalratrima Bimba Khojdai** (Collection of poems, 1988), **Taraltabadko Arthaprakash** (Collection of essays, 1987), Editing of **Purbardha, Nepal, Dyourali, Himshila, Sooktisindhu ra Anya Samalochana**, and **Narhari Acharyaka Samalochana**

Awards/honors: National Yuva Varsha Moti Award (1993), Devkota Medal (1980), Srastha Award (1990), Bahadur Shah National Glory Honor (1997), Gold Medals in various poetry competitions

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the fluidity of experiences. It is the expression of the gush of imagination and emotion. In fact, poetry is the pacification of a poet's ego. At times, it is an intellectual pastime.

Self estimation: My poems written after *Taralta Movement*, (Fluidism Movement 1983) are alternative voices. Among my contemporaries, my poetic style is rather different and untraditional. I am satisfied with my poems after the *Taralta Movement*, but I don't mean, the *Movement* has nullified novel possibilities. Something newer is yet to be done.

Editor's assessment: Phanindra Nepal, one of the proponents of the *Taralta Movement* (Fluidism) believes that literature is not for movements, but movements are for literature. In verses, he is the victor of a life war fought in favor of life in aid with a dense coordination of symbols and images in experimental contemplation and new semantic contexts. His poems are amusing reverberation of post-victory period. His times shall remain relevant for ages for both thought and method. This however is not the end of the author's creative pursuit because, questions stand at all points because of the slippery nature of meaning.



Phanindra Nepal

The Splendor of Creation

●

Daubing the mansion with golden rays,
when the weary sun reclines on the heart and head of the mountain,
the saffron weakens the whole earth, and the earth ails,
peace dozes off on the trail of the distant horizon,
the prayers of the buzzer-fly evolve from the mountain and dissolve in
the rocks,
with the night that falls upon the dusk, the earth puts a veil of pitch
darkness,
gradually, all narrative of *Naimisharanya* burn, or are blazed,
the ideals of culture tatter, or are torn in revolution,
in the utmost ecstasy of a trivial victory
the macabre wars of a tranquil night
lower in bodily forms with a bosom full of dark night and thousand of
slogans
upon the breast.
In resistance –
the blessings of creation gradually enter
with light from a pint of the moon
and the spark of the stars
integrating an entire ocean in their beaks
the swallows, like wild birds, dart in unknown directions in the pace
of the clouds
and possibly, engage in erecting the hanging garden
as much as they can.

Holding with inept hands the advancing sun on green hill lawns,
the joyous and guiltless children, collecting juvenile rays on the same
bank
await the upcoming,
and kick the past away as they play
with the pious water from the divine flask of the rainbow
returning from a happy journey with glitters of contentment
they effuse the splendor of creation for a new construction
coloring their faces with affection in a faint rosy hue,
the children sometime blossom as Baisakh on *buki* groves,
breathe the air of peace in the in deodar colonnade
with wings of danphe hinged on the loving leaves of rhododendron
and sometime, adorn the entire creation
in the superb vase of beauty
all over the splendid meadows of the nation!

With its light beamed, the evening moon throws evangelic time over
the rough hills,
throwing its warmth, the morning sun signals the arrival of the blessed
moment from the limitless sky,
young children, with juvenile feet, start measuring the nation
with hallowed signs
at the very hint of the coming of the blessed moment
holding the Ganges of love all over her breast
every mother, hasting to cuddle her kid up
rows the oar in the ocean of milk and juice
letting the love-laden ooze flow.
Seeing this, Gautami seeks acquittal from exile-curses of imbecile stones
the circle and centre of life on its surface: a mysterious confluence
rippling like the current of the Nile : an integration
a journey that revolves around itself,
after each new turn compassed in a voyage
a travelogue, dehumanization: life breaks in the frightening moment
of life itself
motionlessness, helplessness : a life chases another life
devastation, desertification: life stirs in terror
burning, smoldering : withering life falls upon the stone-bases,
destruction, discordance : life loses the very bases of its own existence.

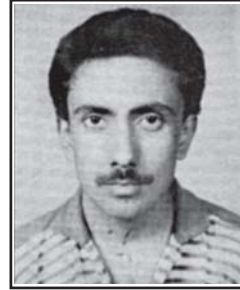
Darkness!
Even in the pitch-black darkness of the night
children preserve creations in their hearts.
Immediately after the slogans vanquish,
along with the erection of huts
let these children prepare for war-games in the dust

glowing the stars of light, derived from broken rainbows for the light
of life
let them trace their own goals, playing amid the songs of their victory
in the endless sky of time
the beautiful seeds of creation have sprouted green everywhere
yes, these kids themselves are constructions;
they are creations too
descended from the hill, and walking all over the plain
thrust upward from the earth, spreading all over the sky.

Young children : who have the chisel of construction and skill in hands
young children: who have latent energy within and courage in the
heart
young children: who have patience in hearts and confidence in
themselves
young children: who have in eyes the dreams of a remote future, and
a dreamlike beauty,
writing history of self-esteem on papyrus leaves
singing songs of existence,
behold! (the supervisors, awaiting their arrival, are squatting on both
sides of the road in files)
they are coming with pen and torch
– from the mating point of the sky and earth
– from the golden horizons
they, who are coming
are the beautiful flowers of creation.
●

About the poet

Literary name: Jeevan Acharya
Name: Jeevan Acharya
Date of birth/place: April 2, 1959, Paanchthar
Death: May 5, 1988, Kathmandu
Phone: —
Literary debut: 1970
First publication: *Himalaya* (1970)
At national level: 1975 (Source of information: Kamal Jungali)
Works: *Antaheen Suruwat* (1984), *Jeevanka Dhunharoo* (Collection of poems, 1990)
Awards/honors: Vyathit Poetic Award (1983), Doli Award



About his poetics

On poetry: While writing poetry, I look for the right word to express my thoughts. That moment, I don't think of the public, or of the development of literature. If I fail to fish the right word, I take a brush and start painting. If this too doesn't work, I allocate as much time as my thoughts need to ripen.

(Courtesy: *Sahityakar Parichaya ra Abhivyakti*)

Self estimation: With music on the play, I am ready on the stage, waiting for the screen to lift. But the screen doesn't lift. (Courtesy: *Antaheen Suruwat*)

Editor's assessment: Conscious to the movement of aesthetic happiness on realistic parameters, Jeevan Acharya a simultaneous user of brush and pen, has contributed to a paramount gallop in the field of modern Nepali poetry. For this reason, Acharya is a lexicon, a history, and a collective organization in himself. Be it with innumerable questions, with ecstatic expressions, with antagonistic experiences, with paradoxes, or with experiments, the poetry of poet Acharya is highly influential. He is therefore a sovereign soul of Nepali poetry; an urge for living.

●

Jeevan Acharya
The Musician

●

Staging melodies inside the screen,
I am waiting for the screen to lift
the screen doesn't open
for a delay in opening, it is announced,
'Since the belly of the musician
is a hollow *sarangi*,
we could only present his corpse.
If you have the skill
to harp the body-lute,
you are welcome onstage.'

●

The Sculptor

●
Roaming around the artworks of numerous sculptors,
and praising those hands,
I looked for that brain, that body or that artist.
An image quivers.
What a wonder! The artwork was not only beautiful, but alive too.
Behold! It even started talking from amid other images,
'Bye me earlier, monsieur!
I am extremely hungry.'
●

How would You Win If I had not been Vanquished

●
Both of us were buds in the same garden,
about to open
amid the wail of innumerable weeds,
you picked my blooming bud off, and threw.
Possibly, my blooming parallel to you
would have been a resistance
to your sole authority in the garden.
If I had not been plucked as a bud
how could your lone vanity blossom in the garden?
How would you be a winner
if I had not been there?

Taking the form of innumerable infantile feet,
I had set to cross the horizon, trumpeting over the hills,
but a single, large and harsh foot of yours,
crushed, and smashed
the soft feet
and the tender minds
of all of us — the children!
Possibly, my jumping over the horizon could mean
your smile as the only sun could be marred
had I not been crushed —

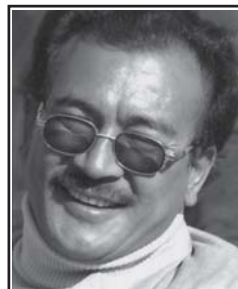
how would you dare to stand upon me?
How would you be a winner
if I had not been there?
Getting gradually piled up as stones,
I was growing uphill as a *chautari*;
you were washing me away
melting from the mountain top.
I went fragmenting; you kept growing vaster,
possibly my growth into a hill
could belittle your worth as a mountain.
How could you remain whole
had I not fragmented?
Or, if I had not been disjointed,
how could you erect a wall out of our bits, and become a mansion?
How would you be a winner
if I had not been there?

Now a question (?) remains between us:
on the shoot wherefrom you plucked the buds off,
roots and branches are still intact
I can still grow into a verdant plantlet!
I can still bloom from a luxuriant bud with fragrance!!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Tirtha Shrestha
Name: Tirtha Prasad Shrestha
Date of birth/place: November 2, 1959, Pokhara
Phone: 977-61-520714
Literary debut: Since 1967
First publication: *Prajatandra* (in **Phewatal**, 1972)
At national level: *Ksyatbikshyat Dharti* (in **Rooprekha**, around 1975/76)



Works: **Tirtha Shresthaka Kavtitaharu**, **Jindagiko Kurukshetra** (Collection of poems), **Mahabharatka Geetharu** (Collection of muktaks), **Pailaka Neembharule** (Collection of poems; photos, co-authored)

Awards/honors: National Talent Award, Yuva Varsha Moti Award

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry for me is the most important medium for expressing myself and for social transformation.

Self estimation: A man, who wants to get expressed in simple and natural style.

Editor's assessment: One of the proponents of the *Taralta* (Fluidism) Movement in Nepali poetry, poet Tirtha Shrestha, in his poems, presents sparks of life engendered by the encounters of existential conflicts. Not aligned to any school of political philosophy, poet Shrestha anticipates an 'I' in his verses, that with time qualifies to 'we' and entails the readers as well, and ensures their participation in a joyful celebration of poetic ecstasy. This is the latest liveliness of his poetic brilliance.

●

Tirtha Shrestha

The Bridge

●

What does the bridge
between childhood and youth
look like?

Is it like flowers,
betumbled by those
who vigorously toss
the boughs of their age?

Or

is it like the time
when stars have been plucked off the sky
and pasted upon the dejected breast of time?

What does the bridge between children
and youth look like?

Does it look like the smile
the stars display, after the moon rises
in the sky?

Or, it is like the pomp of a silo in harvest season?

Or, is it like something else?

I tell the truth

I want to see in the light of truth
what the bridge
between childhood and youth
looks like.

●

Mother

●

**Becoming a mother
is utterly taxing
like a hill**

**One has to become a plain
after scaling to the top
and an uphill
after reaching the plain**

**Becoming a mother
is utterly taxing
like a hill**

**Where do the progenies reach
like rivers?**

**Where do dreams reach
like the free-flying birds?**

**The mothers are doomed
to become a travelers'- rest, near a hill
becoming a mother is tough
becoming a mother
is as tough
as being a hill.**

●

Lahure, I Want to Rename You

●

You are odorless, but not plastic
you are Lahure, the troop flower!
At the moment,
I am remembering my husband
injured all around in war,
I am thinking of
the letter with a thread around
the pension with the stink of a carcass,
and am thinking of this life
somehow lingering, anchored to that pension.
The lifelong earning of my husband
is the spot where I shelter my windowed forehead
and you, the troop flower
bloom shamelessly in front of my door?

It's enough! How much more salt and acid
would you sprinkle on these wounds?
It's too much; life itself aches as a wound;
it has been too much; life has turned into a trouble
allow me a little rest, Lahure!

I want to peel the wounds off
and change the history of truce
I want to stop the traffic of blood
by calming bruises down
I want to tear this black page of history
and throw away.

Wait! Lahure – the troop flower,
I want to rename you!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Jeebanath Dhamala
Name: Jeebanath Dhamala
Date of birth/place: November 6, 1959,
Okhaldhunga
Phone: 977-1-4990044, 4259335
E-mail: jeenadha@hotmail.com
Literary debut: Since 1973



First publication: *Anubhooti* (in **Rashtrapukar**, 1973)

At national level: "

Works: *Manchheko Asmita* (1992), *Urdhwamukhi Mahayatra* (Collection of poems, 1998), *Berlintiraka Jhahhalkaharoo* (Travelogues), *Vyakti-Vyaktitwa* (Biographies), *Nepalko Prajatantrik Andolanka Dui Sikhar Purush* (Biography)

Awards/honors: Shadanan Talent Award (1993), Yuva Varsha Moti Award (1998)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the most beautiful and artistic expression of experiences. It is the softest presentation of experience that gives voice to life and the world.

Self estimation: I feel that I am an amateur traveler at the very onset of the travel, trying to learn from others, and know others.

Editor's assessment: We can spot a different, typically unique assemblage of images and symbols in the poetry of Jeebanath Dhamala, a well-known practitioner of modern Nepali poetry. He makes a beautiful and effective juxtaposition of metrical and intellectual beauty, alongside experiences in his poesy. His poetry testifies this truth.

●

Jeebanath Dhamala

Quests for Dreams

●

A cold storm was blowing under the sky
in the courtyard / on rooftops and on flowers.
Some birds, seeing a little light left after the sunset
were flying to touch that light
I felt –
let their cravings bear fruits,
though I didn't know whether they could touch the receding light.
I kept gazing; they flew on
light had waned out by then
I could not see how far they could fly!
A sudden thought struck me that moment –
No sun will rise on earth now!
At the moment
I could neither see the flowers nearby,
nor the silvery hills above
getting completely entrapped
at the gravely silent center
that stood against the entire creation
I just kept thinking of the birds.
A dead silence was ruling the present;
there was no sound; no echo anywhere
a forbidding silence had spilled everywhere.

After the sun had receded from the hemisphere
 people were fast asleep,
 and those who were asleep were forbidden to dream.
 Nothing could be heard then,
 but, I could feel
 as a boy, I had heard long back –
 "Ghouls scare at night!"
 I felt, the flowers nearby were crying now
 felt, the night ghouls crushed the flowers down
 and it were the same flowers, crying
 and now, I remembered those birds again
 didn't the ghouls crush them too, like the flowers?
 I could move nowhere; stood where I was
 there was no form on the surface; just formlessness.
 It's a day's happening –
 I was seeking for my dream in that formlessness.

●

The Paces of Truth

●
 I have reached home
 after conquering one *Kuruchhetra*.
 The bustle of torrential tears, rolling out of mother's eyes
 are welcoming my homecoming.
 Truth is gleaming on mother's face at present;
 her ecstatic maternity is observing
 my face, smeared with the vermillion of victory.
 The sky has rested the womb of conscience on the courtyard
 and the pigeons
 that keep flying, sitting and flying again,
 are drinking the beauty of the blue from the courtyard.
 Sneaking in through the windows
 truth, at present is looking at the aching wounds in beds
 and feeling dry hands on the mantle
 This way, truth always looks for truth.
 The pace of truth needs to elevate upward, on the peaks of
 determination
 high above
 wherefrom, let no trace of darkness below come to sight
 and let the speeds proceed, mopping the sorrows glittering on the
 eyelashes.

Today, the votive smear of the soil graces the foreheads
heads do not bow,
the head of truth never bows; it knows no bowing
glory rests on eyes, and glory has truth
at the moment, truth is trying
to touch the lips of babies
in the form of mother's milk.

●

Town

●

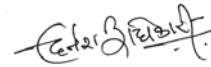
An unstained truth that aches a little, is glistening
on the high mountaintop, visible from one nook of the town
a little, nostalgic obligation loafs around on the road
together with the hands of *Ghantaghar* – the clock tower,
with the evening lamps, a stillness arrives;
in this ancient city of Pashupatinath
a divine context is peering through a nook of the cloud
waiting for the hospitality of pure melodies.
With what smiles should I pour my joys out?
The town is living like Draupadi in people's eyes.

Budhanilakantha has been sleeping motionless for ages,
on thin, water counterpane with no waves,
the cantos of *Upanishad* are reeking
in some puranic war-tales somewhere behind the screen.
The pieces of stillness fragment/ get hewed, and fall
in guiltless hearts of the humble people.
In this town sweltering in irreverent flames,
the broken eyes of Buddha have spilled.
The fragrance of which flowers shall I offer
to the desolation here?
The town is looking for its own face
with the reflection of night inside a broken glass.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Dinesh Adhikari
Name: Dinesh Hari Adhikari
Date of birth/place: December 7, 1959, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-1-4472737
Email: dhadhikari@gmail.com
Literary debut: Around 1972/73
First publication: *Ichchha ra Samjhe Pugchha* (in **Ratnashree** published around pseudonym 'Adheer')



At national level: *Subhakamana* (in **Matribhoomi**, 1976)

Works: *Antarka Chhitaharu* (1980), *Dhartiko Geet* (1987), *Aadim Aawaz* (1988), *Atirikta Abhilekh* (Collection of poems, 1999), *Aviram Yatra* (1991), *Aaphnai Man: Aaphnai Aagan* (1997), *Man ra Modharoo* (Collection of songs, 2007), *Indra Jatra* (Epic, 1994), *Jungleko Katha: Jungleko Vyatha* (Poetic drama for children, 2001), Ten albums of songs under different titles

Awards/honors: Madan Award (1999), Sajha Award (1994), Manshree Award (2000), Chhinnalata Song Award (2002), Moti Award (1992), Sarvanam Honor (1999) etc.

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is an inseparable part of my life. Through it, I have been expressing myself freely. I have also been loving, winnowing and upturning people by making poetry a means.

Self estimation: An average person.

Editor's assessment: Renowned lyricist Dinesh Adhikari is also a brilliant poet, capable of framing in poetic frames timeless ripples of the experiences woven in the songs of life with rhythm and vibration. He enjoys simple, symbolic presentation, temporal awareness, and serious revelation of contents in simple expressive style. Away from the assumptions of any movement or doctrine, the poems of Adhikari, written in celebration of being humans, exhibit simplicity and beauty, and appeal more to heart than to intellect. They decently keep echoing in the heart of the readers. This is his poetic perfection.

●

Dinesh Adhikari

The Soldier

●

Stop! Do not break the jingling bangles in haste.

The rhododendron

hanging on your plaits

like a child's mouth, absorbed to a mother's breast

brilliantly suits your youth.

Stop! do not blight yourself

washing the vermillion off –

do not hack your longings

snapping the bridal necklace off your collar!

The handsome, crimson bindi on your forehead

brilliantly matches the blush on your cheeks.

At the arrival of a mere letter
with a thread woven around,
I don't say, your husband has died.
And if anyone claims that he has,
he has not died in vain.
Be proud of him!
He has gone –
adding fertility to this soil where you grow crops.
At this hour of scarcity,
when one has to procure meal
cleaning votive grains from one's forehead,
he has gone bequeathing a meal of 'ration'
for a baby starving inside a cradle.
You are a soldier's widow.
Do not you know even this:
your husband, allegedly dead
has, at the moment come back
like water from vapor, and vice-versa,
in the form of your secured nation.
If you ask me,
listen!
A soldier never dies
or else –
he is dead the day he is commissioned.

●

The Pleasure of Walking Alone

●
The pleasure of walking alone
is missing when you walk alongside!

I long
to combat the storm on the way all alone
never turning back
but, going on and on, leaving my own footprints
deep, plopped into water!

Even if a huge mountain with venomous spines,
impedes the way in the middle
I wish to add a man's height to its altitude
hauling the teeth of thorns out!

But, when you are present
everything falls apart.
Against my own wish,
I need to secure myself for you.
The pleasure of walking alone
is missing when you walk alongside!

I don't want to shrink with vacillation.
Rather, I want to live life as it is.
I would rather choose to be roasted
like millet in a roasting pan,
or get robbed like a harlot's frock.
Life is not always a bed of roses!
I long to cross
at least a forbidden border
that has crept into history
but your proximity
works like a charmer's pipe to a snake.
The pleasure of walking alone
is missing when you walk alongside!

It is not that cohabitation with you
has not, at all, been to any avail,
it is fine as an experience
I have got a needless lethargy,
a gift without festivity.
Only that, I have been barred from
facing challenges as I wish.
I have not been let to seek a way out
from inside the labyrinth of troubles myself.
I am one who mistrusts the sky's extension.
(I cannot, perhaps, live a robot's life)
Tell, how could I love to be your co-traveler?
In cohabitation with you
I am damned
to ever adorn life in a showcase!
The pleasure of walking alone
is missing when you walk alongside!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Krishna Dharabasi
Name: Krishna Prasad Bhattarai
Date of birth/place: July 17, 1960, Paanchthar
Phone: 977-9841827690
Email: dharabasi@yahoo.com
Literary debut: 1971
First publication: in *Suryodaya* (1975)
At national level: *Ma Siddhartha Gautam* (in *Rooprekha*, 1986)



Works: *Unmuktika Aawazharu* (Collection of poems); *Saranarathi, Radha, Aadha Baato, Tapai* (Novels); *Naaribhitra Tyasto Ke Chha Hazoor, Uttamjung Sijapatiko Aalu, Baalak Harayeko Sookhana, Dharabasika Charchit Nibandha, Tudal, Aandhi Na-aune Ghar* (Collection of essays), *Leela Lekhan, Tesro Aayam, Bairagi Kainla, Bishweshwar Prasad Koiralaka Upanyasharoo* (Criticism)

Awards/honors: Mahananda Award, Yuva Varsha Moti Award, Uttam-Shanti Award, National Talent Award, Talent Award, Best National Youth Award, Madan Award etc.

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is an artistic presentation of life. All colors come and blend in it.

Self estimation: I am a simple man. I am not that talented as an author. I have become one with practice.

Editor's assessment: Krishna Dharabasi, who wants to announce his poetic presence in the innovative inferences of cruel nakedness of the villainous intrigues of life and the world, is as much famous as a poet, as he is known as a novelist or a critic. His poems stalwartly stand against despotism, and are anxious to welcome human esteem and primacy. An artistic blending of local images, symbols and myths is his favorite prosodic skill. For these reasons, his poems are alluring.

●

Krishna Dharabasi

The Dreams of Liberty

●

The dreams of liberty are all futile,
people are shackled to poles of a faith each.
In their bid to prove Rama an ideal human,
the devotees are unable to see the devil within Rama.

○ Siddhartha Gautam!

○ Adolf Hitler!

○ Jadbharat!

Where is the fruit of human liberty?

Where lies the base of this faith

wherefrom people can fruit into the harvest of belief?

In power, man is busy managing himself
all lifelong, man is busy defending himself
all through the voice, man is doomed to narrate his own sorrow
all in his motion, man is obliged to run in his own desires,
when, then can he ascend the mount of faith?
When, then can he see the reality of liberty?
Man is drowned in the terror of man
all these sweet melodies of music are futile;
man is caged in the moan of his own pain.

Borrowing a swathe each from ideals
the tyrants too reached near the devotees.
Every single revolt
bowed its head low amid praises.
Beauteous faces deformed on the claws of power.
Even as man tried to make himself the sky
all his goals went in vain;
Man is encaged in his own face.

Man went blooming, ripening and falling;
went on pacing every single edge of the earth.
She slaves turned masters,
the masters became the slaves.
Slavery grew more popular and decent.

Masters come with dreams of liberty,
masters come with advices of good-conduct,
masters comes placing poles of faith
and people turn slaves one by one
go on dreaming dreams of liberty
follow their vocation as devotees
and go on interpreting the meaning of ideals.
In this race
to become greater slaves than the historical counterparts,
people are caged in their own images.

●

The Tea Shrub

●

Acclivity is everyone's desire;
it is everyone's right to keep growing too
but it has become a facet of life
to constantly break, get smashed;
to get stunted, and continue doing so.

We are doomed
to get jabbed with cruel claws,
no matter how much we spout
how many shoots spring up fresh,
how many twigs develop
every single desire is wiped out,
why is life like a tea shrub
with nothing in its favor
always doomed to befit others' need?
Why is life cramped like the tea shrub?

Unable to kill oneself,
unskilled to fell something from the base
keeping just the soul intact,
reiterating ever, 'revive, revive!'

why is life hapless like a tea shrub
merely for failing to die out
in the mid of the heartless?

The books penned against exploitations
can not possibly fit in a whole cupboard
the grave of those who fought injustice
may not be housed amply in a land
as big as a continent
but, it can neither be termed as the repetition of history
nor is it the chaffing off of future.
Why does the time ever look like the present
devoid of changes, devoid of hopes?

I have contradictions with the tea shrub
I will become a *Kalpabrikshya* anyhow and expand one day.
I will forgo lowering
rather, I would comply to be a bamboo
if not cottonwood
but, I will grow tall one day.

Confined to the same place for centuries
in the same field
the people have been cutting it,
picking and shearing the head off
hewing the head, barring it from seeing the sky.
Yet, they say –
tea is a world-famous drink, dear to all.

Let that beloved I
be the pilot of time
I will not however enact this intricate and dark play
I cannot become a tea shrub.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Udaya Niroula
Name: Udaya Niroula (Raj)
Date of birth/place: September 11, 1960, Ilam
Phone: 977-9851048502
Email: niroulaji@gmail.com
Literary debut: 1978
First publication: 1978 (in **Kandara**, Ilam)
At national level: *Pahadi Hawama Oxygen* 3000
Sakiyechha (in **Garima**, 1984,
Ashad)



Works: **Kolahal Piyera** (1992), **Jaraharu Kimartha Mardainan** (1997), **Sheetko Muffler** (Collection of poems, 2003), **Kordai/ Metdai** (Collection of essays, 1999), Editing of **Anurag**, and Co-editing of **Sarkari Sewabhitraka Sahityik Srashta**

Awards/honors: First in Poetry Festival, 2048, Talent Award (Biratnagar, 1993), Lalit Kavya Award (1992)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry speaks itself; I do not.

Self estimation: Emotional, and highly practical.

Editor's assessment: A conscious and lovable poet of the present time, Uday Niroula – also an essayist – advocates in favor humanity, with articulate polemics of sharp dissatisfaction with social inequality. However, it is in poetry that he expresses his commitment to human values. Some of his poems appeals to the readers mind and heart like a picture on the canvas. This is the testimony of his poetic strength.

●

Udaya Niroula

I and the Melia Tree

●

It stands
facing centuries
standing numerous histories,
enduring many *Puranas*
and all for that, I stand
and owing to all that, I exist.
I am there and so, it stands, living!
In its absence,
I can experience no acidity
it its vacuity,
I cannot attain life.
Without it however, I cannot exist in totality
without me, it cannot exist in reality.

When spring engulfs
it can veil the skeleton of fall,
when soaked with downpour
it can shelter the green.
But alas!
Spring doesn't rejoice in being human
rain is not broken in being human.
What an irony!
It is a set statue, speechless
I am mute even after a murmur,
I am having to weep
when it can smile
the earth scents when it verdantly lusher
but the earth reeks when I expand.
What decadence!
The sky recedes when it stretches
The earth slides when I stretch,
What a difference!
Its expansion is its independent statute
my stretching is striking against the hoe of pains
its extension is its natural right,
my extension the pulling of a tether,
yet,
it envies my beauty
and I am jealous of its freedom,
it is free
yet, it has to face the hunter's axe
I am a tightened hoe,
and stand against the killer's arrow.
Differences are there,
in terms of many
though
in its absence,
I can experience no acidity
it its absence,
I cannot put my signature
upon the account-book of this soil.
●

Cynodon

●

In spite of being smothered
by gigantic rocks for years,
the 'cynodon'
crept out of the crevices into the sun,
and stood as high as the sky.
Taking mild breathes through the clefts,
the 'cynodon' vegetated from every hole.

Be it the pounding weight of the rocks
or the pain of getting struck in the soil
the cynodon doesn't comply to get crushed
if it finds a minute hole
it defiles all repressions
if it finds a little light.

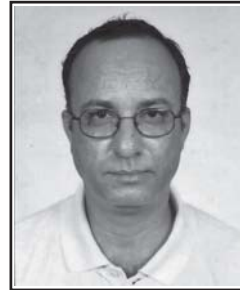
Growing of the cynodon is the growth of fate's faith,
its propagation is the conversation of nature's fragrance
else, it would not slither from every hole
it would not wobble
from cracks and crevices.

The Apollonian aspect of a cynedone
cannot be halted by Dionysian bars,
pouring fire or pounding frost
cannot wipe its steps to reach the sky
its process of shooting out of the cracks would never stop.
Despite all mashing weights,
and despite all impediments
ultimately
the cynodon stretched to the sky.
The cynodon gradually pervaded.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Amar Giri
Name: Amar Giri
Date of birth/place: September 11, 1960, Dang
Phone: 977-9841453504
Literary debut: 1973
First publication: *Aama* (in **Sandesh**, 1974)
At national level: *Kalapar Dhaune Jindagiharoo* (in **Vedana**, around 1979/80)



Works: **Ghaam Chhekne Pahad, Tara Pani Hami Jeebit Chhou, Duhsadhya Samaya**
(Collections of poems)

Awards/honors: Krishnamani Literary Award, Lokendra Literary Award, National Talent Award, Tara Pant Literary Award, Padmanabh-Tilkumari Rana Literary Talent Award, Felicitated by Press Chautari, Dang.

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is an artistic, collective symbolization of feelings, experiences, pains, imaginations and thoughts that, in my opinion, need to have a motif, a meaning and beauty.

Self estimation: I am a humble man struggling for a beautiful life and a beautiful world. This is the fundamental motif of my writing. I don't have any special ambitions that are exclusively mine. I started weaving verses in times of extreme misery. Pain and revolt are the bases of my writing. Till date, I am struggling on, and am endeavoring to live as a decent man. The same will continue to be my attempt in the days to come.

Editor's assessment: Amar Giri is a spark of light coming out of revolt, encounter, clash, and struggle for liberation from pain. He has survived the struggle without being disheartened by their multitude. He is a guide in the darkness of posterity in favor of progress. Respect for and dedication to labor in the interest of a beautiful life make the serious truth of his poetry, and the explication of this truth and an artistic creativity engrained by a brilliant poetic faculty form the pinnacle of his poetic success.

●

Amar Giri

In the Midst of a River

●

I am in the midst of a river
the boat is swaying
and waves rising
they splash against the rock/banks
terrified am I,
and dejected too
I think –
how unprecedented might this spectacle
appear to those staring from the bank!

The sky is clear
and clear are the mountains
the birds are soaring
up in the sky, higher and higher
the folk tune, harmonized with the river's note
is sweeter to the ears

the mountain is basking its back
in the warm sun
stretching their bodies
the trees are exchanging greetings to one another
but I am in the mid-river
and the boat is frantically quivering!

I ought to meet the bank
I have longed to for centuries
I have to quench a thirst
baking me for ages.
Let something new be written
never to be erased again
let a new morning be framed
never to be forfeited again.
I am thinking,
but I am in a river's hub
innumerable tides are rippling
and the boat swings back and forth.

●

Besides Dreams

●

Perhaps,
I am just an image
the poets weave with love
in the lines of their poesy.
A poem comes flying to me,
like a bird from a distant land.
I caress it
with love
and read its eyes,
feel the pounding heart
and sleep, placing it under the pillow!

Perhaps
I am a mere consolation
whom the drivers of power weave,
they come up to me,
like princes in a fairy tale
mounted on innumerable horses.

the princes, adorned in myriad jewel
demount
from their supersonic, winged horses
embrace me,
in magical hugs
even though, I try
to spend my days and nights
tainted by hardship.

Many epochs of mine
have elapsed this way.
Yet
I have not abandoned dreaming.
I am an ill-starred village of this nation.
At the moment
I have nothing with me
besides dreams.

●

Along the Highway of Life

●

I ran
as vehicles runs
and blew
as horns do;
this is still going on
on the highway of life.

Along the highway of life
sometimes I hear the trebles
from the vina of my own heart.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Krishna Prasai
Name: Krishna Prasai
Date of birth/place: October 24, 1960
Phone: 977-1-4230099, 4266396
Email: krishnaprasai@yahoo.com
Literary debut: Since 2032
First publication: In *Suryodaya*, 1975
At national level: In *Indu* and *Rachana* in 1983



Works: *Samasamayik Nepali Kavita* (Edited, 1991), *Chhariyeka Kehi Prishtha* (Edited, 1987), *Prakshepan* (Collection of stories, 1990), *Ghaam Nabhayeko Bela* (Collection of poetry, 2006), *Anubhootika Chhalharoo* (Travel Essays, 2009), *Sun Shower* (Collection of Zen poems, 2010)

Awards/honors: Scholarship, 1983, First in National Essay Competition, organized by UAFPA (1989)

About his Poetics

On poetry: The best creation of thoughts and feelings that can be made only by the man within a man.

Self estimation: A simple and helpful person.

Editor's assessment: Though Krishna Prasai, an already published author of short stories and travel essays, made a late advent into the world of poetry as a published poet, he has been able to ascend to the limelight of fame though Zen poems. The poetic strength of Prasai, who also has proven his caliber as an editor, can be attested by the poems presented herewith. His majestically lucid poetic melody enraptures the readers, while his poems are able to provide a prolonged prosodic sedation.



Krishna Prasai

Spring Showers

●
It could be a coincidence –
on the very first meeting with you
you admonished me to become spring.
Though I do not cherish bay-berries and the cuckoo,
– the synonyms of spring –
though the crimson hills with the hues of the rhododendrons
touch my heart and enrapture me
I love the season of rain,
and this could be a frailty on my part.
That alone was the difference twixt you and I –
as the ripening of the bay-berries
differs from the blooming of youth
and the cuckoos' chant, from spring blossoms.

In a procession of memoirs like this,`
setting aside the monsoons, I cherished
and leaving the nights of the clouds I liked
one day, I reconciled with you – a synonym of spring –
to assimilate in, and to become one with you.
That moment,
I was drawn
more by tantalizing appeals
than by the defeats of my love.
O how valorous spring is
in loving people,
and what strength it possesses
in putting people on test!
One day, it silently whispered to me
'O poet, meekly bowing to my creation
why don't you become spring for yourself
just for once, and see?'

●

Surveillance of Light

●

That moment,
The entire cluster of stars was out of sight.
All traces of light had receded
and all warmth stolen.
The sun that catered warmth in equality
too had cooled down
whose very presence would, otherwise
render the essence of cold, orphan
The stars in the sky would wake all night
nurturing the empire of chill
dropping dew drops down
sheltering the sole moon under their armpit.
They were dropping down cold,
and endlessly throwing frost
in the vanity of height
in the hubris of their regime
at a time, when the sky was inebriated .
Possibly, out of pride, the sky was intoxicated.
In spite of the onset of many a spring
the sky ever bore winter
and showered snow
and sprinkled chilly cold wind
with a vested design
to swallow our existence.
We the people on earth
unable to manage a clear mandate for right to live
gathered, though chilled
cooled
and started to stiffen
determined to retrieve
the warmth forsaken by the sky
back to our earth.
All together against the sky
in groups
we congregated into gatherings
and bellowed slogans.

Beware!

**You the skies – the robbers of our warmth
do not poke us anymore
we are human, and do never plot designs
to forfeit our rights to be humans.
We, in the procession, till then
would be busy, in search of warmth
all set to get back
our means to warmth
forsaken by the sky.**

— — —

**As things crossed limits,
shaken by our voices
frightened by our number
and having run out of all other ways
one day,
the sky, all of a sudden
readied for a truce with us
and agreed to give us back
all sources of our warmth
it had hoarded.**

This way, the sky restored all our warmth, without any condition.

— — —

**At present too, we are a group of people
who bask in the warmth, thrown down upon the earth.
Lest the sky should rob it once again
we, at present
are keeping the surveillance of light.**

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bhupal Rai
Name: Bhupal Rai
Date of birth/place: December 29, 1960, Bhojpur
Phone: 977-9841269428
Literary debut: Around 1976/77
First publication: *Aamako Samjhanama* (in *Chhahara*, 1977)
At national level: "
Works: *Sumnimako Tasbir*, *Dajai Kavita Gaunmai Chha* (Collection of poems), *Pailo Haraf Shirbandi* (Collection of songs)
Awards/honors: —



About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a person's personal culture wherein the world, life and the self can be reflected or expressed.

Self estimation: A bouquet of varied dreams and coincidences

Editor's assessment: Lyricist Bhupal Rai has asserted a potential presence in the field of modern Nepali poetry too. We can find a beautiful confluence of aesthetic consciousness, consciousness of life, and the spirit of contemporariness. Rai, who takes pride in his nationalistic awareness, establishes the distinction of his poetic faculty in melodious, dreamlike manifestation of the echoes of love and dejection, of the reverberation of delicate natural beauty, or of his own rivers, hills, and the murmurs of cascades.



Bhupal Rai

The Year of Love

●

I tore a rose off
after remembering you
I tore it off
and peered in through the door-hole
a captive was crying inside.

The scattering rose petals said,
'Some thousand years ago
a lover of flowers had torn
a flower in the same way
right here, at the same time, the same way
I had been murdered..'

'...the remaining stains of blood clotted in nails,
were additional evidences of the murder
there was a crowd there
the judge and the police were there too
the convict had been caged inside the rose petals
at the same place, at the same moment, the same way
some thousand years later
my love once again remembered me...'

I again tore a rose off
after remembering you
inside a captive was living
the same build, the same form
and similar eyes
there was none there
as a captive.
The one crying there,
the captive inside
was none, but myself.

●

Love-laden Salute to Your Eyes

●

I was seeking the permission for rest
from my old farm
seeing a pair of pigeons beset by adversity
suddenly flying out of your eyes
flapping their wings,
and darting to prick me,
I was submerged in a pool of pain.
Standing on the edge of my freedom
if you play with the ripples on my chest,
Wait! I will place a hook on your palm.

At the moment, a bomb of trust
is placed for test on your palms and mine
if we fail to deal with the old mystery
that can devastate humanity,
it can slip off your hands
and blast upon my temple,
and the smoke,
rising out of my murder
can irk you too.
Untie that mysterious knot,
inviting the pigeons of love
all over my palms now,
I will disperse the bomb
as their feed.

Love-laden salutes to your eyes!
One day,

placing a flock of pigeons
all over your bosoms,
I shall vanish,
proving myself the richest man on earth.
That day, you shall say,
"This man, in fact,
erects swings of hearts
across hinterlands and backblocks;
this man
offers the love-laden salutes of pigeons."

●

My Love

●

When it cries, I spill.....ill,
When it falls, I abrade.....ade,
its living is such that
I live with it in utmost hardship.
These days, I have been waking all night
anticipating its death.
If possible, let me have the pleasure of salvation in that death
for, I have loved it for the sake of love itself.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Govinda Bartaman
Name: Govinda Adhikari
Date of birth/place: March 14, 1961, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-9841344646
Email: gbartaman@gmail.com
Literary debut: 1976
First publication: *Bhaeko Bhaidiye* (in **Nirman**, 1977)
At national level: *Sthiti, Ankha ra Parinamharu* (in **Lal**)
Works: **Sorha Saanjharoo** (Travelogue) and other around one hundred and fifty creations published in scrap
Awards/honors: Press Council Sahityik Stambha Lekhan Award, 2009



About his poetics

On poetry: I don't accept literature as self-satisfaction. I am of the opinion that literature should discharge its responsibility to the entire creation in totality, and not merely to an individual. Poetry is a special and pertinent expression of this sense of responsibility. My poetic faculty is always informed by the constant changes taking place in the physical world. I don't take poetry for disinterested and eternal. For me, poetry is such a flower whose literal petals contain the pollen of emotions and the fragrance of thoughts.

Self estimation: An ordinary citizen that wants to remain active in the progressive trip for justice.

Editor's assessment: Bartaman, a prominent signature of the progressive cult in contemporary Nepali poetry believes in a balance between thought or feeling, and pen in poetry. His creations appear committed to the progressive transformation of the society. For this reason, he is a poet with a spirit of contemporariness. His creative struggle is for others like him, rather than for himself. A skilful versifier, poet Bartaman doesn't agree with the conviction that poetry ought to be simple.

●

Govinda Bartaman

The Attainment of a Maiden

●

A new book and a new lover
have come my way together
and I have craze for both.

In the world of books,
the book I have procured
is one among a billion.
I have no estimation
how far it would be helpful
in my life that thrives in the proximity of idiocy.

In this world with diverse definitions of love
in this world where love has always been
evading from definitions,

the lover acquired together with the book
can in the language of poetry
be termed a flower, blooming upon a high cliff,
can be termed a candle, burning in a new-moon night,
can be termed a good news that reaches amid monotony,
or, can be called a repose in the mid of exhaustion.
I don't have the slightest idea, how strong shall
such a lover, attained with hardship be
in the critical atmosphere of fury and hatred,
against my weakness.

Turning the pages of the received book
I am wondering
if it is a pint of water
in the unfathomable sea of knowledge.
I am looking into its pages,
wondering if art
teaches life to a continually dying man.
Amid my confusions and investigations
the new lover standing near me
is pleading me for liberalism,
privatizing her amorous drives.

Unlike in the centuries bygone,
in the present century
love is no more like a mental string
plaited by the winking of eyes.
It rather is a globalized entity
and a thousand patterns of love
are appearing on the Internet.
With one of those patterns,
a new lover has come up to me.
The sensation of her presence
seems to me like a French perfume.
I am gradually getting frightened
for, not love but counte-violence
is sprouting in the womb of my intellect.

Love, like the shade of a tree
for the sunburned porters in scorching summer
moved out of the heart of the new lover, long back.
Observing flames of additional profit,
burning inside her eyes,
I am encountering a new truth.

Meeting the new book and the new lover
meeting a new truth,
acquired in both the meetings –
the meeting with the new lover
meeting with a new reflection
incepting in the intellect,
meeting a new man
born and discovered within myself.
Amidst all these meetings
or, the meeting with my own image,
meeting with my own incarnation
is a comprehensive achievement for me.
Pampered by the same accomplishment,
I am loving the new book
and reading the new lover
as though she were a book.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Aruna Vaidya
Name: Aruna Vaidya
Date of birth/place: March 26, 1962, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-9851049585
Email: arunavaidya@hotmail.com
Literary debut: Since childhood
First publication: *Bhagya* (in ***Damana***, around 1982)
At national level: *Birasilo Avishkar* (in ***Gorkhapatra***, 1986)
Works: ***Sangeetmaya Mrityu*** (1994), ***Samudralai Aansu Chahindaina*** (2004)
Awards/honors: Third in National Poetry Festival (1996), Record of winning several prizes for literary competitions in college life



Aruna Vaidya

About her poetics

On poetry: I want to see that poetry transmits to readers and listeners the human sensibilities that pertain to life and the world, and give an optimistic assertion. Poetry is an incomparable and heart-touching art and light of life and the world. For this, I am of the opinion that it should not walk on the crutches of politics.

Self estimation: A simple member of the human community.

Editor's assessment: The poems of Aruna Vaidya are serious notes of human sensibilities resonating on the contours of both beautiful and ugly aspects of the contemporary life. In the music of her words, one can somewhere locate the dark vainness of life, and somewhere the bright sparks of encounters lyrically embedded in them. The vibrant inference of the accepted sorrows of human consciousness impinged with melodious and figurative expressions form the enrapturing exclusiveness of Vaidya's poetry.

●

Aruna Vaidya

A Musical Death

●

Falling off a table
a glass tumbler had to face a devastating death—
albeit a musical death,
all of a sudden!
I have only heard
Ahalya attained salvation at the touch of Rama's feet
and *Bhamashur* absolved himself
at the touch of his own blessed hands.
And just now
I witnessed a glass
attaining salvation
at the mere touch of a human palm.

Somewhere I felt
a notorious, inebriated harlot
who accepted naked and blatant kisses from everyone
attained salvation.
Its death
had been destined so—
doomed to die at robust hands
ever anxious to hold it tight.
Its cremation too was destined so
swept with the broom of terror
and flung away with contempt
by the same hands that ever picked it with love.

After all
a sweet melody could resound even in death.
Quenching all types of thirsts of everyone
all its life
the glass had saved a melodious reverberation
distinct from those of men.
In its death
with a pain catered to the eyes,
it went
bequeathing an offer of music, sweet to the ears.
It is neither a rising tone,
nor a falling one.
People perhaps never knew
that, owning a beautiful life of glass
could mean enduring through a devastating mishap;
possessing a transparent, glittering form
could mean bearing frail brevity
and being a glass means
the strength to keep alert
a strength to reflect images.
One thing is true for sure, though
the glass itself
is but a preserved melody.

●

The Ocean Needs No Tears

●

The ocean waits on the shore
to bask in the sun.
It tells no tale while basking.
Says, it has locked the themes of its stories
inside a box.
It says, it would not open it at any moment
or tell it to anyone
for, that undervalues the story.
The tale is its own;
it says, it will tell it to itself.
It wants to explore its past
inside its own depth—
it wants to peer into its future.
The ocean is attempting
to measure its makeup
in water.
Why doesn't its own identity
recognize the ocean?
It's trying to touch itself
inside the water,
round and round.

It will not cry anymore
nor will it speak anymore.
It will no more get thawed either.
Ocean is its name—
a saline pond.
For that,
an ocean needs no tears!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Siddhartha Rai
Name: Siddhartha Rai
Date of birth/place: May 11, 1963, Darbu Mirik, Darjeeling
Phone: 0091 - 9733202783
Literary debut: Since 1987
First publication: *Vijeta bhanda Mahan* (in *Srashta*)
At national level: *Banda Saharma Abhavka Geetharu* (in *Madhuparka*)



सिद्धार्थ राई

Works: *Uniharu Jo Pharkiyenan* (Collection of poems, 1993), *Sunyatako Yatrama* (Collection of stories, 2001), *Manguko Ghurra* (Translation for children)

Awards/honors: Subhadra Kumari Chauhan Birth Centenary Award from Jaimani Academy, Haryana (2004)

About his poetics

On Poetry: Poetry is devoid of definition. It cannot be accorded any definition. Life too is similar; it cannot be limited to any definition. I cannot tell what life is either.

Self estimation: Alone in the crowd.

Editor's assessment: Siddhartha Rai, known to Nepali literary world as a poet and storywriter, writes simple and decent poems. Original analysis of the minute sensibilities of life in verses is a distinctive salience of his poetics. In the poems presented here, we can detect beautiful and sweet melodies of these truths.

●

Siddhartha Rai

Lines Composed Last March

●

All red, the flowers were bestrewn
on the upland road
dropping down like aspirations
of an unknown man
ending up in a suicide.

Tramping them down, I had walked
and walked without lifting them up
that way, just like that!

Did the gloomy hills beyond
have anything to say?
No! All they could do
was remember
some strange events of the past years
and watch silently
because everything had happened
with such suddenness, catching them unaware.

Detached from the tree
the flowers had fallen
bestrewn on the road,
last March.

Yes, last year in March
plucked off the boughs
by the blows of the gale,
the flowers were blown away.

●

Greater than a Conqueror

●

Every morning
that grand old lady
with her grey hair
lifts the mud and loosens the sod
of the flowerpots.

She plants new flowers in them
soaking them with water
pouring it out everyday from her little can.
Bending low, she walks about
in the garden
with a handy digging tool
in her hand;
she stares at the saplings
and the flowers.

She gives out a smile all alone
sniffing the flower;
engrossed in her usual self
she is now breaking the sods

and preparing a bed
in her planning gait
picking holes for junipers and oranges
along the ridge that flanked the farm.

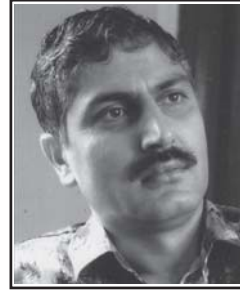
Could she ever hope
to reap the fruits?
Or, use the trees for the logs
to raise her house?
Uncertain it seems for her
to be able to see those saplings
bloom, the next year.

Yet, she keeps on pouring water
and planting trees
in her usual gait.



About the poet

Literary name: SP Koirala
Name: Shankar Prasad Koirala
Date of birth/place: June 16, 1963, Bhojpur
Phone: 977-1-4482800
Email: spk@ntc.net.np
Literary debut: 1978
First publication: 1978
At national level: 1978



Works: *Tankiko Ghaans* (2000),
Nirvastra Nagarimaa (Collection of poems, 2007);
Dhadkanbhitra (Collection of songs, 2004); *Dhadkanbhitra* (2004),
Upama (Song album, 2008), *Prahar* (Joint song album, 2006)
Awards/honors: Nepal Honor (2001), Bagar Honor etc.

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the most powerful and artistic expression among all literary genres.

Self estimation: A literary soul with a lot of faith and belief in literature.

Editor's assessment: The poems of SP Koirala – committed to life – are worthy of asserting their own poetic existence. The impressions of lyricist Koirala can be easily discerned in the musicality of his verses. Heading for a victorious move against darkness, excavating and facing the challenges engendered by the naked cruelty with the weapon of words with the vision of an upright society, poet Koirala has established a satirical maneuver impinged with relevant aesthetic consciousness and a serious simplicity as his poetic identity. Nothing else can mar his distinction as a poet.

●

SP Koirala

The Beginning

●

I am learning something from someone – relentlessly
I am hearing something from someone – ceaselessly
I am comprehending everything from everyone – continually
and yet, learning, hearing and comprehending haven't begun.
I don't know what happens elsewhere
but inside my geography
dusk comes only after the night wanes.
Learning after having learnt
hearing after having heard, comprehending after having
comprehended
the day of my every task breaks only this way.

All over the room dazed in mockery
I don't even have a mild smile
I don't know what happens elsewhere
but inside my anthropology
happiness starts when smiles exhaust.
In spite of staying with bereaved souls
all over the cremation banks,
I cannot shoulder a drop of grief even,
a single drop is not under my will.
I don't know what happens with others.
But inside my biology
sorrow starts when tears run dry.

The bugle trumpets all over the battlefield
a small portion of fervor has deserted me
the khukri in my girdle refuses to reach my hand
I cannot tell about other fighters
but in my history, still
a war starts after the truce.
Living a life amid the family
I could not sketch a single line of future
I don't have a drop of luck.
I cannot tell about others;
in my astrology, however
life always starts after death.

●

Jasmin Christy

●

In the name of Antalya,
the beloved land where she stood
Jasmin Christy went on
announcing the best similes on earth:

*"Always delighted and peaceful
The attraction of the Mediterranean Sea
in its endless extension and depth,
and the frontiers of the sea, extending to Turkish border
are no match to Antalya,
who, as beautiful as a lass of sixteen
is claiming her beauty
with the pristine weather..."*

But dear Jasmin!
Though it might be a heaven on earth
more than your Antalya,
I liked the world of your heart.

Jasmin went on guiding me
as though I were posing for a lonesome picture
with an enticing statue at Paris,
the city of arts.

Sometimes it seemed,

Jasmin, sent by Brahma at my service
with soul instilled into her
was drawing me by hands, saying:
*"You are caging this beauty of the earth!
or else, this beauty is caging you!!"*

But dear Jasmin!
More than this environmental splendor,
your eyes, like my *Rara* and *Fewa*
adorned on your face like mountains
are entrapping me...!

Pardon me, Jasmin!
More than all your similes
committed to all your country,
dearer to me
are your locks, flowing like my mountainous cascades
your agile movement, like the pure mountainous rivers
flowing out of my molten mountains
your high youth, blossomed like the rhododendron
in my *deurali*,
your saccharine lips like the clove of oranges hanging prodigally in
my village
your melodious smiles like the cuckoo's notes in Raniban,
your pristine beauty, fresh like the butter
Sahili gave with love many years back,
and the world of your virginity
like the complete moon, peering from the Neelgiri!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Dubasu Chhetri
Name: Durga Bahadur Subedi Chhetri
Date of birth/place: July, 1963, Jhapa
Phone: 977-1-4431477, 4432673
Email: dubasuchhetri@gmail.com
Literary debut: At the age of seven
First publication: *Aagoko Geet* (in **Sankranti**, 1979)
At national level: *Panibhitra Pani Aakash Hunchha* (in **Rooprekha**, 1983)



Works: **Dubasu Chhetrika**
Prarambik Kavitaroo (1990), **Dubasu Chhetrika Kehi Kavita** (1990), **Dubasu Chhetrika Prarambik Muktak** (2005); **Timile Chhodega Yaadharoo** (1997), **Jyoti-Jyoti-Mahajyoti** (Songs in cassette, 1998), **Mutu Chorne Aankhaharoo** (Collection of songs, 2005)

Awards/honors: National Talent Award, Bhanubhakta Award, Yuva Barsha Moti Award, Vyathit Poetic Award, Garima Honor, Mekhamlikha Award, Ghazalshree Honor, Best Lyricist Award, Harati Cultural Honor, Golden Honor by Civil Forum

About his poetics

On poetry: Sometimes Dubasu leads poesy, and sometimes poetry leads him. Sometimes, however, both appear walking hand-in-hand. Sometimes, Dubasu transforms into poetry, while sometimes, poetry becomes Dubasu. Sometimes it appears that Dubasu is in poetry, and sometimes, poetry in Dubasu.

Self estimation: There are those who love me, and those who envy me too. Yet, there are others who envy me even as they love, and those who love me even as they envy. Nevertheless, I have lovers, and they outnumber those who do not love me.

Editor's assessment: The poems of Dubasu – an influential author of modern Nepali poetic arch – are vibrant touches of the murk of the innumerable human miseries, delinquencies, ill-starred destiny and the oppression generate by the Dionysian self within, and are sweet melodies against such darkness. He dingdongs in the lyrical frenzy with an aesthetic, creative consciousness that entails an impressive evolution of meaning. He hums the bliss of life in its ripples, and enjoys its festivity. His verses, in sum, are powerful informants of his poetic existence.

●

Dubasu Chhetri

Nelson Mandela - 2

●

The flowers of light open only somewhere
in the dark, on new-moon nights, and in the jungle.
In the murky nights of regimes
a tiny firefly too
can outdo darkness.

Only that
the firefly should acquire wings,
and we need to wait till it flies.

492 : Dancing Soul of Mount Everest

The lavas of light spread everywhere,
in Asia, in America, in Nepal or in South Africa;
a tiny ray of light
can sweep the dust of darkness away.
Only that
the pine twig should burn,
and we need to wait till it burns.
The flow of light is always prompt,
be it on a mountain, in the sea,
or be it in a desert,
light doesn't lose its pace.
Even a small spark
doesn't leave its color and method;
only that,
the blowlamp should be lit,
we need to wait till the blowlamp is lit.

Those who pine
to rule in the dark
do not know the moon's radiance,
do not know the sun's brilliance,
do not know the light's bluster.

Those who see in the dark,
those who block ways in the dark,
do not know the way in the light
do not know the stepping soil in the light
do not know the indemnity worshipped in light.
Those who try to shield the sun with hands,
those who try to blow beliefs with guns,
do not know the song of light
do not know the love of light
do not know the victory of light.

You are the moon,
you are the sun,
you are a beam,
you are light in entirety.
Light never stands alone
for that, you were never alone, nor shall you ever be.
You became a firefly in the forest,
you became a moon in a new-moon night,
you became the sun in the dark,
they attempted to shackle you
you flew off as a firefly,

they tried to cover you,
you glittered as the moon,
they tried to wrap you,
you rose as the sun.

Kansha, Ravana and Hiranyakashyapu have been vanquished by light,
Napoleon, Hitler and Mussolini have been beaten by light
regimes have lost to light
time too has lost to light
for that, I plunged myself into the war of your release,
it's just a matter of earlier or later,
it was certain for time to grasp the tune of freedom.
In your liberty,
I will sing my song of freedom
that I have always sung
man can never be, and should never be bound
man is the moon,
man is a firefly
man is the sun
and man is light in entirety
light can never, and should never be bound
man can never, and should never be bound.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Tanka Wanem
Name: Tanka Wanem
Date of birth/place: August 21, 1963, Taplejung
Phone: 07853163461 (UK)
Email: tankawanem@yahoo.co.uk
Literary debut: Since childhood
First publication: Aamako Maya (in *Parbate*, 1984)
At national level: —
Works: *Penjiri Pen-Mikha* [A pair of the erring eyes] (Collection of Limbu poems), *Sanghuri ra Budhasubba* (Collection of poems, 2006)
Awards/honors: —



About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry, that expresses much in brevity, is the expression of joy and sorrow, which becomes the mirror of the age of its creation for someone who refers to it in future.

Self estimation: A simple man in life, and a gunman by profession, who becomes more sensitive on his quest for existential worth.

Editor's assessment: In the arch of contemporary Nepali poetry, poet Wanem appears as a magical artisan of words that express diasporic estrangement and nostalgia for home. He relays the reader's heart with the intoxication of art into which the beauties of life and time have been assimilated with the beauty of poesy. That moment we come to notice that he has a gun in one hand, and a pen in the other. With such a poetic heart, he creates the flowers of verses. The aching tinge of the contemporary civilization makes up his poetic identity.

●

Tanka Wanem

A Dream of the Battlefield

●

Canopied by a glittering frilled umbrella
jewelled moon and the stars,
the queen of dreams
comes into a dream of the battlefield,
from beyond the mountains of dancing fairies,
to take me away
in an ornamented palanquin of sleep.
And then –
like a prince in fairytales,
picking orchids above the hills,
caught on the bushes
of bramble and holly
I start hide-and-seek
like a fawn
in the glow of the moon;
I start taking flight
naked, like a *danphe*
around the mountains!

Everywhere – peace prevails
there is no smoke of missiles,
no meddling of clusters, stars and planets either
neither is there a crowd of people
chanting mantras of peace,
no one envies anyone
blowing war bugles
with arms in hand.

Ah, what a tranquility!
But the queen of dreams
comes again
with the palanquin of reality
and –
runs, leaving me in a mob of the fraught world.
That moment,
not as a prince in the fairytale
but as a warrior in the battlefield
I will be busy
attending to a squad.

With bayonets and gunpowder on hold,
aiming to jab
into people's chest
I will be dozing
in the peace-journey of dream.
O God!
If only this reality were a dream,
I would not be doomed
to live,
by firing bullets on human chests.
●

The Truth

●
Those who dismantle the *Sagarmatha*
to check the growth of *Dhaulagiri*
shorten the life of *Mundhum*
by stripping Sumnima off her clothes,
in unrestrained tongues.
The peak of the *Chomolongmo*,

bends and mocks in dream.
But
the gods of consciousness
reject the hands raised in prayer
the mountain of the age gradually falls,
but, the eternal truth –
when faith doesn't shatter,
a new sun rises again,
choosing the hour of an owl's hoot.

In fact, when is the truth ever vanquished?
The flowers of snow
keep blooming in silver
all over the peak of Sagarmatha.
Neither is a rock-mountain dismantled,
nor is the wrap of faith ever stripped!
●

My Youth

●
Crushed flatly aground
youthful minds wrinkled to their worst
inside the breast of self-esteem
hew the throat of terror!
Fie!
Why did my youth bloom
in the battlefield
like the brazen youth
of marigold?
●

About the poet

Literary name: Khum Narayan Poudel
Name: Khuman Narayan Poudel
Date of birth/place: August 21, 1964, Parbat
Phone: 977-1-5538478
Email: khum99@gmail.com
Literary debut: Around 1977/78
First publication: *Saamantilai Haank* (in *Vishwajyoti*, 1980)
At national level: *Baanchna Janmeko Bhok* (in *Samshti*, 1987)



Works: *Antimettham* (1992), *Narmedh* (Collection of poems, 1999); *Nobel Puraskar Bejeta Sahityakar* (Biography, 2005), *Nepalma Bigyan ra Prabidhi* (2007, co-authoring), Editing, and co-editing of *Aakhyanpurus Dr. Dhrubachandra Gautam* (Felicatory work, 2003), *Baigyanik Goretoma* (Autobiography, 2005), *Jeevan Sarita: Dharmaratna Yamika Kavita, Chhaharo* (1987), *Nava Kavita* (1988), *Aabha* (1993), *Sungabha* (1994), *Madhulika* (1999-2005)

Awards/honors: National Poetry Festival Award (1993), Leading Poet of the Forties (1995), Best Lyricist Award (1997), Narayani Vangmaya Award (2000), Pratibha Award (2002), Yuva Varsha Moti Award (2003), Mahendra Vidhyabhushan 'Ka' (2003), Haribhakta Katwal Talent Award (2006)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is an examination of man, touching his beauty, ugliness and all other parts, unfurling the flag of human freedom, sometimes expressing others as oneself, and sometime expressing oneself as others.

Self estimation: An introvert, longing to live away from clamor, crowd and mass.

Editor's assessment: Poet Khum Narayan Poudel belongs to the cult of contemporary writers, and has ventured into the risky world of verses, where his poems have qualified to be highly refined archives of human primacy, value and esteem. Adorned by sublime image organization, the dialectic of faith and belief in the surges of mercy cater him his poetic distinction. Owing to this, even in the midst of a decadent gale of life, poet Poudel makes a potent claim of existential worth with a concurrent aesthetic urge.

●

Khum Narayan Paudel

An Evening in the Church

●

Hopes kill themselves
jumping off the Danube bridge
people look the destiny of their faces,
in the turbid water
or drown in the shapes of clouds
wandering aimlessly in the sky.
The evening in Vienna, that arrives late in the spring,
strokes its beard
crippled by rheumatism in the church-park.

The wind
that blows off the steeple every now and then,
shakes the hearts of the couple
waiting for death.
The sullied blind of the old-age home
keep desolately swaying.

Gloomy faces stroke a cat
from the sullied blinds of the old-age home,
flowers in the vases wither
they know
that the children playing in the park
belong to no one
they merely act to be theirs for some moments.

When the wings develop
they shall fly off to another horizon
and shall come to meet
only at Christmas every year.
They keep wiping their tears
with aged hands.
The sullied blinds of the old-age home
keep desolately swaying.

Upon the withering leaves
even if no color mounts,
or no fragrance adds
the roots do not cease to decay.
The present keeps showing its dissent
up to a profound depth inside.
Even the forlorn toll
that keeps coming from the church-bell
tries to arouse a fascination for life
and all fascinations wither
with the harsh snowfall of every winter.
Life clings to the album of the past.
The sullied blinds of the old-age home
keep desolately swaying.

●

Moments inside a Laboratory

●

Some moment,
an old leaf falls;
the story of life gets covered
under the layers of soil/sand.
We seek for a mystery
yet to be unveiled
and baffle inside a forbidden door.
The clock on the laboratory wall
looks at us and sways;
the knell of the alarms
exits through the window
shattering the silence.
Hands tremble.
Some acid spills on the table.

At this moment—
eyes could be
- on the stage of a theatre
minds
- on the tranquility of the park,
feelings
- on the rise and fall of music
professions
- among the pages of debit and credit.
But we cannot shriek'
cannot walk free;
our situations grows different.
The chilly wind,
unable to steal through the window
returns from without.
The long boughs of the propped peepal,
shall whistle a cumulative note subsumed in dusk.
Amid that melancholy
the fossil,
unable to find a solution
keeps mocking at its own tale
and we meely bear
the mockery in silence.
●

About the poet

Literary name: Laliyan Rawal
Name: Laliyan Rawal
Date of birth/place: January 11, 1965, Achham
Phone: 977-9841481849
Literary debut: Around 1979
First publication: *Sangharsha* (in **Matribhoomi**, 1980)
At national level: in **Rooprekha** (1981)



Works: **Yas Patak Pani** (1983), **Marubhoomi Maathi** (Collection of poems, 1991); **Kehi Ghazalharu** (1984), **Binarno yo Thaunma** (Collection of Ghazals, 1990), **Siranima Aansu** (Collection of ghazals and songs, 2003), **Euta Banda Khaam** (2011); Editing of **Pratinidhi Nepali Ghazalharu**, **Samakaalin Nepali Ghazal**, **Sarkaki Sevabhitraka Shrastha ra Sirjana**

Awards/honors: Lokendar Literary Award, National Talend Award, Tanneri Talent Honor

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the documentation of today's time for tomorrow, collected through honest expressions of experiences acquired from life and the world.

Self estimation: A person, always active, and striving to write something good.

Editor's assessment: Rawal is an active litterateur of the progressive cult, and a successful poet and ghazal writer. His creations fundamentally are reverberation of human sensibilities against the decadence and debauchery veiled hitherto by a thick darkness. In their own geographical aspiration and love-laden attributes, his verses are symbolic warning in words against the villainous nature of man.

●

Lalijan Rawal

Night did not Fall in This Town Today

●
Night did not fall in this town today
the day is extending far and wide
in the day's extension
how long is a labor bound to toil?
In the terror of light,
how long is a farmhand kept from dozing?

Many poems got written in the town
grudging the slow passage of the night
many a song was sung in the same town
appealing for the onset of the morn
but these days, the gesture of the symbols are taking reverse turns,
images are bearing divergent glimpses.
Why could not dusk come here
to rub the exhaustion of the day?
Who stopped the night in the midway?
How could putting black spectacles alone
deal with the day's terror and light's atrocities?

How could those hands,
that bear light from palaces and mansions to the huts, know
that, that light could disturb
the modest joy and rest prevailing in the hut?

Night did not fall in this town today.
And for this, little dreams of joy couldn't be dreamt of
no moment of solitude and tranquility
could be procured too
to escape from the daylong tumult and pain
nor could the right time be managed
to shed a pair of teardrops in someone's memory.

What an unjust time the day proved to be!
Is it all what a day means?
Is it all what light means?
Water is motion; but it can also carry life away,
fire is power; but it can also burn the creation away,
this is not a new thing; everyone knows
for that, people in this town are meekly bearing
the day's terror and light's atrocity.
Whispers are heard somewhere—
night didn't fall in this town today.

●

The Jungle

●

How did you forget
the jungle so soon?

The antique civilization
had started in the jungle,
man had learnt to use stone stools
from the jungle itself,
the use of sign language,
had begun in the jungle too,
the expansion of thoughts
too started from the jungle,
and it was the jungle
that always ensured your defense.

How did you forget the jungle
so soon, after entering the town?
How did you forget the recent past?

The jungle has not died out;
it is living in the brooks and cascades inside.
The plant foliage is indicating life
ceaselessly swaying in the wind,
flowers have always been blooming
in some lonesome retreat, inside the jungle,
and dissipating fragrance and beauty.
You are enamored by potted flowers.
In the pretense of modernity,
did you find the jungle antique,
after your entry into the capital?
Are you fed up of the jungle?
But do not forget your beginnings this way.

Kiss the jungle with your feet for once,
touch the cool water of the cascades and rivers,
and remember those great souls
absorbed in the forest,
who transcended to the absolute that way
for you, and for me.
From the affluent capital, therefore
make sure, you remember the remote jungle
that was the place of your origin
that was the point of your departure.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Raj Kumar KC
Name: Raj Kumar KC
Date of birth/Place: March 9, 1966, Ramechhap
Phone: 977-9841411299
Email: rajkhatry@hotmail.com
Literary debut: 1981
First publication: in *Mirmire* (1981)
At national level: "



Works: *Bhugolka Rekhaharubata* (1989),
Nihattha Mero Sadak (Collection of poems, 1993);
Agenako Dilma Ek Saanjh (Collection of poems, 2010)
Editing of *Bipul* (Literary trimonthly)



Awards/honors: Sahitya Sandhya Award (1988)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a means to express the pains of the people in simple and natural style with beauty.

Self estimation: An honest person raising voice against injustice.

Editor's assessment: Raj Kumar KC is an author with Marxist aesthetics. The climax of his poetry can be proudly felt at the balanced beauty of thoughts and art. His use of images that fundamentally interact with the innumerable glory of creation appears magical as though he is a distinguished magician of words. In fact, it is through struggle that the latent, extraordinary energy of human beings is expressed. The quest for and attainment of such a human value with struggle is the basic poetic drive of Mr. KC.

●

Raj Kumar KC

An Evening around the Hearth

●

After a fairly long journey,
one day, in a similar evening
when I had come to you,
sitting silently around the hearth,
you were burning dry sticks.

With a body
tired of carrying sand all day,
you had turned utterly drained,
battered by the cold wind on *Rosi* bank
and the surges of innumerable sorrows.
Wordless,
Devoid of feelings,
your eyes were hinting at a terrifying moment.
When the wind-gust blew your fire out,
you would try to re-kindle,
when you startled, and turned mute
seeing me stand in your front,
right at that moment, the chilly gust from the riverbank
put out the fire in your hearth.
You lit the fire again,
and signaled me to sit.
When I took leave, and went out
after the night had fairly waned,
you kept staring at me, dazed.

After a long time, one similar evening
I have come up to you
you are still there
trying to make fire with dry sticks,
sitting on the edge of the hearth.
At present too,
you look lifeless like stones on the riverbank.
You have not forgotten that evening,
when we had together made fire, sitting near your fireplace.
You were still burning dry sticks,
in anticipation of an arrival with some joy.
I came that very evening,
but with bare hands, utterly bare.

●

Singing Deuda

●

He must have roamed many a time,
he must have broken many a stone,
many years 'haps elapsed this way,
much water must have flown with tears
and yet, the heart continued to cry
and amid tears, he sang that evening once again:
'Ta ghumnya mero man ghumchha
naghumyai Karnali

Sieving sand on riverbanks,
breaking stones with slender hands,
carrying the shingles,
aside tearful dives into river-currents,
singing Deuda from a starving belly,
many a night must have passed
many generations must have gone by.
Looking at the flight of herons
flying far away in the sky,
he sang once again from a riverbank:
'Ta ghumnya mero man ghumchha
naghumyai Karnali

The river whistled on its own accord
to the tune of his Deuda,
none came from anywhere, with any good news

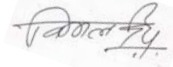
the forlorn sun set that day too, with a solemn gloom.
Leaving a sad news like on the days bygone
the day waned, rendering the heart heavy.
The river knew not
along which strip of land it was flowing,
and to which direction?
Far away, at the confluence beyond the bank,
sieving sand at times
and breaking stones at times,
he sang in the same tune again:
'Ta ghumnya mero man ghumchha
naghummyai Karnali

Seeking for him, the river whirled on its own course,
hurled to a bend, a little further; came to a sudden halt
and returned, jumping off.
With its ripples, it stoked him fondly for a while
and reluctantly waved hands of valediction.
Eyes full of tears
the river kept turning and looking back
and parted from him for an endless trip.
He just stood on the bank, and looked far and wide
and sang the same tune; kept singing for long:
'Ta ghumnya mero man ghumchha
naghummyai Karnali.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bimal Vaidya
Name: Bimal Vaidya
Date of birth/place: June 25, 1966, Ilaam
Phone: 977-9842777060
Email: vaidhyabimal@gmail.com
Literary debut: Since 1983-84
First publication: *Unmuktika Swarharu* (in **Maibeni**, 1985)
At national level: *Man Ekchhin Ekantama* (in **Garima**, 1989)
Works: **Ilaamka Muktakharoo** (Joint collection of muktaks, 1988), **Aakash Chhuna Khojne Mannharoo** (Collection of poetry, 2004), **Bidaaika ti ksyanharoo** (Collection of poetry, 2008)
Awards/honors: Nagar Pratibha Purashkar, 1987



About his poetics

On poetry: A soft realization that flows touching the heart, poetry for me is a companion that is equally endearing both in pain, and in joy.

Self estimation: One in a crowd, apparently simple, but living a different life in realization and mind, in this elusive world.

Editor's assessment: Poet Bimal Vaidya, who is also active in many other literary activities besides writing poems, lives a poetic life, as though poetry is his essence. Readers can discern the existential footsteps of the same essence. What if it is an illusion, he discovers himself in poetry, loses in poetry and rejoices in the beautiful exuberance of poetry. Probably because of this, he is able to create a creative illusion in poem and win the heart of the readers.

●

Bimal Vaidya
Life, Like a Violin

●
Life

is not sweet to the ears
like the melody of music;
nor is it harmonious
or uniform in velocity
like ragas and beats
that can lighten the heart,
cater joys ever
and help one ward off
pains and sufferings.

This life of the humans
is not like music
harmonious, and uniform in notes
it rather is like the violin
one that strums and keep strumming
and on being strained.
The violin gives out the cadence of melancholy
and people get enraptured in the tune.
They do not experience the strain on the strings.
Man today
doesn't feel the strain of a strummed violin
human life too is like it, after all
like the violin
giving out a sweet note
in spite of the strain it endures
and is enrapturing people in its melody.
Man, amid all such strains
one day
recedes to the rear.

●

An Aberrant Canvas

●

Leaving your brush in the pool of colors,
you, the artist
turned elsewhere.
A form was taking shape
on the canvas
apparently like a horse
that runs afar swiftly
seemingly like a pigeon
with wings on two sides
capable of compassing distant lands
ostensibly like a ravenous lion
able to oppress the village and town
your feelings swerved
your currents got pensive
leaving your brush in the sludge of colors
you, the artist
turned to a different world.

The collage of the canvas seemed
that a pacific pool was emerging
a white, firm mountain was standing
like the cap on my head
like vermillion on a woman's head
the mountain of my heart
was erecting on the canvas
an abstract picture,
that I understand in relation with me.
You the artist, got carried away by feelings
your gravity shook;
leaving the brush in the sea of colors
you turned elsewhere.
An artist devoid of art
caught hold of the same brush, once again
and started daubing colors
willfully anywhere
and everywhere
your feelings got smeared
and my mind
swayed
your abstract picture
turned like a bare wall
whereupon
an artisan daubed lime and color.
●

About the poet

Literary name: Aahuti
Name: Bishwabhakta Dulal
Date of birth/place: March 14, 1967, Kathmandu
Phone: 977-9741057894
Literary debut: 1982
First publication: *Sachchai Garchou ra Timi* (in *Diyo*, 1987)
At national level: "



Works: *Tapasika Geetharu* (Collection of songs, 1993), *Naya Ghar* (Novel, 1995), *Skhalan* (Novel, 2004), *Hindu Samaajmaa Dalit Jatiya Muktikko Prashna* (Sociological account, 2005)

Awards/honors: Krishna Mani Literary Award (1993)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the base of the entire literature, without which, in my opinion, no genre of literature is possible.

Self estimation: Literature is my hobby, and politics my responsibility. I am a man floating between hobby and responsibility.

Editor's assessment: Ahuti, who is able to translate the grievances of the people of lower social strata through the honored efficacy of words, is also a successful novelist and analyst. Among contemporary writers, he is counted among matured poets with a powerful poetic vision. His poems are voices against the loathsome attributes of idealism and morality. He is able to amalgamate the sensibilities of the author and the readers. This forms his poetic distinction.

●

Aahuti

Life of a Mirror

●

A person among us
lives like a mirror
and dies like a mirror
a person among us.

The life of a mirror
starts from a particular point
plane, smooth, dry and dark is the chest of the mirror
ever waiting for light
as though it has been its passionate lover
for seven of its birth.

But

somewhere from the distant horizon
or from a burning blowlamp nearby
when light comes to cuddle up in the bosoms of the mirror
the mirror flings it off
like a heartless lover
instead of embracing it,
or preserving at least a bit of it
it forces the light to reflect back
before allowing an entry into its heart.

When the light gets lost
the plane, smooth, dry and dark chest of the mirror
waits for another light again, like a passionate lover.

A person among us
lives so like a mirror
and dies like a mirror
a person among us.

Be it the mild morning ray,
or the cool moon of the full-moon night
no joy blooms on the glass chest,
the flowing cascades, the flowing river
the playing children, the chirping birds
engender no throb on the glass heart,
the scenes are merely for getting flung.

The spectacle of the road smeared in blood,
the rage of the procession fighting on the road,
no change appears in the heart
of one of the men among us.
The inflated radio news,
or the news of the destruction of the land under feet,
no fire enflames that man's heart.
The news is just for a fuss.

Ugly faces, go!
and look into the glass, the scars on your faces.
Beautiful faces, go!
and rejoice at your own images inside the mirror.
A mirror neither hates the ugly
nor does it cuddle beauty to beautify itself.
Scenes are merely to be flung.

Beautiful and right thoughts, go!
and try to embrace that man.
Great prospects of changes, go!
and dissipate light all around that man.
But the man will
neither grow worse,
now will he gallop, caught in chances.
He will merely talk of good things
failing himself to worsen
and only reflects everything
as done by a well-made mirror.

A person among us
Lives so like a mirror
and dies like a mirror
a person among us.

A person among us
living like a mirror
doesn't himself weep
the way he teaches others to weep;
doesn't himself smile
the way he teaches others to do;
doesn't himself live
the way he teaches everyone to live.
He never starts anything
the way he teaches everyone to get the right and beautiful start.
He never changes himself
the way he disburses the ocean
of knowledge for changing and inducing changes.
He waits for changes in himself this way
or gets aged, waiting for it!

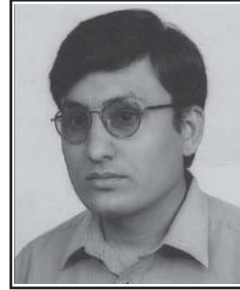
A man among us
reflects everything
that strikes his brain.
Assigning the task of changes to others
he sticks somewhere, with no gallop in life.
A person among us
lives like a mirror
and dies like a mirror too.

Is it not that
you are yourself the man
among us
that keeps loafing around?

●

About the poet

Literary name: Viplav Dhakal
Name: Baburam Dhakal
Date of birth/place: April 14, 1967, Bhojpur
Phone: 977-9841844644
Email: viplavdhakal@hotmail.com
Literary debut: Around 1979
First publication: *Raja Ma Aawaz Dinchhu* (in *Subhakamana*, 1983)
At national level: *Kavita Lekhe Pani – Kavita Nalekhe Pani* (in *Drishti* Weekly, 1988)



Works: *Chitako Jwala* (Epic, 1985); *Hiunko Yatra* (Collection of muktaks, 1988), *Bhojpurko Sahityik Rooprekha* (1992), *Nirjan Bandargaha* (1994), *Kalo Madhyantar* (Collection of poems, 2003), *Professor Sharmako Diary* (2010), *Antim Nayika* (Collection of one-act play, 1997)

Awards/honors: Shadanan Talent Award (1993), Yuva Barsha Moti Award (2004), Garima Honor (2005) etc.

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry results, when words go mad.

Self estimation: Contrary to his peaceful, simple and balanced personal self, the poetic personality of Viplav Dhakal is highly imbalanced, merciless and difficult. He is a lonely, utterly lonely traveler, trailing through an unimaginably torturous path of mental atrocity in the internal journey of his consciousness.

Editor's assessment: Poet Viplav Dhakal, a prominent poet of the latest generation, holds faith in the ultimate beauty of art, and holds the capacity to render the words mad, and mould them into verses instead of waiting for them to go mad of their own. He claims of an existential worth engendered by a cruel friction between time and life. Erecting deliberate questions against history and tradition, he dedicates the essence of living as a human to the sublimity of life. In sum, he assimilates revolt in the density of poetry and transcends to a festive celebration in ecstasy.



Viplav Dhakal

Another Darkness

●

This night too waned in vain
a new darkness starts in the morn.

The same, suicidal poems
the antique solo moans of the moon and the river,
that deformed peace,
and the tainted vapors, coming out of the flute of law.
The same, dejected sun and the same god,
the same cycle and the same hunger repeat.
The same exhaustion, the same gun
and the same cohabitation recur.
The same death repeats
in the pitch darkness, penetrated by a dog's cry.

This night too waned in vain
a new darkness starts in the morn.

●

With Garlic in a Pannier

●

God does not like garlic.
I am heading heavenward
with garlic in a pannier!

The soul of this forest
is not the last poem of my sorrows;
this tunnel of noise
is not the last base-camp of my battle.
Every morning
when I wake up,
I find myself sleeping in an ambulance
and words, walking on the street.
This tragic voyage,
is not the last flute of my faith!

I looking for my antique soul
in the remote blues of the remote past;
night falls in the mid forest
an accursed raven sees me in the dark,
no ultimate essence thrives
in its rebellious cries.
Inside this desolate reverberation,
I cry...; keep crying!

I don't want
a return to the earth.
I am walking heavenward
in garlic in a pannier.

●

Sannani is a Mere Carpet

●

From nettle branches,
the sun, at present dangles
with its neck, caught by the vine of cowitch
and a venomous spider
is gradually descending from the hill
like a cloud.

Sannani is therefore a mere carpet.

She weaves carpets and lays them in the sun.

Sannani is a mere carpet;

she weaves the sun, and lays it on the carpet.

In the winter of life

when the frost-woods emerge

Sannani returns with panic

picked from bougainvillea groves.

After every fall,

before amaranth blossoms in the gardens of heart,

the springs are darting away

Sannani returns with the lonesome sky

from *rodighar*

and in every gesture of *Sakewa*,

in the ponds of *Jhumar* and *Jhinjhiya* dances,

she displays a heartrending cry like an orphan

tearing the love letter

as tender as Kumudini – the delicately petalled lotus.

From the forlorn bough of the bay berry

the birds sing, '*kaafal pakyol*'

Sitting under the bay berry

Sannani weeps the whole night!

Keeps weeping....

for, she is a mere carpet!

The old *Phedangba*

is basking in the warm, winter sun

sleeping on the carpet!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Pravin Rai 'Jumeli'
Name: Pravin Prakash Rai
Date of birth/place: 1967, Sikkim
Phone: 0091-3592228876
Email: sabdaanjali@yahoo.com
Literary debut: 1986
First publication: in *Shrastha* (1986)
At national level: in *Samakalin Bharatiya Sahitya* (around 1995)



Works: *Ghauka Awartaharoo* (1995), *Aatmadamsha* (1998), *Shabdasteet* (2001), *Ninadko Nimti Ninaad* (2000), *Impasto Akshyar* (2007), *Shabdasantap* (2007)

Awards/honors: Srashta Storywriter Award (1991), Dr. Sobhakanta Thegim Memorial Award (1998), Best Writer Award (2007), Felicitated by various organizations

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a rush to get hold of life with intensity of thoughts and feelings. It does so while assimilating many other things of import. Letters are the means. It also keeps beauty intact, though it does not entangle in what is old.

Self estimation: I hold a mega confidence in myself in living with poetic and literary craving. Materiality is both interest and obligation. I am just a mere object of ridicule in the eyes of the rest of the creatures.

Editor's assessment: In the arch of modern Nepali poetry, poet Pravin Rai Jumeli is a poet of the latest clime. In poems, he appears to be a magician of words. His poems, enlivened in the festivity of words ordained by fine human sensibilities and special contemplations, are full of life, and are entertaining, musical and joyful. His creative faculty blossoms in tandem with the beauty of both thoughts and craftsmanship, because of which, the reader's heart is touched as though by fire and snow, and the poet's personal self attains a victory. In his poetic creations and their imbibitions, we can experience a beautiful attainment like the victory in a battle, and the pause that follows that victory.

●

Pravin Rai 'Jumeli'

A Poem on Waiting

●

Life has an infinite sequence of 'agains'
like:

summer shall come again,
the corn shall ripe again / and shall be harvested
ginger will be planted again / and dug up,
dust and chill shall come with winter again,
leaves will fall off the trees again
and eyes might be lain all on the road once again.
Why is the warmth of life repeatedly sought in these 'agains' ?
Perhaps, spring had said, 'I shall come this winter.'
Again, many a winter passed.
Did the ceaseless flute of time,
Possibly make it a song too?
Trees get stripped in winter, the same way
as they did, many thousand years back
the trees waiting for rain
is devoid of feelings
to the eyes.

A village has settled, on the stripped trees;
shoots, foliage once again, and a verdant tree,
could it be that
joys irrigate the human-tree?

There is a diary of interests—
a very old one
that scribes the names of the gardens
in the pages of vacuity.
Perhaps no one told
the numeration of winters to pass;
none told the date of spring's arrival;
the eyes have become 'The Happy Prince'
for, it had promised to come as a swallow
the eyes, this ways, have started waiting
not for the way, but for the sky.

It has its own heart to repose when tired.
Don't know how the sunflower colors, but it does;
don't know how the 'Moonlight Sonata' is composed, but it is;
once again days like those of Shah Jahan pass
looking at the un-built Taj Mahals from the window.

In the timelessness of waiting,
I see a troop of reproached Mumtaz,
looking for the adornment it was denied
asking why life couldn't sleep.
These wounds are witnesses
of getting robbed like refugees.
Have not these silences somewhere come
to repossess the stolen dreams?

●

Scenes Screened at Every Turn

●

Kanchenjunga had its own verses to recite.
Scenes would gradually get screened
among the innumerable, unwritten bends of history
all through the time, passed in its shade.
The scenes go screening even today.
Don't know why the verses of Kanchenjunga
have now turned into mourning-songs!
Brother, why has that the water of Tista / Rangit
turned saline?
To which river could the fish have migrated?

Beneath these pervasive silences,
the grave protests that have turned inaudible,
got defined as the terrible form of peace.
Who knows that all over the 'mother's dream'
the silences look for their lost dream every morning?
They fire mute questions:
"How will the world without peace be?"

Silence has perhaps become our life style!
We have stopped thinking of life without it.
Brother, how lonely we have turned
within the limits of time!
Sheltering on its bends,
we have managed to maintain
some self-confidence in us.
And some mistrust too.

Perhaps those hapless sweats ceaselessly flowing
carry some curse yet,
and articulate some meaninglessness.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Lokendra Shah
Name: Lokendra Bikram Shah
Date of birth/place: July 30, 1967, Jajarkot
Death: 1991, August 1, Kathmandu
Literary debut: —
First publication: in *Kiran* Weekly (Nepalgunj)
At national level: —



Works: *Man Ekantama Haraudaina* (Collection of songs and poems, 1988) *Budho Karangma Britta* (Collection of poems, 1991), *Lokendraka Kathaharoo, Parma* (bimonthly), Editing of *Telepatra* (weekly)
Awards/honors: Local Awards

About his poetics

On poetry: Literature (poetry) should represent the actual time. (Courtesy: *Sahityakar Parichayaa ra Abhivyakti*)

Self estimation: Didn't you recognize him?
He means I
I was alone
In search of dreams; on the road.
(Courtesy: *Man Ekantama Haraundaina*)

Editor's assessment: Also famous as a lyricist, Lokendra Shah is a rebellious poet, always aspiring to find something new. He vehemently denounces social decadences and evils in his poems. His poems are superb in terms of their portrayal of life, society, nation and the contemporary consciousness of the age, as they are in linguistic and stylistic beauty. This is a poetic distinction he attained in a very short life he lived.

●

Lokendra Shah
Multiple Selves

●

Everyone betrayed;
he cried on the road alone.
Those who said 'yes' in the past
did not say so to his words
rather, they started looking at him
secretly through their windows.
He was once again alone in the road.
He means I;
I was alone,
in search of dreams on the road.

The dream-seekers were none,
everyone was dreaming beautiful dreams.
He screamed on the road,
he had been stripped – stark naked!
He had no clothes on,
no cap on the head,
no shoes on the feet;

every part was bare
he was alone, on the road,
didn't you recognize him?
He means I,
I was alone,
in search of life, on the road.

This time too, he bore a sheer haplessness.
He was thirsty even in rain;
he couldn't quench himself
inside the river though,
he was writhing with heat,
and at last, he was forced to shriek.
Shrieking, we walked into the road.
You must have seen him
from near too—
on the way, at the square, shouting to himself.
Possibly, you thought him insane.
He means I,
in search of an insight /at the square/ on the way.

He didn't like the rustle of the dry leaves.
The heat from the coal
could not wipe his chill within;
the ice-bits coming out of people
could not calm his heart's heat.
He wept, yelled and asked for life.
He is still looking for life
and any day, he can come to your yards.
He shall beg for alms.
Do not give him rice grains,
he shall not ask for gold coins;
he shall rather ask for hearts with you,
or shall ask for life.
Do meet his demands.
Possibly, you will not know him.
He shall be I,
in search of future, inside hearts.

●

Drama/Drama

●

A temple –
I have become
he has become,
everyone has become.
But God ?
No one is ready to become one.
Someone says –
I will be one, but won't live in the temple;
what if I get stuck like an idol?

Is it the idol
or God himself that has stuck!
'Why do people worship the idol?
Is it God's worship or the idol's?'
someone questions at once.
The director is dumfounded
the author turns his head away
the actors stare at one another.

None of the actors becomes an idol
rather, they become priests,
become temple
and travelers.
Everyone becomes a devotee,
but none becomes an idol.

The director is puzzled
the actors are in dilemma,
after all,
why no artist accepts to becomes an idol?

●

About the poet

Literary name: Momila
Name: Momila Joshi
Date of birth/place: August 10, 1967, Dhankuta
Phone: 977-9851050609
Email: momila.joshi@gmail.com
Literary debut: 1976
First publication: *Pratibimbit Manavta* (in **Nirman**, around 1985/86)
At national level: *Pratikshya Pheri Chitako* (in **Rooprekha**, 1987)



Works: **Painyun Phoolna** *Thalepachhi* (1995), **Joonkiriharoo** *Orlirahechhan* (1998), **Durgam Uchaima** **Phoolko Aandhi** (Collection of poems, 2003); **Neelo-neelo Aakash ra Dui Thopa Aansu** (Collection of essays & poems, co-authored, 1996); **Ishwarko Adalatma Outsiderko Bayan** (Collection of Lyrical essays, 2006), **An Outsider in the Court of God** (Collection of lyrical essays, 2010); Editing of **Hemchandra Pokharelka Kehi Kavita, Nirvastra Nagarima** (Collection of poems), **Nobel, Kalashree** (literary annuals), **www.nepalikalasashitya.com** (literary web magazine), **Kaalchakra** (Poetic issue), **Sagarmathako Nrityamagna Aatma** (selected modern Nepali poems)

Awards/honors: Padmakanya Medal (1995), Nepal Academy Award (Poetry Festival, 1998), Satabdi Youth Honor (2000), Mohan Regmi Memorial Honor (2002), Gunjan Talent Award (2005), Yuva Barsha Moti Award (2006), Dhankuta Talent Award (2007), National Sampada Award & Honor (2008), Devkota Shatabdi Kavya Award (For Poetry, 2009), Honorary Goodwill Ambassador (2011), National Talent Award (Eastern Region, 2011)

About her poetics

On poetry: Far away from mimosas, roses and gurans, poems are human creation that, like mimosas, roses and gurans, take oblique steps in existential risk. They are magical and artistic manifestation in words that give voice to human conscience; touch their very heart and in a hypnotized state, people experiences the glory of their very existence.

Self estimation: An outsider in love with thousands of pains, searching for her own existential worth in the meanders of life.

Editor's assessment: Poet Viplav Dhakal observes, "How was the new history of Nepali poetry being underscored towards the last decade of twentieth century, or the early part of twenty-first century? Posterity has preserved this question to be fired at its past, and the most important parts of their answers have been compassed by Momila's poems." (Courtesy: *Durgam Uchaima Phoolko Aandhi*)

●

Momila

Unattainable Heights

●

Divorced from the self,
I, a fragmented being,
cannot accomplish my poems.

As long as I breath,
I cannot demarcate the last frontiers
in the continuity of experiences.

At the moment
I am reading the special issue of pain
in the last page of a comprehended life.
Moaning bell is ringing from the shrines.
But, I cannot as well
think of the ultimate height of an icy mountains.

For a consolatory joy,
I am ascending the unattainable heights of understanding.
And I feel –
divorced from the unseen deity,
the wounded shadow of my soil
is following me.
But, assuming my love as a final odyssey
oh, my bereaved soil of the Earth! I cannot invite you
to the graveyard of my mortal conscience.

●

Morrow's Sun did not Set

●

Here....

innumerable, frostbitten nights
ache a jaundiced pain
like the delicate sun after showers.
Pain-borne colors mount
upon the joys of the yester years.
The present mountains, deceived in the self,
shed some foreign tears of obscurity
drinking the heightening rush...

It seems, the present wants to engage in
an unrivaled self-love, before the day wanes, each day
and..., wants to live
an unattached heavenly life
before the day breaks, each day
but, this hour
the delicate longing of time
is smiling to itself...
with the fresh, morrow's virgin sun in its locks,
drenching in the dreamy showers of satiety.

Again, the constituents of concordance
hate the conscientious faith of the present
the defeats of life
are ready for their own funeral;
there is no impediment
to the fragments scattered from
the demolition of the multi-storeyed *Dharhara*
to kiss *Ranipokhari*, filled to its brim by placid water.
But, once again, the dream of *Dharhara*
shoots higher than Mount Everest;
it seems, all waves of harmony
turn into absurdities, before touching the shore...

And yet...
Why does a nightingale ever cry a desolate night out!
Why does creation
ache as an unfathomable pain, here!
Why does the trail being trodden
curls up into a serpent...!

God knows...
In the midst of struggle between dream and reality...
what a battle is life with the self...!
How is this love with the self...!
How is this hatred with the self...!
But, even in an ethereal land beyond the horizon
the morning dew was seeking for life
among the petals of a marigold...

A cosmetic death doesn't ache these days
a cosmic life after death does.
Those who drink
the pain of a cascade's fall
get intoxicated.
But, in the pains of both seeing and feeling beauty
the means of absurdity exchange love.
Sometimes, the thirsty rain, drinking warmth daylong
opens up the buds of the moon and the stars, all nightlong.
Sometimes, cloaked under the chill
the winners of their selves
guard their own graves the whole day long.
But to the eyes of the age,
the morrow's sun never set...!

●

About the poet

Literary name: Ramesh Shrestha
Name: Rameshdhoj Shrestha
Date of birth/place: January 1, 1968, Pokhara
Phone: 977-61-526744
Email: rameshartwork@yahoo.com
Literary debut: Around 1977/78
First publication: —
At national level: —



Works: *Napotiyeka Rangaharu, Charaharuko Pahad, Aama, Nadiharu, Buddhabimba: Aksharbimba, In the Name of Buddha, Ghans Ukheliraheki Ket, Rodi Royeko Deshma, Kavita ra Saanjh* (VCD of poems), *Akshyarko Khet*

Awards/honors: Nava Kavita Award, Moti Award, National Talent Award, Bimbakavi Honor

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the most forceful medium of expression. The world may not be able to harbor everything, but poetry can.

Self estimation: A drop in the procession of life.

Editor's assessment: A renowned poet of the contemporary generation, poet Shrestha loves to project himself as an exponent of images. This, in fact, is his poetic distinction. A reader can feel life within, when the poet's laconic experiences get expressed in verses in their simplified versions in a pictorial style, adorned by images. It is here where he attains poetic sublimity, and we can detect the sweet melody of life, and get entrenched in the reverberation of heartfelt symphony. This very moment marks the moment of the poet's success.

●

Ramesh Shrestha

In the Refuge of Words

●

The moon of your aesthetic revolution,
rendered me a refugee;
I am doomed to take
asylum with words,
Phoolmaya!
The remote woods of love,
keep chanting your numbers.

What was it that I didn't have?
The hands that built the world –
the head that could withstand the sky –
the shoulders that could carry life –
the legs of confidence that could scale summits –
what was it that I didn't have?
The mountains would stand still, waiting for me
the hills would wait to wake up with my morn,
skating upon the self, the rivers
would keep rocking with the lips of my interest
the rainbow would keep falling in a rush,
what was it that I didn't have?

In spite of possessing everything,
one is sometimes hurled into refuge,
prosperity sometimes renders one a slave,
Phoolmaya!

If I had everything save a heart,
the muse within me would not drown
the birds would not sing,
to the moon of your aesthetic revolution,
in my voice.

I sow,
your songs
all along the terraces of expressions
but, in the asylum of words,
your prayers transpire as wind,
the roots of my heart,
spread in the woods of your love.

●

A Poet's Nation

●

Hearing the wails of colors
upon the canvases
constantly molested by brushes,
I asked the poet
why is the sun rushing to sink,
setting the sky on fire?

With fear smeared all over its face,
why is the moon rising
like a dewdrop upon an arum leaf,
unable to get spilled?

Why do not the colorful dreams,
blossom on maps after all,
I asked the poet, once again.
The poet tried for a moment
to get lost within.
He knows,
how many times
did the fringes of the heart
get worn and stitched
that evening.

The next day,
my reckless eyes were wandering
along the fifth line
on a newspaper.
Like a sudden halt of breeze,
and like the sudden surge of flood,
the poet had committed suicide
in the pain of
having lost his nation!
●

About the poet

Literary name: Kewal Chandra Lama
Name: Kewal Chandra Lama
Date of birth/place: 1967, Darjeeling
Phone: 0091-9832078349,
9832560432

Literary debut: 1980
First publication: *Dajeeling* (in **Chokbazar**)

At national level: *Sprouting* (in **Knit India through Literature**)

Works: **Khanda-Akhanda** (Short epic, 1991), **Kewalaya** (Poems, 1993)

Awards/honors: Yug Paribodh Giri Award (1993)



About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is a beautiful and sweet voice that heartily relates the tale of the heart in favor of life and the people in its pure, social style.

Self estimation: Rather different from the practices in vogue; materially accomplished with everything, but falling short of certain things in the dreams of making poems, I am a poet writing poems in the same, stale style.

Editor's assessment: Kewal Chandra Lama, a poet after artistic existential quest, is a representative of the most contemporary school of poetry. Even in the depiction of life that is devoid of any system or written statute, it is poet Lama's personal attribute to be touched and moved by the aesthetic festivity of poetry that too is devoid of any system or generic division. In sum, poet Lama is an artistic, enrapturing answer to many of the questions erected by life today.

●

Kewal Chandra Lama

A House

●

**In a house, people do not live alone;
a dream lives too.**

**It lies curled up in a corner
and when its age dwindles,
disappears one morning.**

**From the front window of the house, the life of a dream slips.
And from the backdoor of the house, the soul of another dream exits.**

**One dream or the other however,
always remains in a house, fully decorated.**

*

In a house, people do not live alone,
in every chamber of an album,
pasts reside in a crowd.
Memories sometime smear colors on the house,
and sometimes, memories make *Dashain* weep.

In a house's textbook
the present tense doesn't exist alone,
the future tense resides too.
The bare tree in the courtyard stands alone with future on the hold
and remains frostbitten by solitude.
After the sunset, the old house
enters the eyes of its old wife
and reaches a dark cave, where it encounters
a heap of skeletons — of sunrise.
Amidst an unknown hope of the light next morning,
the old house makes hasty efforts,
to slip into sleep, amid the slithering cobras of nightmare.
*

The sky enters a house when rain forgets its mother tongue
the earth enters a house, when the crops lose their hearts.
*

The youthful memories of a son sleep in a house at night
when the way homeward attains martyrdom at the barrack.
*

When things cross their limits,
the house sets out on a world tour,
leaving the old parents back at home.
At home, father's sighs and exhaustion remain,
at home, mother's tears and ailment remain.
*

People alone do not live at our home,
the photocopy of prosperity too lives here.
A low-level translation of grandeur too lives here.
At our home, the grammar of terror stays too.
The freshly published book of insecurity too lives at our home,
and with it, its older edition too cohabitates.
*

People alone do not live at our home,
here, the nest of all the kiths mentioned above, too live.

●

Morning

●

The black morning, in a jacket of black leather,
and a pair of black eyeglasses,
saves us from the terrible bandit of nightmare, in fact.
But, as the wages of a daylong service,
it demands a day's labor, and after the day,
on a bed, enclosed by black blinds,
asks for a submission, measured by life
caressing with the skeleton of light.

The glistening mountain transforms into a vicious trader,
the green crosscut trails are the money-lenders,
the melodious blue becomes the credit.
The sunrise becomes a bandit, but the sun does not come up.
There is no one to save me,
from the dark son of light.

Pray! Allow me to sleep, curled up
placing under the pillow
the new football of the old darkness.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Bhisma Upreti
Name: Bhisma Prasad Upreti
Date of birth/place: January 27, 1968, Jhapa
Phone: 977-9841306432
Email: lumana@enet.com.np
Literary debut: Around 1981/82
First publication: *Maile Maya Garen* (in **Mirmire**, Kartik 1989)
At national level: "



२७/१/८२

Works: *Aakash Khasyo Bhane Ke Hunchha?*, *Samudra ra Antya Kavita*, *Akshyar Barsha*, *Premko Pratidhwani*, *Kavitama Pahad* (Collection of poems); *Yatraka Kehi Thunga Phool*, *Neelo Paani ra Neela Bhawanaharoo*, *Lahar-Laharko Akshyarharoo*, *Tehran Diaryko Ek Sata* (Travel essays); *Hiddai Garda* (Collection of essays)

Awards/honors: First in BBC Youth Poetry Festival (1992), First in National Poetry Festival (1997), Uttam-Shanti Award (1998), Yuva Barsha Moti Award (2005)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the most artistic outlet of expression. It does, and should harbor the music, and experience of life in their entirety. For me, it is as essential for life as are respiration, food, exhaustion and sleep. It is an inspiration that teaches how to live and how to love.

Self estimation: A man with simple interests like an ordinary person, never after hurting anyone, but always desirous of doing something creative. Not like an island that rises to the surface and suffers alone; but a man longing to live with and rise up in group.

Editor's assessment: The poems of Bhisma Upreti are lovely reverberations of fine feelings that echo the melody of life. It is his poetic distinction to enrapture the reader with the beautiful and captivating attraction of the conscious play of words alongside the ripples of experiences. I would love to call him a magician of words.



Bhisma Upreti

Books

●

Is not it a wonder!
The books have no letters these days.

Where did the letters go
together, all of a sudden?

Very early in the morning,
black clouds are engulfing the air from all sides.
With dirty sacks on, by garbage heaps,
children are lying asleep along roadsides.
In her dappled, dirty clothes,
a young maiden is dying with a terrible ailment;
in the mountains, the porters are struggling to ward the cold off
and people are putting themselves on stake,
for a single meal.

I am recalling all these glimpses, one after another
slashing conscience with forceful batters,
getting soured, and cooked,
I am losing myself among the woods of sentiments.

How long should one keep reading books tediously?
I shall read
pain, and human life,
tearing time off, page by page.

The books have no letters these days.

●

Snow

●
I, who went to bed
dry in the evening,
was all covered with snow as day broke in the morn.

The sky had not been annoyed,
the cloud had been clean, like longings,
and yet, the night saw snowfall;
it fell uniformly all nightlong,
inside the house, on the bed, and inside the quilt
it shamelessly intruded
into the warmth of love
and gathered on every boughs of the body-tree,
shedding the green leaves, one after another.

In the evening, I had rather been touched,
a little more by the stream of worries alone
had been slapped, rather more, by pain
as gusty as the wind, in the evening
and, had been brutally bitten
by the fangs of impatience in the evening.

At this place,
worries freeze to snow, just in a night.
Pain and impatience,
freeze into snow, just in a single night,
and the snow smolders unbearably.

I, who went to bed,
dry in the evening,
was all covered with snow as day broke in the morn.

●

Death

●
Sometimes, to me
even death sounds like music.

That moment,
when faiths are doomed to be vanquished
and dreams are ruthlessly splintered,
vows prove puny,
and life gets sliced by compromise
at every step.

Death resonates, somewhere very near,
like a sweet melody
and the entire pain flutters in the air.
Dejection changes into a flowery softness
all exhaustions, and all sorrows,
become musical beats
and tunes.

Somewhere very near,
death resounds with compassion
the sun, the moon – all darken,
scenes become invisible
and forms lose their shapes
but somewhere I can sense
something like a melody,
like music, like death.

Does heartbeat alone mean life?
Sometimes,
the consciousness of death touches me to the core
and that moment, death sounds like music.
●

About the poet

Literary name: Sudha M. Rai
Name: Sudha Rai
Date of birth/place: March 28, 1968, Darjeeling
Phone: 0091-9434429689
Literary debut: 1980
First publication: *Bhool* (in **Galbandi**, 1980)
At national level: *Besahara* (1986)



Works: *Phoolko Youban Phoolaisita Joda* (1995), *Birodabhas* (2000), *Padachinha* (Collection of poems, 2007), *Khalil Jibranka Prempatraharoo* (Translation); *Samadhanheen Pailaharoo* (Collection of stories, 1998)

Awards/honors: First in state-level poetry competition (1997), Srastha Award (1999)

About her poetics

On poetry: It is an art that stands on the citadel of life and the world. Art can outlive time if it has eternity, transparency and honesty.

Self estimation: I am searching for myself in poetry, contemplating in patience. I not only want to write poetry, but also to live as a poem, and look for the world of life in it.

Editor's assessment: Poet Sudha M. Rai is a potential modern projection in contemporary Nepali poetry. The echoes of women's hearts that reverberate in whispers around her form the core of her verses. The emotive faith on the poet rises with gradual recognition of the manifest beauty of the poet and her poetry. In addition, the gravity of her theme, and the uniqueness of her artistic skillfulness make me claim with authority that Rai has been able to confer herself a new identity. The poems presented herewith testify this assertion.

●

Sudha M. Rai

To the Market of Mirrors in Vain

●

It was in vain,
that I went to the market of mirrors
to look at my own image.

I was fine – nothing ached, or re-ached,
I had, like others managed to forget,
the wounds of time and relations
like the ditches, hewed out by gusty raindrops,
only a few dents of the past were alive.

Oomph!

What a face of the crowd it is,
in the market of mirrors!
The more I walk over the crowds,
the more distinctions I can discern
between the true faces, and images inside the mirror.
Inside the glass I retract my face lost in the crowd
and face a perplexity, a dilemma whether
I should laugh or cry.
With a baffled and disconsolate conscience,
I come out of the market gate,
stroke the heart's wound with one hand,
and touch the lost face with the other.

It was in vain,
that I went to the market of mirrors
to look at my own image.

●

Meera: A Woman's Aesthetic Transformation

●

She has woken up from silence just now;
has recovered from perplexity, just now
Yes!

She was a woman, and shall remain so
in the same role, she has been living till date,
but, she has gained freedom from someone's compassion
and is addressing from the rocks of existence.

When she was a daughter,
she made no attempts to know herself
overwhelmed by family comfort.

When she became a wife,
no instance stood taller and farther than her husband.
Her husband's care, and the defense of honor,
was a task, no lower than the peak.

When she became a daughter-in-law
she did not at least quiver,
to comply with every orders of the strangers
in her bid to seek a recognition among them.

When she became a mother
with the load of creation dumped upon herself.
she could manage no time to search for the self,
on the extensive chest, as wide as the earth.
When the same woman,
got caught up in multiple roles,
she could not tell where
her youth stuck, and spilled.
Where did life fail, she could not notice.
Life continued its attack upon her
like a machine
and in every battle of life
she lamely transformed into a machines too,
and complied meekly, spending herself,
bit by bit.
She was a woman,
and remained one, forever.

With a relation, eternalized and defined in this very earth,
when her cosmic spouse tenders an affectionate kiss
on her forehead,
and when, his name gets spelled,
at a distance of a thousand of miles,
her inner self wakes up in reverberation,
and, at every mention of his name,
her heartbeat speeds up in excitement,
and in delight she peeps...
nothing looks more beautiful than nature
she sees their own labels on every thing and object,
and derives an untold bliss
in her every lot, and her every pain.
Yes, she is a woman, out and out!

She can be someone's daughter;
become someone's wife,
someone's daughter-in-law
or, someone's mother
but when she becomes someone's love
she becomes Meera.
Yes, a woman becomes Meera.

●

About the poet

Literary name: Sanjay Bantawa
Name: Sanjay Bantawa
Date of birth/place: 1968, Darjeeling, India
Phone: 0091-9450532989
Email: sanbant@yahoo.com.in
Literary debut: Since schooldays
First publication: 1985
At national level: 1985



Works: *Bisangatima* *Victims*
Kavitaharu (1989), *Mohadamsha* (1991), *Mahabhi Niskarman* (1994),
Shabdadah (2002), *Tyo Gaun/ Tyo Bastima* (Collection of poems, 2007)
Awards/honors: Yug Paribodh Giri Award (1992)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is the form of truth that ever remains relevant.

Self estimation: A simple man.

Editor's assessment: Poet Sanjay Bantawa, who is into poesy with a drive to erecting a new horizon inspired by the pain, contemplation and innovation of pain, kisses the eternal acme of life in poetry, ascending the mounts of artistic excellence from the depth of feelings. Here, it appears that he retrieves his lost self, and celebrates the festivity of existence.

●

Sanjay Bantawa

Signals

●
I stand doubtless,
in this island
sheltering my head,
not soaked yet.

Right from under the feet,
the deluging expansion swells
wherever water flows.
In this island, I stand
upon a foot-long scarcity
that has come, bearing water.

In this heightening,
my state of being becomes desolate.
Inside the jungle of my quest
for a life marked ever by upward growth,
I find the tiger of solitude
and the serpent of a terrible fear.

In this continent of
civilization
I am certainly standing
on these feet,
mounted myself upon my shoulders
to see if,
inside this thick forest
the signals of a lamp come
from some another village.

●

You Owe Me My Light

●
I had given these hands
to be chopped off.

I had emptied my rays,
giving you away its every drop
and every handful of my diamond-like beam.
Spending my mother's entire asset
and frittering my father's riches
I had never given you my company
to bankrupt myself for you.

I had given you this voice,
and had given colors and brush, music and beats
had given the body, and the soul.
I had not, at all cost, though
given your voice a boost
to receive this disgrace and wailing this day.

I had never sacrificed,
that present of mine
for the sake of your vanity today.

You owe me a thousand lights.
I ask you to clear the accounts today –
why has mere darkness
remained in your hands?

●

The Setting Sun: A Poem

●
The sun is about to set.
Along with the mountains of days,
this evening,
at the horizons of men,
and in their minds,
a cloud of numerous cravings has come up
from the scenes of ever-shrunken eyes.

In every meeting,
the morning – transmuted into a dejected day – tortures.

In these musings,
the same song of innumerable pangs,
echoes from the tightened strings of my presence
as the day wanes into evening.

At a time
when the sun is all set to leave,
bequeathing with me the dead silence of the night,
all my happiness and all my life, have flown away
to look for shelters
away from the verges of my mind that always wanders afar
at this very time, when the day slowly wanes.

My self-love however, doesn't spare me a second,
contexts come up, and every time,
the currents of this very scene and instance,
keep breaking.
Standing on the sea shore
I am rocking like the waves inside me.
My related visions have rushed
towards the bosoms of the horizon,
where the sun sets
just like my steps
that return, rushing through the groves of darkness
searching for a bright shelter, only for me.

The thoughts of stroking the self, never forget me.
Flowing on my eyes,
I keep tapping the solidity of the mounts and cliffs,
perhaps, I shall always keep searching for the setting sun
as I am doing now
taking it for a light of signal
oblivious of myself!



About the poet

Literary name: Shrawan Mukarung
Name: Shrawan Mukarung
Date of birth/place: June 8, 1968, Bhojpur
Phone: 977-9841749527
Email: mukarung_shrawan@yahoo.com
Literary debut: Around 1983/84
First publication: *Aajkal Ranipokharima* (in *Utsaha*, around 1986/87)
At national level: "



Works: *Desh Khojdai Janda* (1992), *Jeevanko Laya* (Collection of poems, 2003); *Hiunko Darbar* (Collection of songs, 1996); *Yalambar* (Play, 1996); *Phoolko Aawaz* (1998), *Niskarsha* (2057), *Geaso Movement for Equality* (Album, 2006); *Bise Nagarchiko Bayan ra Anya Kavita* (VCD, 2006 and book, 2010)

Awards/honors: Best Lyricist (Radio Nepal, 1990), Second in National Poetry Festival, 1991), First in National Poetry Festival, 1996), Yuva Shrastha Honor (1999), Rabindra Honor for Songs (1999), Mohan Regmi Memorial Award (2002), Yuva Barsha Moti Award, 2003), Samaya Samman (2005), Lokendra Literary Award (2005), Jeevan Memorial Award (2006), Subhprabhat Poetic Honor (2006), Shrastha Honor (2007), Bisista Honor (2007)

About his poetics

On poetry: Poetry is among the highest arts of humankind that plays a major role in making human more civilized and cultured.

Self estimation: Simple but ambitious.

Editor's assessment: Shrawan Mukarung, a man of letters par excellence, has possibly ventured into poetry with a professed mastery over the power of words. His poems are artful manifestations of the highest order of imagination and minute human sensibilities. His poetic melodies that spring from the ambitious desire of beautiful and simple life marked by sublime glory of creation are clamors against conservatism, and reverberation of the love for humanity.

●

Shrawan Mukarung

Chill

●
Children are basking in the fire under the lamppost.

This chill has been prevalent for ages.

Long ago, they say, they burnt woods for heat,
and burnt water and air
but we burnt tyres of decrepit minibuses
and burnt newspapers, and pamphlets of statesmen
children are burning the last pages of scriptures today
Filmfare and Modern Poems.
What will future children burn,
what will they, in fact, burn?

This chill has been prevalent for ages.

Children are basking in the fire under the lamppost.

●

The Antique Man

●

One needs the newest thing
to wipe the most antique man out.

What thing of this class
do you possess at present?

Rectified democracy?
The republic?

Sophisticated guns
tanks, missiles, rocket-launchers
or
bio-weapons
or,
an international anthem?

You set his house on fire,
and with it –
his children burned.
His wife, siblings and friendly neighbors perished in the fire too.
His wears – *bhangra*, *bhoto* and *gado* burned;
and along with them, *bakkhu*, *dhoti* and *hakupatasi* burned.
But, he did not.
Do you know, why?

You called him a terrorist,
and government's spy.
Your heinous torture severed his submissive hands;
innocent eyes and tongue were plugged out,
neck, and legs hacked into pieces.

**You pierced his heart, as big as the earth
with insidious lance of your gun,
and bellowed out your victory.
But do you know
how he resisted death?**

**You need the newest thing
to kill the most antique man.**

**What thing of this class
do you possess at present?**

**Language?
Religion?
Caste?
Culture, cult, nationality
or—
human rights
or else,
supreme America?**

**What do you have,
left in your hand
capable of undoing
the most antique man on earth?
Can you—
undo the smell of paddy from the field?
Can you —
eliminate the smell of breeze on the hills?
Can you—
annihilate the odor of water in the sea?
What is that you have
tell,
what is that you have
that can
undo the fair odor of sweat from the earth?**

●

Notes and Meanings

Laxmi Prasad Devkota

Magh: the tenth month of the Nepali calendar

Ranchi: a place in India, famous for a mental hospital

Navab: prince/duke ruling over a small principality

Gorgon: one of the three sisters in Greek mythology, whose look could turn people into stone

Dadhichi: an ancient Hindu sage, who gives his rib-bone to gods to make weapons against demon

Bhimasena: Bhim, the second of the Pandava Brothers

Mohan Koirala

Dharahara: the nine-storey tower in Kathmandu (also see in Momila)

Kanchanjangha, Machhapuchhre: Peaks in the Himalayas

Saptagandaki, Saptakaushiki, Saptagandaki, Kali, Arun, Tamor, Gandaki: Rivers in Nepal

Limbu, Sherpa Thakali, Sherpa Dolpali: ethnic groups in Nepal

Sahanai, sarangi, murchunga: Nepal's folk musical instruments (Also see in Upendra

Shrestha, Kshetra Pratap Adhikari, Jasraj Kirati, Jeevan Acharya)

Agam Singh Giri

Tista, Rangit, Reli: Rivers in Northern India

Koshi, Gandaki, Mechi, Mahakali: Rivers in Nepal

Poshan Pandey

Hara, hara Mahadev: an incantation invoking Lord Shiva

Dasharath: Ancient King of Ayodhya, and father of Lord Rama

Shrawan Kumar: a character in Ramayana who was shot by King Dasarath on his way to fetch water for his blind parents

Dhruva Krishna Deep

Bodhi Tree: the grand banyan tree in Gaya, India under whose shade Budha attained enlightenment (Also see in Dwarika Shrestha)

Haribhakta Katuwal

Sungava: a kind of orchid

Bhupi Sherchan

Malayan: from Malaya (Malaysia)

Upendra Shrestha

Gha Vihar, Pou Kha: Houses

Thanka: an art form pertaining to Buddhist philosophy

Janga Bahadur: the first of the autocratic Rana rulers of Nepal

Qutub Minar: the tall tower in Delhi, built by Mughal ruler Aibek

Ishwar Ballabh

Nila Kantha: God with the blue throat, referring to Shiva, who is believed to have swallowed the poison the demons churned out of the sea

Parijat

Lahure: soldier, stationed in a country abroad (Also see Tirtha Shrestha)

Chautari: a resting place outdoor (Also see Bam Dewan, SP Koirala)

Gautami: wife of Gautam Rishi (also called Ahalya) cursed to become a stone

Bairagi Kainla

Kumbhakarna: the youngest brother of ancient king Ravana, infamous for over-sleeping

Ratna Shamsher Thapa

Tharra: local beer

Madal: a typically Nepali drum played by hands

Surasa: a mythological demonic woman, who opened her mouth wide open to swallow her victims

Yuddhabir Rana

Maana: Manasarovar, a glacial Lake in the Himalayas (also see Biwas Pokharel)

Lakhimpur, Gahapur, and Neli: places in Assam, India

Amar Singh, Bhakti Thapa, Kalu Pandey and Balabhadra: warriors, who fought to defend Nepal against foreign invasion

Banshi Shrestha

Indrawati, Sunkoshi: rivers in Nepal

Kshetra Pratap Adhikari

Gaine: folk minstrel of Nepal

Jasraj Kirati

Binayo: a traditional musical instrument of Nepal

Banira Giri

Dhiki: an wooden lobe anchored to hinges, and used to unchaff paddy; a rural substitute of a rice mill

Parohang, Lempuhang: priest among some ethnic tribes in Nepal

Satidevi: Shiva's wife, who killed herself to protest her father's insult of Shiva

Harishchandra Ghat: a place on the bank of Ganga in Benaras, India, considered holy by the Hindus

Swayambhar: the practice of choosing one's husband from many suitors

Shiva Dhanu: the bow at King Janak's palace that was broken by Rama to win Sita

King Janak: ancient King of Ayodhya, and father of Sita

Bhuwan Dhungana

Chait: the last month of Nepali Calendar

Baisakh: the first month of Nepali Calendar

Kunta Sharma

Duna: a tiny, leaf-made saucer, used in social occasions

Tika: the votive red mark put on the forehead with blessings

Shailendra Sakar

Ragas: one of the many classical notes in Eastern classical music

Benju Sharma

Parijaat: the coral tree

560 : Dancing Soul of Mount Everest

Narden Rumba

Bhadgaunle: a typical Nepali cap, black in color

Champa: jasmine

Guras: rhododendron

Jas Yonjan Pyasi

Chamar: a social class that deals in leather

Tandav: the intricate dance that Lord Shiva is believed to perform on Mt. Kailash

Bhairav: one of the troops of Lord Shiva

Mana Prasad Subba

Meghadoot: the famous classic by Indian poet Kalidasa

Pawan Kumar Chamling

Brahmaputra: a river in India

Kamakhya: a shrine of the Goddess Mother in Guwahati, India

Padam Chhetri

Charu: a holy and votive mixture put in the fire as offering to the God

Bikram Subba

Deurali: a holy place outdoor, usually along the way

Rajab

Uttis: alder tree

Bimal Koirala

Bakkhu: a woolen wear, hung down the neck, used for as clothing as well as for carrying things

Usha Sherchan

Aswatthama: an immortal character in Hindu mythology, doomed to move around with septic wound on his forehead

Bishwobimohan Shrestha

pati-pauwa, *chautari*: public resting places (also see Hemanta Shrestha, Biwas Pokharel)

Kishore Pahadi

Ghantaghar: clock tower in Kathmandu

Gundruk: fermented and dried leaves, cooked and eaten in Nepal

Shyamal

Dashani: a name, suggesting a girl for the Tharu community of Tarai

Lehenga: a long apron, usually worn by women in Asian countries

Phanindra Nepal

Naimisharanya: a mythological place where the ancient sages gathered and read the Puranas

Jeebanath Dhamala

Kurukshetra: a field in India, where the battle of Mahabharata was fought

Budhanilakantha: the image of sleeping Bishnu at Nayanathan, Kathmandu

Upanishad: one of the series of spiritual texts in Hinduism

Aruna Baidya

Ahalya: Gautami, the wife of Rishi Gautama

Bhashmashur: the demon who burns himself to ashes, misusing Shiva's blessing

SP Koirala

Rara, Fewa: Two of the most beautiful lakes of Nepal

Tanka Wanem

Danphe: lophophorus, the national bird of Nepal

Sagarmatha/Chomolongmo: Mount Everest

Dhaulagiri: a high Himalayan peak in mid-western Nepal

Mundhum: religious scripture of the Kirats of Nepal

Raj Kumar KC

Deuda: a typical song distinctive to the far western region of Nepal

Ta ghumnya mero man ghumchha

naghumyai Karnali

a Deuda song in the typical far-western dialect of Nepal. Karnali zone, where the river Karnali flows, is a difficult zone with its inaccessible hinterlands and difficult topography.

The singer here addresss the river Karnali and says, 'Do not wander around, Karnali! If you do so, my mind wanders along with you.'

Viplav Dhakal

Rodighar: a cultural ball house, typical to western Nepal

Sakewa: a festival of the Kirats

Jhumar/Jhinjhiya: genres of cultural dance of the Tharus living in the Tarai region of Nepal

Kafal pakyu: the twofold sound of a bird that says 'the bay berry has ripen'

Phedangba: a priest in Kirat culture

Momila

Dharhara: the nine storyed tall tower situated at the heart of Kathmandu

Ranipokhari: the pond built by Pratap Malla, situated at the heart of Kathmandu

Shrawan Mukarung

Bhangra, bhoto, gado, bakkhu, dhoti, hakupatasi: traditional Nepali wears

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Publications

Original

My Share (Children's Novel, 2009)

When the Earth Sleeps (Children's Novel, 2009)

The Midnight Bell (Children's Novel, 2009)

Parrot and the Red Rose (Children's Novel, 2009)

Fish in the Bedroom (Children's Novel, 2009)

Pushkar Lohani: Sijo, Sex and Beyond (Criticism, 2010)

Anamik Yatri (Collection of Stories, 2011)

Colloquy English Reader (Coursebook, 2010)

Celandine English Reader (Coursebook, 2011)

Edited Works

Piriri's Patriotism (Kartikeya Ghimire's Stories, 2008)

Children's Stories from Nepal (NESCHIL, 2010)

Translated Works

The New Village (Bijay Raj Acharya's novel, 2008)

The Restless Mind (Shambhu Karki's epic, 2009)

The Tale of Master Pumpkin (Kartikeya Ghimire's stories, 2009)

The Flying Duster (Kartikeya Ghimire's stories, 2009)

Sun Shower (Krishna Prasai's Zen Poems, 2009)

The Last Page of My Poem (Rajeshwor Karki's poems, 2010)

Our Ideals (Bijay Raj Acharya, 2011)

Dancing Soul of Mount Everest (Selected modern Nepali poems, 2011)

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